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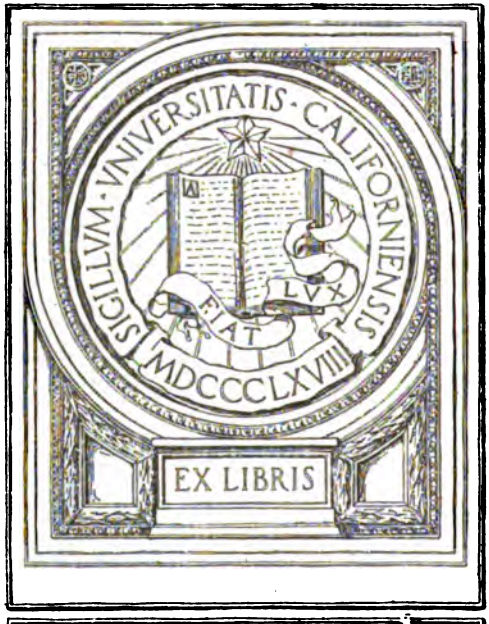

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DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.,

Author of "The History and Genealogies of the Clan Mackenzie"; "The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles"; "The History of the Camerons"; "The History of the Mathesons"; "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer"; "The Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands"; "The History of the Highland Clearances"; "The Social State of the Isle of Skye in 1882-83"; &c., &c.

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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

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THE LOVAT PEERAGE CASE.

By the EDITOR.

THIS case is now in a fair way of being launched in the Law Courts. It promises to be very curious and interesting. Recently a commission, granted by the Court of Session, on the motion of the Claimant, has been taking evidence in Inverness and Beauly from persons over seventy years of age, and, as we write, a similar commission is doing the same thing in Wales. The London *Times*, in a recent article, called forth by these facts, says that "of all those who have sought to prove their right to a title none presents a more wonderful story than the Claimant to the Lovat peerage and estates. Most contests as to peerages are plain prose compared with the singular romance which he unfolds." Having broadly stated the claims and contentions of the Claimant, the article proceeds—"Many strange consequences would follow from this narrative if true. One would be that the only Lord Lovat known to history—the master intriguer, the Mr Facing Bothways, who out-manœuvred himself at last, and lost his head on Tower Hill in 1747—was not Lord Lovat, but an impostor, and that the rightful bearer of the title was then an obscure Welsh miner. The Crown restored the estates to the son of the attainted rebel. After his death there were various vicissitudes connected with the devolution of the estates and the title; and in 1854 the attainder of the famous Simon, Lord Lovat, was removed by an Act of Parliament. The general result of the changes is, according to

the Claimant, that both the title and estates have been handed over to a branch of the family more remotely connected with the true stock than the present Claimant. Such are the outlines of the story which is being investigated at the instance of the Court of Session at Amlwch. What element of truth there is in it, what legal objections may stand in the way of a claim which has its root in far distant events, or how far it is in conflict with the decision of the Committee for Privileges as to the Lovat peerage claim, need not be discussed. But the whole story is interesting as an illustration of the fact that long possession is not a perfect security against the title to a great name being called in question." Such a claim, whatever may be the ultimate result—a claim in which a historical Highland title, valuable estates, and varied interests are involved, must prove interesting to every Highlander, wherever located, and the case has now reached a point at which—considering the general character of this periodical—so largely historical and genealogical—we shall be expected to present the reader with its general outlines, so far as we know them, without, of course, at the present stage, indicating any opinion on the merits.

It is unnecessary to go back into the earlier history of the Lovat family ; for no differences of opinion or interest arise between the parties, so far as we can trace, until the end of the seventeenth century, though the present claim to the estates rests on a Crown charter, granted to Hugh, fifth Lord Lovat, and his heirs male, dated the 26th of March 1539.

The estates appear, however, to have been held by the Frasers at least as early as 1416, when they are found in possession of Hugh, first Lord Lovat, who was succeeded by four Lords Hugh, in succession, the last of whom obtained charters of confirmation from several superiors from whom he held portions of his estates, and then, according to a prevalent custom of the time, resigned the whole in favour of James V., on the 26th of March 1539, receiving from the King, immediately afterwards, the charter dated in that year, and already mentioned, by which all the land and baronies resigned were united into a free barony, to be thereafter called the Barony of Lovat. The destination is "to our cousin Hugh, Lord Lovat, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten or to be begotten, whom failing, to his

lawful and nearest heirs male whatsoever, bearing the arms, surname, and crest of Fraser; whom failing to his heirs whomsoever, in fee and heritage, and free barony for ever." Those acquainted with the history of this family of the Frasers are aware that on the death of Hugh, eleventh Lord Lovat, without surviving male issue, in 1696, his eldest daughter, Amelia, who had married Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall, secured a decision of the Court of Session in her favour, in the absence of any appearance on behalf of the male heirs, whereupon she assumed the title of Lovat. This decision was afterwards reversed in favour of Simon Fraser of Lovat, on the 30th of July 1730, as heir male, in terms of the charter of 1539. Both the Claimant and the present possessor are agreed that the succession is to male heirs, otherwise both would have been long ago excluded, and the estates and titles would in 1696 have finally gone to the descendants of Amelia Fraser, wife of Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall.

The next question which arises is, Who was the legitimate male heir of Hugh, eleventh Lord Lovat? Here, again, both parties are agreed. Hugh, the ninth Lord, had issue, nine sons, (1), Simon, who predeceased his father, at the age of nineteen, without issue; (2), Hugh, who succeeded as tenth Baron and whose male issue terminated in Hugh, the eleventh Lord Lovat; (3), THOMAS, who, born in 1631, and died in 1697-8, married Sybilla, daughter of Macleod of Macleod, with issue, according to the family history—six sons and several daughters. The issue of the ninth Lord, other than the three here named, are admitted on all hands to have died young. The third son, Thomas, in 1696, succeeded to the title and estates, on the death of his grand-nephew, the eleventh Lord. His right to have so succeeded is fully admitted by both the Claimant and the present possessor, and the question in dispute arises in connection with his issue by Sybilla Macleod of Macleod. He died in 1698, having been in possession only two years. According to Anderson's History of the family of Lovat, he had the following issue:—

1, *Alexander* [the alleged ancestor of the present Claimant.]

2, *Simon*, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1747.

3, Hugh; (4), John; (5), Thomas; and (6), James; all of whom died unmarried; (7), Isabel; (8), Sybilla; and six others, who died in infancy.

The same writer, on the authority of *Lovat's Memoirs*, written by Simon himself, says that "in consequence of his father's accession to the honours of his race, Simon, the eldest surviving son, by the decease of his brother Alexander, who died in the 25th year of his age, took upon him the style of Master of Lovat" during his father's lifetime. On the death of the latter, "Alexander, eldest son of Thomas of Beaufort, had he been alive," the same authority informs us, "would now become the representative of the family. He predeceased his father," he continues, "some time before the year 1692. He seems to have been a young man of a daring spirit. When Viscount Dundee raised the standard for King James, in 1689, he was one of the first to join him. A dispute having arisen at a funeral at Beauly, near Inverness, he killed a man, and, dreading the effects of his passion, fled to Wales, where he died without issue." The authority quoted by Mr Anderson for all this is Simon, Lord Lovat himself, who, he informs us, "speaks of but his elder brother, Alexander, and his younger brother, John," which, he continues, "may be attributed to the early deaths of the remainder." There seems to be no doubt at all that Thomas of Beaufort had a son Alexander, and that he was the eldest son. If, as has always been maintained by the present family and the descendants of Simon of the 'Forty-five, he died before his father, without male issue, there is an end of the contention of the present claimant, who does not dispute, we believe, the legitimate succession of Simon's two sons who ruled in succession at Beaufort Castle until his male heirs became extinct, on the death of his third son, Colonel Archibald Campbell Fraser of Lovat (who survived all the male issue of his marriage), in 1815. When Thomas Alexander Fraser of Strichen, father of the present Lord, succeeded to the Lovat estates, as the eldest son of Alexander of Strichen, he having been served heir of provision and tailzie to Colonel Archibald Campbell Fraser, on the 22nd of March 1816; and he was served and retoured as heir male of Hugh, fifth Lord Lovat, on the 3rd of November 1823, and, at the same time, heir male of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort. He was afterwards, in 1837, created Lord Lovat, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and, in 1857, the old Scottish title was restored to him by Act of Parliament, dated the 10th of July, in that year.

The legitimate male descent of the present Lord from Thomas Fraser of Knockie and Strichen, second son of Hugh, sixth Lord Lovat, and brother of Hugh, seventh Lord, is not, we believe, disputed by the Claimant, whose whole contention rests on his own claim of legitimate male descent from Alexander, eldest son of, Thomas of Beaufort, and elder brother of Simon, Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-five. If this claim can be established, it will, it is maintained on high legal authority, exclude the right of succession of Simon and his descendants altogether, as well as that of the present family, apart from the deed of entail executed by Colonel Archibald Fraser; for they are admittedly descended from a more remote progenitor than either the Claimant's alleged ancestor or that of Lord Simon.

There are, however, questions of law and of prescription involved, in connection with that deed of entail which it may be difficult or, perhaps, impossible to get over, even if the present Claimant, JOHN FRASER, MOUNT PLEASANT, CARNARVON, could establish, to the entire satisfaction of the House of Lords, his descent from Alexander, eldest son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, Lord of Lovat, and who fled to Wales about 1692, which he claims.

The traditional account of this escapade, as we have always heard it repeated, is to the following effect:—Alexander Fraser, younger of Lovat, turned up at a wedding in Beauly, whether accidentally or not is not recorded. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with, among others, the usual accompaniments of dirk and sgian-dubh. As he entered the dancing apartment the piper struck up the popular and well-known tune, "Tha Biodag air MacThòmais," when one of those present suggested to the proud and hot-tempered youth, that this was done by the piper as a personal insult to himself. The words of the tune, known to every Gaelic-speaking Highlander, are as follows, and well calculated to rouse the ire of the young gentleman, if, as he thought, they were applied to him as the heir of *Mac Shimidh*, Lord of Lovat:—

Tha biodag air macThòmais,
Tha biodag fhada, mhòr, air,
Tha biodag air macThòmais,
Ach 's math a dh' fhòghnadh sgian da.

Tha biodag anns' a' chliobadaich,
Air mac a bhodaich leibidich,
Tha biodag anns' a chliobadaich
Air mac a bhodaich ròmaich.

Lines which may be rendered—

There's a dirk on son of Tòmas,
Dirk long and big moreover,
There's a dirk on son of Tòmas,
Though well a knife might serve him.

A dirk is dangling, glistening,
On son of old man pitiful,
A dirk hangs dangling, glistening,
On son of old carle hoary.

Alexander, son of Thomas of Beaufort, stung to the quick by this supposed insult to himself and to his father, drew his dirk and stuck it into the bag of the pipes, intending only, it is said, to let go the wind, and stop the music; but the bag offering no resistance, the dirk penetrated through it into the body of the piper, whose dying groans, mixed with those of his pipes, died together. Alexander, horrified at the fatal result of hisrashness, fled the country, according to the Claimant, to a small village in Wales, where he died in 1776, twenty-nine years after the execution of his brother, Simon, on Tower Hill. He arrived first in Cardigan Bay, after which he made his way to Powys Castle, the seat of the Earl of Powys, where he remained about six weeks, when his lordship advised him to go to his lead mines, where he would be underground, and completely safe from capture, urging, at the same time, that if he were found under his Lordship's protection, the lives of both would be endangered. Lord Powys had, it is said, been Alexander's fellow-student at college, and, like him, a supporter of the Stuarts, hence the friendship which induced Alexander to make for Powys Castle. After keeping in concealment for a long time, travelling from mine to mine, in the counties of Brecon, Montgomery, Denbigh, Carnarvon, and Anglesey, he married, in the sixty-third year of his age, as after stated. The Claimant says that he is ready to prove, by legal evidence, that this

ALEXANDER FRASER OF LOVAT fled to Wales, and there married, in the Parish of Llandulas, County of Denbigh, on the 2nd of March 1738, Elizabeth Edwards, a native of that parish with issue, four sons—

JOHN, Simon, William, and Alexander, and that the eldest son, John, who died in 1828 at Cerîgbleiddiau, in his eighty-eighth year, married on the 3rd of October 1773, Mary Griffiths, in the parish of Pennynydd, with surviving issue, three sons—

JOHN, Simon, and William, and that the eldest son, John,

who was baptized on the 6th of August 1780, married on the 4th of August 1801, Ann Davies, in the Parish of Llanwenllwyfo, and died in June 1857, leaving issue by his marriage, three sons—

JOHN, William, and David, and that the eldest son, John, baptized in March 1803, married on the 4th of August 1824, Elizabeth Williams, in the Parish of Llanwenllwyfo, and died in August 1857, about two months after his father, leaving issue by his marriage, four sons—

JOHN FRASER, the present Claimant, born on the 16th of April 1825, William, Simon, and David.

It is contended, if this descent can be legally established, that neither Simon of the 'Forty-five nor any of his descendants had ever, at any time, any legal right to the titles or to the estates, andthat, although the latter were, in 1774, granted to General Simon Fraser, eldest son of Lord Simon, by Act of Parliament, a saving clause was inserted, which covers the interests of the Claimant. This clause is in the following terms :—"Saving to all and every person and persons, bodies politic and corporate, his, her, and their heirs, successors, executors, and administrates, (other than and except the King's Most Excellent Majesty, his heirs and successors) all such estates, rights, titles, interests, claims, and demands, of, into, and out of the lands, and premises to be granted as aforesaid, as they, every, or any of them had before the passing of the Act, or should or might have held or enjoyed, in case this Act had never been made."

What effect this saving clause may now have it is impossible to say, especially in view of the Act of restoration to Simon, Lord Lovat, of the 'Forty-five, and of the prescription, in favour of his descendants, which, in ordinary circumstances, would legally follow thereon, as far as the Lovat estates are concerned. There is also, as regards the lands of Abertarff, the possible prescription following on the Deed of Entail by Colonel Archibald, in favour of Thomas Alexander Fraser of Strichen, and his heirs, on the 15th of August 1808, though they have only succeeded a few months ago, to be overcome. The destination in it is to "the nearest legitimate male issue of my ancestor, Hugh, Lord Fraser of Lovat, namely, Thomas Alexander Fraser of Strichen, or his heirs male, whom failing to, and in favour of the person who shall be then able to prove himself the chief of the

Clan Fraser, by legitimate descent from Hugh, first Lord Lovat, and his heirs male; all and whole the following parts and portions of the lands of Abertarff," etc. This destination is afterwards changed in favour of his grandson, the late Thomas Frederick Fraser of Abertarff, "whom failing, to the persons named as heirs and substitutes in the said deed of entail [first quoted] and in the order therein mentioned." The late Abertarff died this year [1884] without male issue, and the Court of Session has already decided against the claim of Mr Fraser to succeed the late proprietor in terms of the above destination. It was previously held by the same Court that the late Abertarff held the estates, conveyed to him by his grandfather, subject to the limitations of an entail, and the Claimant has yet to prove his right to succeed to any portion of the property in terms of this entail, or at all, whatever he may succeed in doing in the House of Lords, in which, we understand, his claim is to be presented without delay.

His case, is in brief, (1) that he is the lawful heir of Alexander, elder brother of Simon, who was attainted and beheaded in 1747; (2) that, although Simon took up the estates, he did so fraudulently in the full knowledge that his elder brother was alive; and (3) that the existing entail, under which the estates are held, was made under essential error, induced by the belief that the said Alexander died without issue, and that the family named in the entail, and now in possession, are the representatives of the ancient line of Lovat; whereas in truth, he contends, they are not so, he himself being the rightful representative of the ancient line. He is advised that, if he establishes these propositions, or the first two of them, he will succeed in his claim to the estates; and that if he proves the first proposition alone, he will establish his right to the Peerage. Prescription may, if he cannot prove fraud and essential error, bar his claim to the estates; but no prescription can bar his way to the peerage, it being settled law that a peerage is right of blood, and that *jus sanguinus nunquam prescribitur.* He is also advised that if fraud is proved the estates can be recovered as easily as the title can on his proving the identity of the Alexander who fled to Wales with his own ancestor, who, he says, he can prove to have been one and the same person, and to have lived and died in Wales. The right to

the title on the part of the descendants of Alexander would not be barred or excluded by the lapse of time or the assumption of the title by Simon and his descendants lineal or collateral. In the circumstances stated, the highest legal authority, one of whom held the leading position successfully, in similar cases before the House of Lords, declare that "the right of the present Claimant to the title and all that belongs thereto is indisputable." There are, however, a great many "ifs" in the way, and it remains to be seen what the final outcome will be. Meanwhile the case cannot fail to be interesting, not only to those most immediately concerned, but also to a great many other Highlanders. We have attempted to present it to the reader as clearly and as fairly as possible. The various points in the case are not by any means exhausted, and we shall probably return to it at a later stage.

THE REV. W. HOWIE WYLLIE, author of "Literary Notes" in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, makes the following complimentary reference to our labours, in the *Greenock Telegraph*. It is the more gratifying to us as we never had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the distinguished Literateur, who is good enough to write in such flattering terms. He says :—"With this number of the *Celtic Magazine*, its spirited founder and editor closes the ninth volume, and the fact is specially worthy of note that no Celtic serial has ever lived so long as this one. Not only is it spared to complete its ninth year ; it enters upon the tenth with the brightest prospects and an ever-growing success. Mr Mackenzie well merits the distinction which the reading public among the Highlanders has thus conferred upon him. He has wrought with the finest enthusiasm, and with a taste, skill, and literary discrimination equal to the spirit of enlightened patriotism by which he has been animated. From month to month through all the years that have elapsed since Mr Mackenzie entered on his task, we have carefully noted his progress ; and there are few magazine sets on the shelves of our library that we value more highly, or more frequently take down for re-perusal than the sets of the *Celtic Magazine*. . . . . We close the number with a feeling of respect and gratitude, and with the hope that Mr Mackenzie may be spared for many years to continue his excellent work on behalf of the literature and social progress of the Highlands."

THE RHIND LECTURES IN ARCHÆOLOGY.—The subject chosen for this year's course of Rhind Lectures in Archæology is "Early Celtic Monumental Inscriptions—the Ogham," and the lecturer is Sir Samuel Ferguson. The subject of the lectures is alike important and interesting.

Mr Henry White ("Fionn"), Glasgow, is preparing for publication a new and improved edition of his collection of Gaelic Readings, Songs and Recitations, the "Celtic Garland," and a second part of the "Celtic Lyre," a collection of Gaelic songs with music.

THE SIEGE OF THE BASS.

SOME two miles from Edinburgh, in the midst of the stormy waters of the Firth of Forth, is a small rocky island, called The Bass, which can boast of having—during the Revolution of 1688—held out the longest for the cause of the exiled King James II., of any town or fortress in Great Britain. At the commencement of hostilities, there was a garrison of 50 men on the island, of which Charles Maitland was governor. This gentleman held the place against all assaults until 1690, when, his stock of ammunition being exhausted, and the provisions running short, he lost heart and gave up the island to the Government of William III., who appointed Mr Fletcher of Saltoun governor. He, however, did not long enjoy his new dignity, for four of the Jacobite officers, who were left on the island, concerted together, got their men to assist, and by a bold stroke took the Governor prisoner, overpowered the soldiers, and regained possession of the island. They then sent the Governor and the soldiers ashore to the mainland.

This bold and successful exploit gave the greatest satisfaction to all the Jacobites in the district, who took good care that the little garrison should not want for either food or ammunition. When James, in his retreat of St Germains, heard of it, he was so pleased that he dispatched for the use of his faithful adherents a French vessel loaded with provisions and stores, as well as two boats, one of which was a large twelve-oared one. This latter proved a most acceptable present, as it enabled the garrison to fetch, under cover of night, the provisions which their friends on shore provided for them. The Government, however, soon put a stop to this traffic by sending some troops to guard the coast, who, on the next occasion of the boat landing on the mainland, attacked the crew, and took some of them prisoners, the rest managing to escape with their boat.

Their communication with the land being thus cut off, they had to cruise about in their large boat by night, intercepting and seizing trading vessels; and they became so adroit at this kind of irregular warfare that no little consternation was caused among

the merchants and shipowners. One of the ships thus captured by these daring men was laden with salt, which cargo not being of much use to them, they allowed the Edinburgh people to ransom at a good price. Another was a Dutch ship, which they plundered and allowed to go on its way. They then seized a large ship laden with wheat, which they attempted to land on the Bass, but the wind proving contrary, the ship and their own boat were driven ashore on the coast of Montrose, where they were obliged, much against their will, to leave their prize and save themselves by hiding their boat and dispersing over the country. They soon, however, found an opportunity of meeting, and again setting sail, and not wishing to return empty-handed, they steered for the Island of May, where they helped themselves to several sheep and as much coal as their boat could carry.

The boldness and dexterity exhibited by this small garrison at length roused the Government to take more effectual measures. Accordingly two frigates, one of sixty and the other of fifty guns, were ordered to regularly besiege the island. For two days these frigates fired away without doing any perceptible damage to the little rock-bound fortress, secure in its great natural advantages, while, on the other hand, the fire from the garrison proved most destructive to them, several of the sailors being killed, and the frigates so much damaged that they were obliged to give up the attack.

Finding the island to be impregnable, the Government determined to starve its occupants, so two ships of war were stationed in the Firth to watch and prevent either egress or ingress to the island. The inhabitants were thus reduced to great straits, but still showed no signs of surrendering.

Their friends were constantly trying to send succour to them, and at length a small privateer from Dunkirk, laden with rusk, managed to run the blockade. The garrison was, however, so reduced in numbers—many of them having been either taken prisoners or killed during the various skirmishes—that they were unable to hoist up the rusk from the vessel, and consequently had to borrow ten sailors from the ship to help them. In the midst of their work, and when only seven bags had been hoisted up, one of the Government ships bore down on the privateer, who, to prevent being taken, had to cut her cables and make off with all

speed, leaving the sailors on the island. The garrison was now in a worse plight than ever, having ten more mouths to fill, and only a very small addition to their store of provisions. The Governor was therefore obliged to put each man on an allowance of two ounces of rusk per day.

Just at this time a Jacobite gentleman of the name of Trotter, who had been one of their best friends on the mainland, was arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged for aiding and abetting them. On the day appointed for his execution, the gibbet was erected either by accident or design at Castletown, in view of his friends on The Bass. This so enraged them that they determined to avenge his death if possible, so when the unfortunate gentleman was brought out to undergo the last penalty of the law, amid the hootings of a large and antagonistic mob, they suddenly fired a gun with such unerring aim that it fell right in the midst of the crowd, killing some and wounding more. This unlooked for attack so terrified the officials in charge of the execution, that they hurriedly removed the prisoner and the gibbet to a safe distance, and there the dread sentence was carried out.

The brave little garrison was now reduced to such privations that they determined to capitulate. Accordingly they hoisted a flag of truce, which soon brought one of King William's officers to the island, to whom they said they were willing to surrender on their own terms. On learning this the Government appointed two officers to go to The Bass, see what condition it was in, and make the best terms they could with the garrison. These officers were received with great state by the Governor of the small fortress, who, anticipating some such an event, had, with great forethought, preserved a few bottles of wine and brandy and some fine biscuits. These refreshments were laid, with much ostentation, before the visitors, who were assured by the Governor that the garrison was well provided with food, and that he would only submit on his own terms. He also caused his men to keep marching about all the time the Government officers were on the island, thus appearing, disappearing, and then showing themselves again in the same places, while dummy figures, made up with hats and cloaks hung on muskets, were placed at the windows. The ruse succeeded; the envoys were completely deceived as to

the resources of the place, and feeling satisfied that there was no lack of men or stores, they determined, to avoid the trouble and expense of keeping up the siege, to accede to the terms proposed by the wily Governor, which were as follows :—

1st. That the garrison should come ashore with their swords about them, and there should be a ship appointed by the Government, with fresh provisions, to transport such of them as were willing to go to Dunkirk, or Havre de Grace; and that in a month after the surrender, those who pleased to stay at home might live without disturbance.

2nd. That all they had taken, or what belonged to them after they had surprised the place, they should be allowed to dispose of to the best advantage, together with their boats, and all things pertaining to any of them.

3rd. That such of them as should incline to go abroad, might stay in Edinburgh until the ship was ready, without molestation, and have so much a day according to their several stations.

4th. That all who had belonged to the garrison, or had aided or assisted it, should have the benefit of the capitulation; and those who were dispersed over the kingdom, should have a time to come in; and those who were condemned in prison, or otherwise distressed, should be set at liberty the same day the garrison should come ashore, without any fees or other charges whatsoever.

By this last clause, four of the garrison who had been taken prisoners, and lay in prison in Edinburgh under sentence of death, viz., Captain Alexander Hallyburton, Captain William Fraser, Mr William Witham, and Mr William Nicolson, were set at liberty and joined the rest of their comrades; but what became of them afterwards, whether they emigrated to France to share the fortunes of the exiled Prince they had so faithfully served, or whether they accepted the inevitable, and settled down in peace under the new Government, history does not say.

M. A. ROSE.

MR FRASER-MACKINTOSH AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—The important address delivered by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to his constituents, at Inverness, last month, and from which we quote elsewhere, has been published in pamphlet form, with Gaelic translation. Price 2d., by post 2½d., from the office of the *Celtic Magazine*.

SUTHERLAND FIGHTS.

I. TUITEAM TARBHACH.

THE "terrable conflict of Tuttim Tarwigh was foughten by the inhabitants of Southerland and Strathnaver, against Malcolm Macloyd, of the Lewes." It seems that Angus Mackay, of "Far in Strathnaver"—brother-in-law of Macleod, of Lewis—had died, leaving his wife and two sons, as well as his property of Strathnaver, under the protection of his brother Huistean Dhu Mackay. Shortly after Angus Mackay's death, Malcolm Macleod came across with a select band of his retainers on a visit to his sister, whom he understood to be ill-treated by her new protector. While returning home in rather a fierce humour, he ravaged part of the Strath and carried away a considerable quantity of spoil. Huistean Dhu Mackay and his brother Neil, along with Alexander ne-Shrem-Gorm (*alias* Alexander Murray of Cubin), who had been sent to their assistance by Earl Robert of Sutherland, followed Macleod "with all speid and overtook him at Tuttim Tarwigh upon the merches between Rosse and Southerland."

"The feight was long, furious, cruell, and doubtfull; great valour was shewn on either syd, rather desperate than resolute. At last, violent valour, weill followed with the braive and resolute courage of the inhabitants of Southerland and Strathnaver, wrought such effect that they recovered the goods and cattell, killed all their enemies, together with their commander, Malcolm Macloyd, who was called by a by-name, Gilcalm-Beg-M'Bowen. Only one man of that pairtie escaped, being grivously wounded. Bot how soone he had returned home into the Lewes and had declared the wofull calamitie and destruction of his companions he died presently; preserved, as should seem, to report unto his countrymen the event of that unfortunate battell. The place of this conflict is yit unto this day called Tuttim Tarwigh, which signifies a plentifull fall or slaughter. After this victory Houcheon Dow Macky and Neil Macky parted from Alexander Murray, and everie one returned homeward, *so many at least as escaped out of the battell.*"

Sir Robert Gordon, family historian of the Earls of Suther-

land, from whose quaint record we have quoted, assigns no date, but from other circumstances we may safely infer that the "terrable conflict" was fought in one of the early years of the 15th century.

II. DRUIM-NA-COUB.

ON the further shoulder of the long heather-clad ridge which lies beyond Haco's loch, and just underneath the shadows of Ben Laoghal's lofty peaks was fought the "cruell conflict of Druim-na-coub in the yeir of God 1427, or as some doe write, 1429." Burial mounds indicate the place of battle. The combatants were mostly of the same clan. Kinsman fought against kinsman, and that right bitterly. One man escaped from Tuiteam Tarbhach, but none of the vanquished survived this field of death to tell the tale of slaughter.

The quarrel originated in an unholy arrangement which Neil and Morgan Mackay—sons of the Neil of Tuiteam Tarbhach—had made with Angus Moray of Cubin—son of Alexander ne-Shrem-Gorm. It happened that Thomas, the brother of Neil and Morgan, had been outlawed for burning the chapel of St Duffus at Tain, and his confiscated lands were offered by King James to any that should either slay or capture him. Angus Moray eagerly grasped the opportunity, and secured the assistance of the two brothers by offering to them his daughters in marriage, and promising his co-operation in gaining for them their cousin's property of Strathnaver, to which they pretended a title. Thomas, being apprehended, was delivered to the King, and executed at Inverness.

Angus Moray, in fulfilment of his promise to Neil and Morgan, gave them his two daughters in marriage, and raising a company of Sutherland men, he joined the brothers in their invasion of Strathnaver. They reached Druim-na-coub without opposition. Here they were met by John Aberich, the illegitimate son of Angus Dhu, who led the Strathnaver men, because the old chief was unable, on account of his health, to take the command, and the other son was lying a prisoner in the Bass. Aberich, in his father's name, was willing to surrender all the lands in Strathnaver except Kintail (now in the Parish of Tongue), but no compromise could be effected. "Wherupon ther

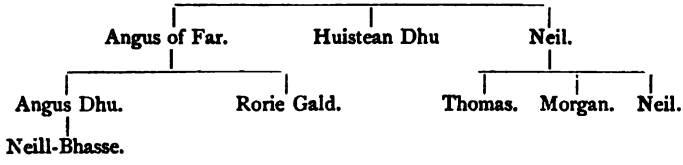
ensued a cruell and sharp conflict, valiantlie fought in a long tyme with great slaughter on either syd; Neill and Morgin trusting to ther forces; John Aberich reposing his confidence in the equitie of his cause, encouraged his men to assult their enemies afresh, who with the lyke manhood, made stout resistance; by reasone whereof there ensued such a cruell feight between them, that there remayned in the end, verie few alive on either syd. John Aberich, seemed to have the victorie, becaus he escaped with his lyff, yet verie sore wounded, and mutelate by the losse of one of his armes. His father Angus Dow Macky, being careid thither to view the place of conflict, and searching for the corps of his unkynd cousins, wes ther slain with an arrow, after the conflict, by a Southerland man that wes lurking in a bush hard by. Neill and Morgin with there father-in-law Angus Moray, wer slain; and as they had undertaken this interpryse upon ane evill ground, so they perished therin accordinglie."*

It is generally believed that none of the Sutherland men (Cattachs) ever returned. We have a tradition that one man escaped the battle, but that while crossing the ford between Loch-Craggie and Loch-Loyal he met the Strathnaver postman, who, on hearing the result of the battle, slew him.

D. MACLEOD, M.A.

(To be continued.)

* In the quotations from Sir Robert Gordon's History, the original spelling is retained. The following genealogical tree may be of service in indicating the relationship of the combatants:—



A LOST GAELIC DICTIONARY.—A correspondent would feel obliged to any of our readers who would favour him with particulars of a Mr Alexander Robertson, schoolmaster, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, who, in the early years of this century, prepared, and announced as ready for publication, a Gaelic Dictionary. Was the Dictionary, or any portion of it, published? If so, by whom and what came of it? It is not mentioned in Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, or in any other work on Gaelic literature that has come under our querist's notice.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH LAND ACT FROM A HIGHLAND POINT OF VIEW.

I.

In 1879 I visited the Dominion of Canada, from Cape Breton to Lakes Simcoe, Huron, and Erie, to find out, from personal observation and inquiry, the actual state of the Highlanders of Canada, and compare it with the condition of our countrymen at home, throughout the various parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Similarly anxious to have an accurate idea of the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, I resolved last month to pay a visit to that country.

Leaving Inverness by Mr MacBrayne's splendidly equipped steamer, the "Gondolier," and proceeding *via* the Caledonian and Crinan Canals to Glasgow, from there I crossed to Londonderry by one of Messrs Alexander Laird & Co.'s steamers, trading with goods and passengers to most of the northern Irish ports, and landed next morning in that celebrated town, the leading feature of which is its famous Wall, constructed during the Siege of Londonderry, and which encircles all the portion of the town then existing. On the top of this thick wall is a wide road, in some portions of which two or three carriages could drive abreast, but the most of Londonderry being situated on a hill, it is, of course, impossible to drive round the wall, as it is interspersed at various points with flights of steps. From the higher portion a magnificent view is obtained of Loch-Foyle and the surrounding district.

Londonderry is, perhaps, one of the most Orange and ultra-Protestant places in Ireland, and I was surprised beyond measure to find the large number of people amongst the inhabitants who were in favour of the principles of the Irish Land League, and in favour of Home Rule. Many who are decidedly so cannot afford to express their opinions publicly, nor even to many of their own personal friends, for fear of the consequences in their business and social relations; but that the feeling exists in a very marked degree is undoubted.

Having made a few calls, I proceeded by rail to the West of Ireland, along the western banks of the River Foyle, through a beautiful, well-cultivated country, passing through the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Sligo. On the way, especially as I proceeded westward through the last-mentioned two counties, I was particularly struck with the neat outward appearance of the houses occupied by the peasantry. Here, as in most of the places visited by me in Ireland, there were substantially-built stone houses, with stone gables and a chimney in each, or occasionally in the centre of the dwelling. It was a pleasing picture, and being well-acquainted, as I am, with almost every portion of the Scottish Highlands occupied by the crofting classes, I was not a little surprised to see the superiority, as far as outward appearance went, of the corresponding classes in the North and North-west of Ireland. I attributed all this, however, to the fact that I was still in a portion of the country prosperous above the average, and that I was only as yet on my way to the poorer districts, which, from what I read of the poverty-stricken state of Ireland, must be much worse than anything with which I was acquainted in my own country. But that state of things I have not met with, as I shall show more in detail by and bye, though I have driven over the most of one of the largest counties in Ireland, and a county by common consent, declared to be, taking it altogether, the poorest county in the whole island.

The town of Sligo, at which I arrived the same afternoon, is a beautifully situated little town on the Bay of the same name. It is notorious in the history of politics as being one of the present disfranchised burghs in Ireland, on account of corrupt practices at elections, and also as being the capital of the county represented in Parliament by Mr Sexton, the first orator of the Parnellite party in the House of Commons.

Within two miles of Sligo is Loch-Gill, which is reached by a boat on the river. The lake itself is about five miles in length, by about two in breadth, surrounded by hills of no great altitude, but in many parts beautifully wooded. In the lake itself there are upwards of twenty islands, most of them covered with trees. Our boatman took us to a point on the north side of the lake, called Dooney Rock. A short walk from this takes us to the top

of an elevated point projecting into the lake, from which a beautiful picture is obtained of the whole lake and its surroundings. The boatman, Dominick Gallagher, is an intelligent and agreeable fellow, but I would strongly recommend parties going to visit the lake to insist upon his taking a substantial boat, and not to accompany him in one of those slender craft which he naturally prefers taking, for its good rowing qualities, but which, in the event of a breeze rising, are not safe on this loch; and we were told that no end of accidents have occurred upon it, though not under the guidance of our Dominick.

The leading feature for the antiquarian in the town of Sligo is the splendid ruin of the Abbey, founded in 1252, by Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Lord Justice of Ireland. It was burnt in 1414, but soon afterwards re-built. There is still an altar of carved stone, and the choir has a beautiful Gothic window, still very perfect. The steeple is entire, and is supported by a lofty arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The Abbey is still used as a Roman Catholic burial-place. The only other sight which interested me in Sligo was the regiments of donkeys which appeared in the principal streets of the town, with huge loads of hay on their backs, or rather the full length of their bodies, literally burying them out of sight, not an inch of them being seen except a very small portion of their heads, their legs, and the tips of their tails, it being scarcely possible to distinguish the latter from the former.

Next day I proceeded to Ballina, a distance of thirty-seven miles, by what is known as a "long car," in contradistinction to the ordinary jaunting car, driven by three horses. The long car does duty in Ireland for the public coach in this country, and carries a large number of people, while the ordinary jaunting car is seated only for four persons, two on each side, and the driver. The first few miles of the drive are interesting and pleasant. A few miles on, we pass through the village of Ballysadare, situated at the foot of the Lurgan Hills, a prominent range. Through it passes the Owenmore, a fine river, which falls into a pretty bay of the sea, over a series of rocky ledges, forming a succession of beautiful rapids. On this river there are several large mills; and on the west side, the ruins of the Abbey of St Fechin, overlooking the rapids and the village. The drive is continued through

a somewhat interesting country, occupied mainly by small tenants, with neat, stone-built, white-washed cottages, surrounded by somewhat rugged and stony plots of land, almost in all cases walled into small parks or enclosures. On the left is a range of hills rising to a height of over 1000 feet above the level of the sea, while, on the right, we have the open ocean. The latter half of the drive from Dromore to Ballina is flat, boggy, and generally unattractive. For the first half of the distance I had, sitting beside me, a lady and her daughter, whom I found most civil and communicative, particularly on the subject of the Irish Land Act, and its effect upon the landowning classes in Ireland. She was a widow, whose husband had bought two properties from the Landed Estate Courts, and who, before he died, made provision for three out of four sons, and his only daughter, by which they were to receive so many thousand pounds each out of the estates, the eldest son to succeed and to provide these portions to his brothers and sister when they came of age. According to the value of the property then, and the rents received, the eldest son, the father thought, was liberally provided for, but the reductions made by the Land Court, under the provisions of the Irish Land Act, reduced the rents, in some cases ten, in others twenty-five, and in some thirty per cent., proportionally reducing the value of the estates themselves, so that by the time the younger members of the family are provided for, the eldest son will be worse off than with nothing at all. This I found to be only a specimen of numerous other cases throughout Ireland, in many instances, further intensified in the cases of mortgaged estates by the action of English and Scotch money-lenders who now insist upon the mortgages being paid off, or the estates forced, and sold in the open market at whatever price can be got for them; and there is a general feeling among the landowning classes that an Act, which made such a state of things possible, ought, at the same time, to have provided machinery to reduce the portions of younger members and relatives of the families affected by it, in proportion to the reduction made in the heritable estates under the Act. It certainly does seem unfair that, while all the other members of the family are provided for to the full extent of their father's intentions, his object, as regards the head of the family, should be so completely frustrated. In many cases, I was told, the various

members of the family might be got to agree to a proportionate reduction of their claims, but by the time they all come of age, and provision has to be made for them, it will usually be found that the oldest of them have started in life with interests of their own, and will be found unwilling to forego their legal rights; and, while any members of the family are under age, it is impossible, of course, to give legal effect to what their better nature prompts them to do.

In course of the last nine or ten miles of the journey, I was struck, for the first time, with the peculiarity of the arable portion of the land, and the situation of the houses among the extensive bogs or mosses, extending on either side of the road. The bog had been cut away in years past for peat or turf, and the portions thus cleared of the boggy surface brought under cultivation. In the distance nothing could be seen of the houses except the roofs, the walls being sunk in the mossy wilderness, but as we approached them their whitewashed walls appeared on the lower level. It did seem cruel that the poor people, who reclaimed these plots in such a manner from the endless bog, should have been rack-rented by landlords who never expended a single farthing or an hour's labour on their reclamation, and it was gratifying to know that, by the Irish Land Act, such appropriation of the result of other people's labour was for ever made impossible in Ireland, and that whatever energy is put forth, and whatever results may be obtained, will in future be the undisputed and absolute property of those who make the improvements. This feeling of security has already given rise to an active industrial spirit throughout many parts of Ireland, and this will increase year by year as the people realise that the result of their labour will in future be secured to themselves and their descendants.

It was dark before we arrived at Ballina, the capital of the County of Mayo, beautifully situated on the Moy, about five miles from the junction of that river with the Bay of Killala. It has a population of over 5000, and it has several good buildings, including some fine shops and banks, but the streets do not appear to be much looked after, and are generally dirty. The tide flows up to the town, but the river is only navigable to the quay, situated about a mile-and-a-half below. It is a favourite

resort of anglers, who find magnificent sport in the river and the neighbouring lakes. The town was entered by the French in 1798, driving out the Loyalists, who retreated about eight miles into the country. They were, however, forced to leave the town about three weeks after by General Trench, and ultimately driven to their ships in the Bay of Killala, or drowned in crossing the river. I was met on my arrival at the Post-office by a gentleman, in whose veins runs the best blood of the Highland chiefs, and was at once driven to his residence on the outskirts of the town, where I was hospitably entertained by himself and his amiable consort.

I had previously been informed that some portions of the County of Donegal, the district of Connemara, and County Mayo, were the poorest portions of the country; and that the latter county, taking it all in all, was fairly representative of the population of the poorest of the Irish counties — the poorest in Ireland. I therefore thought it the most suitable for comparison with the state of the poorest portions of our own Highlands, and first-class means of locomotion having been placed at my disposal by my Highland friend, in the shape of a carriage and a splendid pair of thoroughbred horses, I determined to explore it as much as I could during the week which I was able to devote to observation and inquiry among the people of Mayo. I was told that I was within a few miles of a celebrated district—that in which the flag of the Irish National Land League was first unfurled by Michael Davitt, and I resolved that to this place I should pay my first visit. Accordingly, I drove some twenty miles into the country, to within a short distance of a place called Swineford, then crossed the country about four miles westward, driving back, through the parish of Straide and the town of Foxford, to Ballina. In this district was pointed out to me the house wherein was born the notorious Sheridan, and where his mother and brothers still reside. The place was described as a "warm" one by the serjeant of police whom I found in charge of a newly-constructed police barrack at a place called Bohola. A great portion of this district, especially on the way out to Swineford, was, where it was not boggy, rugged and stony, and had all the appearance of its being hard work to extract a livelihood from the land; yet the houses bore an outward appearance of comfort and

prosperity, out of all comparison with the corresponding classes in the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland. One thing was noticeable here, as, indeed, it was almost everywhere I went to, that whatever arable land existed was mainly in possession of the people, with an occasional large grazing or arable farm among the smaller ones, to indicate a gradation in the holdings, and as an object of ambition to the smaller occupants. This district, the birthplace of Michael Davitt, the founder of the Irish Land League, has now become interesting to the whole British people, whether they approve or disapprove of his conduct or of the principles which he so ably advocates, and there are incidents in connection with his childhood which should teach a wholesome lesson to evicting landlords throughout the United Kingdom. Here, in the parish of Straide, he was born in the year 1846. Four years after, the unpretentious home in which he first saw the light, was brought down about his ears, and the whole of his family were thrown upon the roadside to live or die, for all the evicting landlord cared; but, unluckily for Irish landlordism, young Davitt did not die, and the cruelly evicted child, turned out in the winter's snow with his parents, his brothers, and sisters, returned to the site of his father's humble home on the 1st of February 1880, and, from a platform erected over the ruins of his father's homestead, he proclaimed, for the first time, the principles of the Irish Land League, which have since produced a total revolution in the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and are destined to do so in other parts of the kingdom at no distant date. No one, thanks to the impression left upon Davitt's mind by cruel eviction, at the early age of four years, can now be evicted in Ireland for any other cause than arrears of a fair rent, judicially settled by the Irish Land Courts. The place had for me an intense and indescribable interest, and I must be pardoned for reproducing here the stirring terms in which Michael Davitt first appealed to his countrymen, standing and speaking, as if inspired, on the ruins of his father's home. Here he eloquently exclaimed to a meeting of 15,000 people, to the whole of Ireland, and to the civilised civilised world :—

"Does not the scene of domestic devastation now spread before this vast meeting bear testimony to the crimes with which landlordism stands charged before God and man to-day? Can a

more eloquent denunciation of an accursed land-code be found than what is witnessed here in this depopulated district? In the memory of many now listening to my words, that peaceful little stream which meanders by the outskirts of this multitude sang back the merry voices of happy children, and wended its way through a once populous and prosperous village. Now, however, the merry sounds are gone, the busy hum of hamlet life is hushed in sad desolation, for the hands of the house-destroyers have been here and performed their hellish work, leaving Straide but a name to mark the place where happy homesteads once stood, and whence an inoffensive people were driven to the four corners of the earth by the ruthless decree of Irish landlordism. How often, in a strange land, has my boyhood's ear drunk in the tale of outrage and wrong and infamy perpetrated here in the name of law, and in the interest of territorial greed: in listening to the accounts of famine and sorrow, of deaths through landlordism, of coffinless graves, of scenes

> 'On highway side, where oft was seen
> The wild dog and the vulture keen,
> Tug for the limbs and gnaw the face
> Of some starved child of our Irish race.'

What wonder that such laws should become hateful, and, when felt by personal experience of the tyranny and injustice, that a life of irreconcilable enmity to them should follow, and that, *standing here on the spot where I first drew breath*, in sight of a levelled home, with memories of privation and tortures crowding upon my mind, I should swear to devote the remainder of that life to the destruction of what has blasted my early years, pursued me with its vengeance through manhood, and leaves my family in exile to-day, far from that Ireland which is itself wronged, robbed, and humiliated through the agency of the same accursed system. It is no little consolation to know, however, that we are here to-day doing battle against a doomed monopoly; and that the power which has so long domineered over Ireland and its people is brought to its knees at last, and on the point of being crushed for ever; and, if I am standing here to-day upon a platform erected over the ruins of my levelled home, I may yet have the satisfaction of trampling on the ruins of Irish landlordism."

The next day, Tuesday, I spent in Ballina and the neighbourhood. On Wednesday I proceeded on my way to the West. A few miles from Ballina, a spot was pointed out where, during the agrarian disturbances in the county, a man was shot, in the middle of the road, from behind a hedge. Soon after this we were skirting round the beautiful Bay of Killala, and were pointed out the place where the French were driven across the river to

their ships by the Loyalists, many of them being drowned in the river, where, still lying on the banks, half-buried in the marshy soil, lie some of the cannon left behind by the French in their hurried retreat. I felt surprised that historical relics of such a kind should be left to rust away in such a position, for it would be very easy to mount them in a simple fashion where they could be seen by passers-by interested in such relics, and the hint ought to be sufficient to secure this result, and at the same time preserve them from wearing away by rust.

In this neighbourhood we pass the ruins of two ancient abbeys, those of Roserk and Moyne, the former situated on the River Moy in a beautiful situation, surrounded with undulating hills. Two miles north of Moyne Abbey is the town of Killala, on the west side of the bay of the same name, possessing a round tower, and the ruins of St Patrick's, at one time a Diocesan Cathedral. Eighteen miles from Ballina, after passing through a beautiful undulating country, we arrived at the village of Ballycastle, from which we proceeded to Downpatrick Head, a sucession of magnificent cliffs, well repaying a visit.

When about two-thirds of the distance from Ballycastle we came upon a number of young cattle in an enclosure, six or eight of which had their tails cut off at different points more or less near the rump. This atrocity was at the time put down to the Invincibles, and the country has to pay compensation accordingly. The universal opinion, however, in the district is that the brutal act was that of a neighbour, who had been for years on bad terms with their owner, and with whom he was constantly in the Law Courts. The police in the district are all of the same opinion, though hitherto they have not been able to obtain the necessary legal evidence, notwithstanding which the innocent neighbours have, under the existing law, to pay the value of the maimed cattle to their owner.

On ascending the grassy slope leading to its summit, we are startled by coming suddenly on a great chasm in the middle of the sloping plain, apparently caused by the surface of the hill having fallen in. Cautiously approaching this abyss and looking down a depth of several hundred feet, the ocean is observed seething through a subterranean passage, which runs from one side of the headland to the other, and through which, in calm weather, a small boat can pass. About fifty or sixty yards from the main-

land stands what is called the Rock Pillar, which has the appearance of having at one time been torn away from the parent cliff. On the top of it the ruins of an ancient building are distinctly seen. As we visited the scene the sea was pretty rough, and the whole surroundings and those precipitous cliffs had a grand and awe-inspiring appearance.

On the slope leading up to the point there were several ruins of ancient buildings, also sacred cairns and wells, to which Catholic pilgrims often paid visits, and where they went through various devotional exercises, which appeared to the uninitiated onlooker to be meaningless and laborious. Having returned to Ballycastle, we were provided for in the principal hotel of the place, the outward appearance of which by no means indicated the cosy comfort, cleanliness, and excellent provision made by its civil hostess, for the weary traveller.

Next morning I started and visited the district near Rossport, being the poorest and most wretched place I had yet seen in Ireland, and where, at a distance, nothing could be seen of the houses but a small bit of the well-thatched roofs, apparently jutting out of the bog, but as we approached them the turf was found cut away for a considerable distance right round them, and fairly good crops of potatoes and oats growing on the lower level on which the houses, with substantially-built, white-washed stone walls, were erected. These holdings, miserable and poor in the extreme, were literally reclaimed from the bog, and I could not help thinking that in the winter the houses must be covered over by the snow. We had here to turn back over the same road for about six miles to gain the main road to Belmullet, which was our destination that day, and where we arrived in the evening, after having driven through a very poor part of the county, and being wet through, for it rained heavily and blew almost a gale the whole day. Our splendid pair of thoroughbreds covered over fifty miles that day, wretched as it was, and came into Belmullet almost as fresh as when they started in the morning.

Next day we hired an ordinary Irish jaunting car, and drove some twelve miles right on to the Atlantic, on the north side of Achill Sound, where I went inside some of the houses, and found the people, still living in substantially-built houses, out of all comparison superior to most of those in the Western Highlands and Isles, very civil, and willing to give me any information asked for.

Though the houses were outwardly what I have described, I found some of them exceedingly wretched and dirty within. The cow, as a rule, occupied the same room with the family, as well as the pig—"the jintleman as pays the rint." It is no uncommon thing to find the cow actually tied to one of the posts of the bed in which the occupants are asleep. In this district I asked a woman who was just putting the potatoes for the dinner on the fire, if she ever had anything in the shape of meat during the year, when she declared that, "Niver a bit, sorr, except a little at Christmas." Having explored this district, known as the Mullet, I returned to the village, and in the afternoon made an excursion of ten miles in another direction, and through a country very much of the same description.

In the disturbed times two or three people were shot in this district, a landed proprietor having lost his leg, he having been shot, while riding in his trap, at a spot pointed out to me, at the road side, —for which he is getting compensation to the amount of £1500; and a farmer having been killed for taking land from which another had been evicted, and for which his widow is receiving £450—all this money being levied on the district in the shape of what is called the blood-tax, amounting to 1s. 0½d. in the pound, on every one in the district. I must admit that it struck me as somewhat peculiar that the leg of the landlord was valued at £1500, while the whole farmer was only considered worth £450 to his sorrowing widow. I naturally inquired if this tax was not considered a great hardship by the law-abiding portion of the people, but was informed on all hands that they never paid any money more willingly, as things had so greatly improved in the district since these unfortunate events occurred. We returned again the same night to the village of Belmullet, and on the next day, Saturday, drove through an entirely new part of the country, a distance of forty miles, to Ballina, where I spent the Sunday with my friends, proceeding on Monday through another portion of the County of Mayo, the Counties of Galway, Roscommon, Westmeath, Meath, Kildare, and Dublin, on my way to the Irish capital.

This part of my journeyings and my conclusions generally on the working of the Irish Land Act, and the benefits derived, and to be derived, from it, will be dealt with in a future issue.

A. M.

HIGHLAND SOLDIERS IN FRANCE.

WHEN, in 1690, it became apparent that the cause of the Stuart Dynasty was doomed, a great many Highland gentlemen, the remnant of Dundee's gallant army, went over to France, preferring to serve in a foreign country to living under, what they considered, the rule of an usurper. They were welcomed with avidity by the French King, who stationed them in different towns, and paid them according to the respective ranks they had borne at home.

For some time they served willingly, in the hope that before long they might be needed to fight for their own king; but after a year or two, seeing there was no chance of this, and feeling—whether rightly or wrongly—that they were considered a burden on the French King, they thought it would be better to form themselves into a regiment, and choose their own officers from among their ranks.

They approached King James with a petition to this effect, and assured him that they were willing to serve as private soldiers, and to undergo any privations if they could only be together and commanded by their own countrymen. The King at first objected, for, while fully recognising their generosity and loyalty, he feared that gentlemen brought up as they had been, would never be able to put up with the disagreeableness and hardships of the life of a private soldier. However, they were unanimous in their desire, and at last the King gave his consent, and appointed Colonel Thomas Brown to be their Captain, Colonel Alexander Gordon and Colonel Andrew Scott to be Lieutenants, and Major James Buchan as Ensign, the rest to be merely private soldiers.

As soon as they were embodied they were ordered to take the route to Catalonia; but before leaving St Germains they were reviewed by James, who made them the following speech :—

Gentlemen,—My own misfortunes are not so nigh my heart as yours; it grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of

private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, who are forced upon their allegiance by the Prince of Orange, and who, I know, will be ready on all occasions to serve me and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done and undergone for your loyalty hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions, but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, your Prince, he is of your own blood, a child capable of any impression, and as his education will be from you, it is not supposable that he can forget your merits.

At your own desires you are now going a long march, far distant from me; I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God, and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your Parent and King.

His Majesty then asked each gentleman his name, and wrote it in his pocket book, then taking off his hat with the grace so characteristic of the Stuarts, bade them farewell.

They had to march a distance of some nine hundred miles to Perpignan, in Rousillon, where they were to receive their uniform, and join the French army there encamped.

They began their long march in high spirits, and at every town they passed through they were received with respect by the inhabitants, and were billeted in the best houses. When leaving in the morning they were generally favoured with the presence of the ladies, who, with the ready sympathy of their sex, pitied the condition of these gallant gentlemen, who bore their reverse of fortune with so much equanimity and dignity of manner.

When, however, they had got further into the country, the people did not appear so friendly, most probably from the fact that the French soldiers were unpopular on account of their overbearing and exacting manners. To instance this feeling, once, while crossing a brook, which had been swollen by heavy rains, four of the company were carried down the stream, and only saved themselves from drowning by seizing hold of some bushes, and thus keeping their heads above water, but were unable to regain their footing. Though there were plenty of the country people

close at hand, no one would help them, and the poor men had to wait in this unpleasant and dangerous position until their comrades came up to their assistance. Another time, when near the termination of their long march, one of them being billeted on a farmer, was set upon by the man, his wife, and servant, and most unmercifully beaten and illused. However, on complaint being made to the governor of Rousillon, an aide-de-camp was immediately sent to the gentleman, to beg his pardon in the name and on behalf of the King of France, for the ill-treatment he had sustained, and to assure him that he should have every satisfaction.

Within two days the farmer was arrested, branded in the hand, and banished from France, while the whole of his furniture was carried into the market-place and publicly burnt, as a warning to others to show proper respect to these gentlemen.

On arriving at Perpignan they were drawn up in rank before the house of Lieutenant-General Shaseron, the governor, who received them with great courtesy, and their appearance so affected the ladies present that they were moved to tears, and privately made up a purse of two hundred pistoles for them.

Here they received their uniform and arms, and these gallant men had now, instead of carrying a half-pike, to shoulder a firelock, and exchange cartouch-boxes and haversacks for the gorgets and sashes they formerly wore. Still they bore all the discomforts of their new life with such dignified patience and manly bearing that they won golden opinions from the French officers, who treated them rather with the respect due to their former position than to their present humble condition ; and a frequent remark among the Frenchmen was that a detachment from all the officers in the French army could not equal this company of exiled Scots.

Now it was that they began to realise the full extent of the sacrifice they had made to their loyalty, for their money getting exhausted, and their pay as privates, viz., 3d. a day, with one and a-half pounds of bread—being quite insufficient to support men used to good living—they were obliged to sell some of their clothes, such as their fine laced coats, embroidered waistcoats, Holland shirts, and even their watches.

Upon this merchandise they managed to exist from Novem-

ber 1692 to May 1693, when they were ordered into camp, and joined, to their mutual delight, by Major Rutherford's company of refugee Scots, and Captain John Foster, with some veteran troops of Dumbarton's regiment, and many a loyal health was drunk to King James, and the success of his cause by these re-united friends.

During an inspection of these three Scotch companies by Marshall de Noailles, his Excellency desired the company of officers to march past a second time, and was so pleased by their martial bearing that he complimented them highly, and presented them with a mule to carry their tents, which was a great relief to them.

They now marched over the Pyrenees and besieged a town called Roses situated in the valley of Lampardo, a most unhealthy place, and where the water was so bad that it produced a great deal of sickness among the troops; especially did the company of Scotch officers suffer, both from the climate and want of proper food, having little else than sardines, horse-beans, and garlic, which diet, however agreeable to the natives, did not agree very well with the stomachs of Scottish gentlemen.

Though weakened by privation and prostrated by fever these brave men refused to go into hospital, preferring to do their duty, and take their share of the hard work which was the more arduous in consequence of there being no pioneers. Consequently the soldiers had to cut wood, make fascines for the trenches, etc.

During the attack on the town of Roses the company of officers who acted as grenadiers, behaved with such conspicuous bravery that after the place surrendered the Governor asked the French General what countrymen these grenadiers were, and said that it was they who caused him to give up the town, for they fired so hotly that he believed they were about to attack the breach. The Marshal replied with a smile "*les sont mes enfans.*" "They are my children," adding, "They are the King of Great Britain's Scotch officers, who, to show their willingness to share his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command."

The next day when riding along the ranks, the Marshal halted before the company of officers, and with hat in hand, thanked them for their good services, and freely acknowledged

that it was their bravery which caused the surrender of the town, and assured them that he should report their services to his Sovereign.

The Marshal kept his word, and on the French King receiving the despatches at Versailles, he immediately took coach to St Germains, and showed them to King James, and thanked him for the services his subjects had rendered in taking Roses. James was much affected, and said "These gentlemen were the flower of my British officers, and I am only sorry that I cannot make better provision for them."

Marshal de Noailles did not confine his admiration of this gallant corps to mere compliments, for he very kindly gave each of them some money, two shirts, a nightcap, two cravats, and a pair of shoes. King James also gave them an allowance of fivepence a day to each man; but in spite of these additional comforts, fevers and agues still prevailed amongst them. On hearing this, Marshal de Noailles wished them to leave the camp and go into any garrison they chose. They, however, declared that they would not pass a day in idleness while the King of France, who befriended their King, had need of their services, and that they would not leave the camp so long as a single man of them remained alive.

About the middle of June 1693, the army, numbering twenty-six thousand, marched from Roses to Piscador; but the sickness and mortality was so great that only ten thousand reached their destination. On one occasion a sudden alarm being given, our company of officers was the only one that presented itself promptly and in good order, on observing which the General exclaimed, "*Se gentilhomme est toujours gentilkomme, et se montre toujours tel dans le besoin, et dans le dànger*"—"gentlemen are gentlemen, and will always show themselves such in time of need and danger."

Their sickness still continuing, King James got them removed to another province—Alsace—thinking, as the climate there was cold, it would better agree with his hardy Scots; but unfortunately it only proved going from bad to worse. On 4th December 1693 they, with the other two Scotch companies, began the long and fatiguing march from Tureilles in Rousillon to Silistad in Alsace. The winter was unusally severe, and these unfortunate gentlemen weer in a very unfit state for such a journey, so that when they

arrived at Lyons their condition was indeed pitiable. Their coats were old and thin, their shoes and stockings worn and torn, while the extreme hardships they had undergone had reduced them so much that they looked more like living skeletons than anything else. Still their spirits were undaunted, and to quote the words of a contemporary writer, "Their miseries and wants were so many and so great, that I am ashamed to express them. Yet no man that conversed with them, could ever accuse them of a disloyal thought, or the least uneasiness under their misfortunes. When they got over their bottles (which was but seldom), their conversation was of pity and compassion for their King and young gentleman, and how His Majesty might be restored, without any prejudice to his subjects."

After three days' rest in Lyons they proceeded on their weary march to Silistad. Their sufferings during this long journey were extreme, the snow lay several feet deep, and the country they passed through was so famine-stricken, that they were very nearly starved. All they could get was a few horse-beans, turnips, colworts, and a little yellow seed which they boiled in water. When they arrived at Silistad they had to again resort to the expedient of selling from their very limited stock of clothes to provide themselves with food, and what affected them still more, they were obliged to part with treasured articles, which they had kept to the very last, and which nothing but the direst distress would ever compel them to part with. Thus, one would say "This is the seal of our family, I got it from my grandfather, and will therefore never part with it." Another would say, "This ring I got as a keepsake from my mother, I would rather die than sell it"; while the rest would have rings, snuff-boxes, buckles or dirks, all endeared to them by associations with loved ones in their far off country. Yet in a few weeks the pangs of cold and hunger overcame these fine feelings of sentiment, and the long treasured relics passed into the hands of the stranger. Notwithstanding these sacrifices several of them died during their stay at Silistad from want of proper food and clothes. This reaching the ear of James, he sent orders for as many of them as wished to claim their discharge from the French service, and return to him at St Germains.

This kind offer was declined by the great majority, who were

determined not to give up; but fourteen of the company returned, and were very kindly received by James, who gave them their choice, either to stay with him on an allowance, or to take a a sum of money and return to Britain and make their peace with the Government, and he allowed them some days to make their choice.

One day during their stay at St Germains, the young Prince met four of them in the park. Knowing from their dress who they were, he beckoned them to approach him. On their kneeling and kissing his hand, he said "He was sorry for their misfortunes, and that he hoped to live to see his Majesty in a condition to reward their sufferings; as for himself, he was but a child, and did not understand much; but according to the rude notions he had of government and the affairs of the world, they were men of honour, and loyal subjects, and had by their sufferings laid such obligations upon him in his childhood, that he could never forget them." He then took out his purse, and expressing regret that the Queen, his mother, did not keep him better supplied, he gave it, with its contents, to them, and then got into his carriage, while they adjourned to a tavern, and expended the money in drinking the health of the young Prince and his royal father.

When the gold was spent they began to dispute who should have the honour of keeping the purse as a souvenir of the Prince. The quarrel grew so fierce and the noise so great that the King sent to inquire the cause, and on learning what it was, he sent an officer to take away the purse; so harmony was once more restored.

We must now return and follow the further adventures of those who preferred to die at their post of duty than ask their discharge during a time of war. While they, and the other two Scotch companies, were in garrison at Silistad, the Governor of that fortress was apprehensive that Prince Lewis of Baden, who had crossed the Rhine with 80,000 men, would besiege him, and he declared publicly that if they did, he should depend more on the three companies of Scots than on the whole of the rest under his command.

Silistad, however, was not attacked, and, soon after, the company of officers were ordered to Fort-Cadette on the Rhine.

After staying there more than a year they were sent to Strasburg. In 1697 they again made themselves conspicuous by their bravery.

The Germans under General Stirk were on one side of the Rhine with 16,000 men, while the Marquis de Sell was on the other with only 4000 men, among whom were the Scotch officers. Between the two armies, in the middle of the Rhine, was an island which both parties were anxious to get possession of.

While the French general was sending for boats to go over to take possession of this coigne of vantage, the Germans quietly threw over a bridge from their side, posted 500 men on the island, and opened a most destructive fire upon the French. The Scots, ever eager for glory, and despising danger, begged permission to attack the Germans, who were entrenched on the island. The Marquis replied that as soon as the boats arrived they should be the first to attack. To this they answered they need not wait for boats; but that they would wade across. On hearing this the Marquis shrugged his shoulders, blessed himself, and bid them do as they pleased.

When it was dark the company assembled quietly, unknown to the rest of the French army, took off their shoes and stockings, which, with their firelocks, they tied round their necks, advanced with caution to the river, waded hand in hand in the old Highland fashion, the water coming up to their breasts. As soon as they got out of the depth of the river, they unslung their arms, and made a sudden rush on the enemy, who were quite taken by surprise, being unconscious of their approach. The attack was so unlooked for that the Germans were seized with a panic, rushed to their bridge, which in the confusion was broken down, and many of them were drowned, the rest being killed by the victorious Scots. When the Marquis de Sell heard the firing, and understood the Germans were driven out of the island, he made the sign of the cross on his face and breast, and declared that it was the bravest action that he ever saw. When the boats at last arrived, the Marquis sent word to the Scots that he would immediately send troops and provisions. The answer he got was "that they wanted no troops, and could not spare time to make use of provisions, and only desired spades, shovels, and pickaxes, wherewith they might entrench themselves."

The next day the Marquis crossed to the island, and kindly

embraced every man of the company, thanking them for the very signal service they had rendered to him.

For six long weeks they encamped on this island, while the Germans made every effort to regain possession; but our heroes were too watchful, and at last the enemy had to decamp. The island was afterwards named Isle d' Escosse, in honour of these brave men.

After this exploit they returned to Strasburg, where they remained for two years, when a treaty of peace was entered into, one of the conditions made by William the Third being that this gallant company of heroic Scots should be disbanded. This was done, and the officers had permission to go where they pleased. "And thus was dissolved one of the best companies that ever marched under command, gentlemen who, in the midst of all their pressure and obscurity never forgot they were gentlemen; and whom the sweet of a brave, a just, and honourable conscience, rendered, perhaps, more happy under those sufferings, than the most prosperous and triumphant in iniquity, since our own minds stamp our happiness." E. S. M.

QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO INVERNESS.

DURING the reign of the ill-fated Queen Mary, the Earl of Huntly was the head of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland. Weak and vacillating in character, he was mostly concerned about the safety and increase of his vast estates. Lord James Stuart, the Queen's natural brother, stood high in favour with his royal sister, though of a different religion. The Queen deeply offended Huntly by taking from him the Earldom of Moray and bestowing it upon the Lord James, and, in revenge, he did all in his power to foment sedition among the clans under his sway.

In 1562, the Earl of Huntly's movements in the Highlands were so suspicious, that Mary, fearful lest by his intrigues he should seduce the clans from their allegiance, resolved, with the advice and approval of the newly-created Earl of Moray, to make a journey to the North of Scotland, with the view of animating by her presence the flagging loyalty of her subjects in that part

of the kingdom. Huntly, well knowing that he was an object of the deepest hatred to Moray, who was the representative of the Protestant cause, was much put about when he heard of the projected Royal visit, from which he augured no good result to himself. He sent his lady to Aberdeen to meet Mary, and, if possible, to penetrate her purpose in coming north. He also instructed her to invite the Queen to his castle of Strathbogie, thinking, probably, that if he once had her in his power, he might make his own terms with her. This proffer, however, Mary, doubtless instigated by Moray, was prudent enough to decline, and, accompanied by her brother and several others, proceeded towards Inverness, then, as now, the Capital of the Highlands. In Morayshire the Royal party was met by Lord Lovat with five hundred picked clansmen, who guarded the Queen and her train to Inverness, where, after what one of the retinue describes as "a terrible journey," they arrived on the 11th of September.

Upon their arrival, however, they found that the Castle, where Mary had intended to reside, was occupied by the retainers of the Earl of Huntly, who was hereditary keeper, under the command of his Lieutenant-Governor, Alexander Gordon. The garrison was immediately summoned to open the gates and admit the Royal party, but the Governor insolently replied that, without orders from his feudal superior, the Earl of Huntly, he would neither open the gates to the Queen nor to anybody else. Her force not being strong enough at the time to storm the fortress, Mary was obliged to take up her lodgings in a house upon the north side of Bridge Street, where she held her court for some days.

John Gordon, laird of Findlater, and son of the Earl of Huntly, upon learning that the Queen was at Inverness, levied a large number of his vassals, and advanced towards the town, with the intention of seizing her person. The Royalists were somewhat perturbed at Findlater's approach, and, to protect the town from assault, and the Queen from danger, a small squadron of ships entered the river. A Royal Proclamation was issued, calling upon the clans to gather at Inverness for the Queen's defence, which soon had the desired effect. Lachlan Mackintosh, chief of Clan Chattan, who was in attendance upon Mary, "sent to Donald MacWilliam, late his tutor, to acquaint

him of the Queen's condition, and next morning the haill name of Clan Chattan in Petty, Strathern, and Strathnairn, came to the town in good order, and undertook the Queen's protection till the rest of the neighbours should come." Soon afterwards, the Munros, Mackenzies, Rosses, and others came to the assistance of the Queen, who now found herself at the head of a considerable force. The siege of the Castle was commenced with great vigour, and on the third day the garrison surrendered. The Governor was hanged over the gate by the Queen's orders, and his head impaled upon the Castle wall. Hearing of the fall of the Castle, and disappointed by the defection of the Mackintoshes of Badenoch, who were persuaded by Lachlan to remain faithful to Mary's cause, Findlater relinquished his idea of seizing the Queen at Inverness, and retired with his forces towards Aberdeen.

The following letter of Randolph's, giving an account of Mary's visit to Inverness, is taken from *Invernessiana* :—

"At the Queen's arrival at Inverness, she purposing to have lodged in the Castle, which pertaineth to herself, and the keeping only to the Earl of Huntly [Lord Gordon], being Sheriff by inheritance, was refused there to have entry, and enforced to lodge in the town. That night, the Castle being summoned to be rendered to the Queen, answer was given by those that kept it, in Lord Gordon's behalf, that, without his command, it should not be delivered. The next day the country assembled to the assistance of the Queen. The Gordons, also, made their friends come out. We looked every hour to what shall become of the matter. We left nothing undone that was needful, and the Gordons not finding themselves so well served, and never amounting to above five hundred men, sent word to those that were within, amounting only to twelve or thirteen able men, to render the Castle, which they did. The captain was hanged, and his head set upon the Castle ; some others condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the rest received mercy. In all those garbulles, I assure your honour I never saw the Queen merrier ; never dismayed ; nor, never thought I that stomach to be in her, that I find. She repented nothing but, when the lords and others at Inverness came in the morning from the watche, that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lye all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway, with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."

After the taking of the Castle, Mary occupied it for a few

days, and then, "although informed that Huntly watched to intercept her in the woods on the banks of the Spey, she advanced against him, crossed the river, and returned at the head of 3000 men to Aberdeen." Lord Lovat again furnished a princely escort, and his loyalty on the occasion of her visit drew warm expressions of thanks from the grateful Queen. At Corrichie, a few miles from Aberdeen, the Royal army encountered that of Huntly, and a fierce battle ensued, which terminated in the death of that misguided nobleman, and the complete rout of his forces.

The house in Bridge Street, in which Queen Mary resided, is still in existence, and is known by her name. For a hundred and fifty years an extensive wine trade has been carried on in one part of the building, a business for which the commodious arched vaults beneath render it peculiarly well adapted. These vaults are of great age, and there is a tradition that one of them was, at the period of Queen Mary's visit, connected with the Castle by a subterranean passage. The exterior of the house has been greatly modernised, and shows little trace of antiquity, but the remains of a coat of arms on the wall facing the river and a finely sculptured fireplace inside remain to tell of its ancient magnificence when it became the temporary abode of the most beautiful and most unfortunate of Scottish Sovereigns.

H. R. M.

BADGES OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us on this subject from Battersea:—

I find that the list of the Badges of the Highland Clans, as given in the last number of the *Celtic Magazine*, varies considerably from that given by Chambers in his account of the Highlands, vol. 16 of his "Miscellany of Useful Tracts." The following is his list:—

Buchanan	Birch.
Cameron	Oak.
Chisholm...	Alder.
Colquhoun	Hazel.
Cumming.....	Common Tallow.
Drummond	Holly.
Farquharson.....	Purple Fox-glove
Ferguson	Poplar.
Forbes	Broom.
Fraser.....	Yew; some families [Strawberry.
Gordon	Ivy.
Graham.....	Laurel.
Grant.....	Cranberry Heath.
Gunn.....	Rosewort.
Lamont.....	Crab Apple.
Macallister.....	Five Leaved Heath.
Macdonald.....	Bell Heath.
Macdonell.	Mountain Heath.

Macdougall	Cypress.
Macfarlane	Cloud-berry Bush.
Macgregor	Pine.
Mackintosh	Boxwood.
Mackay	Bull-rush.
Mackenzie	Deer Grass.
Mackinnon	St John's Wort.
Maclachlan	Mountain Ash.
Maclean	Blackberry Heath.
Macleod	Red Whortleberries.
Macnab	Rose Blackberries.
Macneil	Seaware.
Macrae	Fir Club Moss.
Macpherson	Variegated Boxwood.
Munro	Eagles' Feathers.
Menzies	Ash.
Murray	Juniper.
Ogilvie	Hawthorn.
Oliphant	Great Maple.
Robertson	Fern.
Rose	Briar Rose.
Ross	Bearberries.
Sinclair	Clover.
Stewart	Thistle.
Sutherland	Cat's Tail Grass.

If you, or any of your correspondents, could let me know which is most likely to be correct of the two, in the *Celtic Magazine*, I should feel greatly obliged.

In the Gaelic origin of local names, are two places named Kilvean and Torvean. If I had seen them in an English work, I should have taken them to be in Cornwall, vean being the Cornish for little or small, as *cheel vean*, little child; *Truro vean*, a place in the city of Truro. There is also a pile of rocks called Kilmarth Tor, Tor Point, Tor Bay, etc.

LOCHIEL ON THE LOCH-ARKAIG CLEARANCES.

To the Editor of the Celtic Magazine.

Sir,—Your *History of the Camerons* naturally possesses greater interest for me than for most people, and while I congratulate you on the ability, and admire the research which has enabled you to add so valuable a contribution to our acquaintance with Highland clans, I hope you will allow me to call attention to one error which occurs in the latter portion of your work, and which, as reflecting unjustly on the policy pursued by my father towards the small tenants on this estate, has caused me some pain. In page 256 the following refers to my father:—"Of him Mr Mitchell says that 'unfortunately he was equally ignorant of the habits of Lochaber and its people' with his father, and that he 'was obliged from his ill-health to reside in England, and the administration of his estates was entrusted to his relative, Sir Duncan Cameron, under whom Mr Belford, a writer in Inverness, acted as factor, Sir Duncan placing implicit confidence in his management. With a view to increasing the rental, Mr Belford followed the then prevalent custom of removing the people and converting the hill sides of Loch-Arkaig into sheep farms.'" I do not know who Mr Mitchell may be, nor what work you here refer to, but as the quotation is inserted without note or comment, it is, of course, to be presumed that the statement is accepted by you as accurate. If your author lived contemporaneously with the events which are supposed to have taken place, but which he must have known never did, his assertion is simply scandalous.

I have before me the estate rental for the year 1832, when my father succeeded,

I there find the following farms, viz.:—Glen-Dessary, Monoquoich, Inverskillivoulin, and North Achnaherrie, held by one man, and entered in the rent roll, as occupied by the heirs of Alexander Cameron. Achnanellan, Glen-Mallie, Achnasaul, Crieff, Salachan, Muick, and Kenmore, seem to have been all in the possession of the heirs of J. Cameron; while Muirlagan, Caillich, Glenkingie, Coanich, West Kenmore, and the whole of Glen-Pean, were occupied by a third tenant, John Cameron. In 1832, therefore, so far from "the hill-sides of Loch-Arkaig being converted into sheep farms," not only these hill-sides, but an immense tract of country besides, probably upwards of 60,000 acres, were in the hands of three tenants.

The clearances of Glen-Dessary and Loch-Arkaig took place thirty years previously, when the estate was in trust, and managed by Sir Ewen Cameron, the father of Sir Duncan, and you will see, therefore, that you have mistaken the date by a whole generation. Of the small tenants and crofters who were removed, some went to Canada, and their grandchildren, no doubt, figure largely among the subscribers to your History. By others were formed the townships of Banavie and Corpach, where their descendants are still to be found, and a few went to Achintore, a small township west of Fort-William. This was at the time when the Caledonian Canal was being made, and presumably the idea was to enable the people to obtain constant employment, though no doubt self-interest, on the part of the proprietor, had some share in determining the policy pursued. The statement that my father entrusted the management of his estate to Sir Duncan Cameron, is, to my certain knowledge, absolutely without foundation. On parish matters the late Lochiel used to consult equally Sir Duncan and Colonel Maclean of Ardgour, both of whom resided permanently in the county, and were well acquainted with local affairs; but he acted entirely on his own judgment in all matters connected with the management of the property. I am certainly not disposed to defend the management at that particular period. Mistakes were undoubtedly made then as they are probably made now; but they arose from want of foresight, not from a lack of generosity, and whoever may be the sufferer, he was certainly not to be found among the small tenants. If to pull his people through the famine of '46—to wipe off subsequently all the arrears on the estate, and then to reduce his rents where he found them too high, and not to raise them where he found them too low—if this constitutes a harsh landlord, in the sense implied in your quotation from Mr Mitchell, then the late Lochiel justly deserves the condemnation which the readers of your History may, I fear, be disposed *unjustly* to bestow on him.

There is, however, a wider application of the lesson to be learnt from the unintentional error into which you have fallen in connection with these clearances. If such mistakes are possible in a history such as that of the Camerons, compiled with care, and after reference to authentic documents, and all other available sources of information, what may be expected from the vague testimony and loose tradition which forms the basis of many of the accusations brought against Highland proprietors in connection with their treatment of crofters? Does not this episode confirm the truth embodied in the following sentence of the Report of the Royal Commission? "Many of the allegations of oppression and suffering with which these pages are painfully loaded, would not bear a searching analysis. Under such a scrutiny, they would be found *erroneous as to time, to place, to persons, to extent, and misconstrued as to intention.*" The accuracy of the next sentence looked at by the same light is equally remarkable. The Report goes on thus—"It does not follow, however, that because these narratives are incorrect in detail, they are incorrect in colour or in kind."

In conclusion, I am bound to admit that I am not, perhaps, as regards the paragraph in your History free from blame myself. I might be supposed to have read the History of the Camerons as it appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and thus have been able to correct any error before the present volume was published. In truth I did read most of the earlier numbers, but you know from our previous correspondence that I had no papers in my possession which would have been of use in the production of the work, and it appeared to me that for all practical purposes there was nothing to be gained by reading it in parts, when, by waiting a few months, I could read it as a whole. Besides, the mischief was already done when the particular paragraph in question appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and I should then, as now, have required to ask your courtesy in allowing this letter to be inserted in the next number.—I am, yours faithfully, DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

ACHNACARRY, October 18, 1884.

[The work quoted above is "Reminiscences of my Life in the Highlands," by the late Mr Joseph Mitchell, C.E., Inverness, the title of which is given in full on the page of the "History of the Camerons" immediately preceding that from which Lochiel makes the quotation of which he complains.—ED. C. M.]

FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

MR FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., recently addressed a large meeting of his constituents at Inverness, in which he made pungent references regarding the management of certain estates in the Highlands, especially that of the Island of Tiree, belonging to the Duke of Argyll. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh quoted largely from the evidence given before the Royal Commission by those having an intimate acquaintance with the facts. He referred to the manner in which he was attacked by the Duke, when, as a Royal Commissioner, his own mouth was closed, and when he could not reply. The conditions were now changed, and he felt called upon, in the public interest, to refer to the state of matters existing on the Duke's estates in Tiree and elsewhere.

He proceeded to say that immediately after the Commissioners met in Tiree—Lord Napier said at that meeting—

"Assurances have been given in many places by the proprietors and factors, and I will now ask whether there is any one present who will give an assurance with regard to these people." Mr Macdiarmid—"I am local factor for his Grace the Duke of Argyll." Lord Napier then asked—"Do you feel enabled to give an assurance to the people here present that no one will suffer prejudice in consequence of what he says here on this occasion?—No, I cannot give any such assurance. I did not ask for it, and I was not told to give it. Lord Napier—You do not think you are—knowing

the disposition and character of the proprietor of the island—enabled to give such an assurance on your own responsibility? Mr Macdiarmid—I would say the Duke of Argyll won't do anything against any man who will tell the truth. Lord Napier—Are you able or not, from your knowledge of the character of the proprietor, to give a positive assurance that no prejudice will occur to anyone on account of what is said here to-day? Mr Macdiarmid—I am not going to say that. Lord Napier, addressing the witness, then said—It is not in the power of the Commission to give you any assurance of the kind. The Commission cannot interfere between you and your proprietor, or between you and the law. Whatever you state therefore now will be at your own risk and on your own responsibility. But from what we know of the character of the Duke of Argyll we cannot believe, we do not believe, that any prejudice could occur to you on account of what you say. The Witness Macdougall —We live in that part of Scotland where most of that suffering is taking place, and oppression and slavery. We are poor people. We cannot give any of the statements that we came here prepared to make unless we receive the assurance that no crofter will be evicted from his croft, or cottar put out of his house, for telling what we have to tell; and that is the truth, and nothing but the truth."

Now, gentlemen, continued Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, after this the whole proceedings of the Commission in the Island of Tiree were going to collapse, because we could not protect the people. He then explained how a letter from the Chamberlain was afterwards produced by the local factor, and proceeded—What is the position of the Island of Tiree with regard to the distribution of land? The island yields about £4000 in rental, and how is it divided? Five large farms yielding about one-fourth of the rental are in the hands of the ground-officer of the Duke of Argyll, or a brother of his, and more in possession of a late ground-officer. That is the distribution of the land, and what do you find in consequence? In 1883 the state of poverty in the island was so great that public charity had to be solicited and distributed. That, you will agree with me, was a condition of things wholly disgraceful to a man like the Duke of Argyll. I can understand the use of, and I fully approve of, proprietors having on their lands a farm where the best stock of all kinds and the best of everything is kept, so that it may be a model and an example to the farmers in the neighbourhood. To that extent proprietors are entitled to have farms, to that extent possession is justifiable, but I submit that a proprietor has no right to put his factor into farms, and so monopolise a great part of the estate while scores of decent people are crying for land.

I make another charge, and I think it is one of the very gravest character. It has come out that no person upon the Duke of Argyll's Highland estates paying a rental of under £100 a-year has a lease. They are all tenants at will. I am not now speaking of the crofters and cottars. There is no lease given to any man upon the estate of the Duke paying under £100 of rent. There is another thing ten times worse. There are no estate regulations upon these island estates. Now, the most miserable proprietor in the Highlands who is able to keep a factor, or whether he is or not, has estate regulations, so that the tenants know what they are about. The Duke's Chamberlain admitted there were no estate regulations, and it comes to this, that all paying under £100 rent are tenants at will. It has been proved that many years ago, under a rule of the previous factor, two documents were brought round. In respect to one of them the people were told—Sign this document, which says I will submit myself entirely to the will of the Duke and his factor; the other was a summons of removal—Out you go. Let me read you what the Chairman brought out about the regulations from the Chamberlain. "Q.—I presume there were regulations?

A.—I am not aware. I don't think so. Q.—Were there any Campbell regulations? A.—Not so far as I am aware. I don't think so. Q.—Are we to understand there were never any printed regulations before your time. A.—Not on this estate. Q.—Are there ones in Tiree? A.—There will be, I expect soon." I asked him—"There being no printed regulations and no leases, how did the people know under what regulations they stood? A.—I don't know. Q.—Probably you saw it was rather a hardship that the people did not know under what rule they were? A.—I thought it desirable that there ought to be regulations."

I wish now, continued Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, to give a short quotation from the evidence as to the document which the people were obliged to sign. There was a delegate named Macneil. He is asked this question :—

"Do you know anybody here present who actually signed that document in which they promised to obey the factor's wishes? A.—Yes. Donald Macdonald. (To Donald Macdonald)—Did you sign that document promising to obey whatever the factor desired? A.—Yes. Q.—How did you know what the contents of the paper were—was the paper read over to you aloud? A.—All we know is that the paper was not read to us at all, but the ground officer had a lot of notices to quit in one hand, and this paper in another, and we were told that the contents of the paper were that we should require to obey anything that the Duke of Argyll or his factor would ask us to do. Q.—Was it written or printed? A.—It was written. Q.—Was Macquarrie the ground-officer? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he alive yet? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he here? A.—He was here; he may be here yet. Q.—Was that in the time of the present Duke or his predecessor? A.—In the time of the present Duke. Q.—Do you know of anybody who can read and who saw the paper himself and read it? A.—I am not aware of any who read the paper before he put his hand to it. Q.—Was your knowledge of the contents of the paper solely derived from the statements of the ground-officer? A.—The factor was not present upon the occasion. Our only information regarding the paper was what the ground-officer told us at the time. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh—Was each tenant obliged to sign a separate paper, or did several of them sign one paper? A.—I believe it was the same paper that every crofter in Tiree signed. Q.—Did you put your cross to it? A—I believe I signed my name. I can sign my name. . . . . The Chairman—Did you sign it? A.—I did not sign it myself, but everybody in the township where I lived signed it. (To Donald Macdonald)—How did you know that the papers in the man's other hand were summonses to quit? A.—He told us."

I have another charge—another complaint to make—against the Duke of Argyll. It is a question as to the rents of crofts, which is well known. In a statement handed in by Mr James Wyllie, the chamberlain, at Glasgow, he says that what the Duke of Argyll considers the true value of the crofts is the rent which is offered for them when they become vacant. That rather staggered the Commissioners, and the witness was asked—

"With respect to the rents, I see you state that the Duke considers that the true value of these crofts is the rent which is offered for them as they become vacant? A.—Yes. Q.—That is actually what determines the value of the croft? A.—Yes. Q.—Not so much per cow or so much per acre? A.—Of course I make my own valuation besides that. Q.—But the true value of the croft is what can be got for it? A.—Yes. Q.—In a great part of the places we visited, both managers of estates and others declared there was such a run upon these crofts that there were people ready to give beyond what the true value was. You would consider that the value is not what the true value was. You would consider that the value is not what might be called the real value, but what could be got for it? A.—Yes, what they bring when they become vacant. Q.—So that even the full market value can be got for a croft? A.—Yes. Q.—And the full market value is taken for the croft? A.—Yes, I suppose so."

I may now give the examination of two witnesses, Donald Campbell and Donald Maclean upon another point. It is only an illustration of many other things which have not been so clearly brought out in other cases as here—

"Q.—Do they get money for what they do? [from the Tiree Seaweed Company.] A.—No, they do not get money, and those of them who have been asking money for the last year or so only get £2 per ton in money; they would get at the rate of £4 if they took goods. Q.—But although the goods were stated to be worth £4, perhaps the goods were not worth more than £2 in another shop? A.—Perhaps not even £2. Q.—I suppose these people do not like to be treated in that way? A.—No, they do not; they are badly treated in many a way."

With regard to the Island of Tiree—and Tiree is a representative island—I desire to point out that the population has very much decreased within late years. The rental has increased enormously. A number of your economists, among them the Duke of Argyll, are fond of quoting the opinion of Sir John Macneill, in his report at the time of the destitution, with regard to emigration, and say it is a very good thing. I admit that Sir John recommended emigration. But he recommended that, when emigration took place, the places of those who went away should be given to those who remained. This is exactly as it should be, because there is no use clearing away the people if those who remain are to be left as before. I wish to narrate what we heard from the doctor in Tiree, and he is a man of considerable position; a man whose sympathies are with the people, but who would not give an opinion unless he were very clear upon the point. Well, what does Dr Buchanan say? I asked—

"Are you in favour of large properties with large populations, when the proprietor does not reside amongst his people? A.—No. Q.—How often has the Duke of Argyll been in Tiree? A.—Lately, I think, he has been here every August. Q.—Within the last four or five years, how long does he stay? A.—A day, or, perhaps, two days. Q.—Does he go about speaking to the people? A.—He does. Q.—Can you trace any benefit in the position of the people by his appearances here? A.—No, I see no change from his coming and going. Q.—What is the character of the people of Tiree generally; is it a place where crime is comparatively unknown? A.—Crime is unknown; the people are quiet and peaceable. Q.—Do you yourself find satisfaction in going out and in among them? A.—I do; I never get an uncivil word. Q.—Was not the idea that must have been prevailing in the mind of Sir John Macneill, or those he consulted, when suggesting that the population should be reduced, that the reduced population should have the full benefit of the Island of Tiree? A.—That would be the sense of it. Q.—Can you instance any case within your own recollection, or have you heard of any lands being added to the crofter class? A.—No. Q.—So then, any pretence of saying that emigration is good for the country would be of no value unless it benefits those who remain behind? A.—No; certainly not. Q.—Supposing, for instance, that farm was to be added to large farm in the Island of Tiree as people went away, you might reduce the population to twenty people? A.—You might."

Now, gentlemen, in the Island of Tiree at this moment the great bulk of the people are under no law whatever, but under the entire power and will of the Duke. Then the land in this island is not properly distributed; what is possessed by crofters is rack-rented, and many of the people, in 1883, had to submit to the stigma of receiving public charity, a state of matters which the Duke of Argyll ought to be ashamed of. There is at present in that island a most unequal and unfair distribution of the land; and it cannot and should not longer prevail.

I will say one word in passing in regard to the Ross of Mull. Whenever a man dies, even although the son may be nearly twenty-one years of age, the widow is sure to go out. In the case of poor Widow Macphail, and although she had a son sixteen or seventeen years of age, she was put out much against her will, and her holding given to some official or parochial officer; and so strong was the feeling of fear felt that she could not get any one to write a letter in her favour. At last one decent man (with whom I shook hands) was got to write a letter to the Duke of Argyll, and, to conceal the authorship, it was written in imitation of print. In

Ardtun in the Ross of Mull there was extreme poverty. The population in 1841 of the Duke's estate of the Ross of Mull was 4113, and in 1881 it was reduced to 1990, less than one-half, whereas, at the same time, the rental increased enormously. Nothing can be a greater curse to the country than to find the population of any part of the country rapidly decreasing, while in the same period the rental rises enormously. I have said that money was spent, public charity was distributed, in the early part of 1883 in the Duke of Argyll's island estates. There is one thing I must refer to in connection with this fact. The amount of money so distributed was not very large. I admit that; but I also say it was a contemptible sum for the Duke of Argyll to have permitted to be taken. The money was spread over a very large number of people, so that the poverty existing over the country was undoubted. That was the deplorable state of matters revealed to us in our investigations. And no man, far less a man in the position of the Duke of Argyll—no man even in a much humbler position—should have permitted public charity to be distributed among the people upon his estate. It shows the absence of a proper and fair administration, and I think it is a state of matters which will no longer be permitted by the country.

Why is it necessary for me to make reference to individuals? Because if you state generalities, people may say there is nothing in them. Therefore it is necessary to give specific instances.

I am obliged to come to the county of Inverness and make a few references to another case. I wish to draw attention to the matter because unfortunately our evidence is so long and it is so expensive to purchase that everybody cannot get at it. And unless the matter is placed before the people, iterated and reiterated, the danger is that these intolerable grievances may be allowed to sleep. I refer to the case of South Uist and Barra, and I must again state that I have no personal feeling with regard to individuals. With regard to South Uist, her ladyship, Lady Cathcart, has been good enough to send away a number of people, giving them £100 and so on, taking their obligations, however, for repayment, it is said. I asked the factor—Will you give them £100 in order to enable them to make a living at home? He said—No, no. But the giving away of this money in this way is only a thing that can be done by a millionaire, can only have an infinitesimal effect, and be hurtful to others. But is it necessary to send away people from South Uist? On this you will observe that I dissented from my colleagues, and said that no necessity for emigration existed, and I did so because I was not satisfied that a proper distribution of the land had occurred. The best and greatest part of South Uist, gentlemen, is divided into eleven large farms, three of which—viz., Kilbride, South Loch-Boisdale, and Bornish, are in the hands of three brothers named Ferguson, all very respectable people, and Gerinish is occupied by Mrs Macdonald. I come to the farm of Milton, and I find that the tenant, Maclean, is married to a sister of the wife of the factor, Mr Ronald Macdonald. In the next, Drimsdale, the tenant, the parish minister, is married to a sister of the above Maclean; and on the sixth, Nunton, the tenant is married to a sister of the said Maclean. There was a farm called Drumore, which formerly was in the possession of a gentleman named Taylor, whose wife was a sister of Mrs Maclean, but it is said Mr Taylor gave offence, and he was obliged to quit. Another important farm, which was the residence of Macdonald of Clanranald—the farm of Ormiclate—is in the hands of Mr Ronald Macdonald, the factor, who lives in Aberdeenshire. Creogarry and Drumore are in the hands of the proprietor. It is perfectly absurd to go and turn out the poor people without re-allocation, without doing any good to those that remain. These people are Roman Catholics. Now, let me say that these Roman

Catholics, belonging to the ancient faith—I have known them in Lochaber—are people for whom I have the highest respect. A more loyal and peaceful people than the old Catholics in the Highlands do not exist over the whole breadth of Scotland. What about the emigrants sent away? What has been done for the Roman Catholic emigrants sent to Manitoba? The Roman Catholic Bishop of the North-West had not a single Gaelic-speaking priest to spare. At one time there was a talk about Mr Mackintosh's going out among them, but circumstances prevented, and for him a contribution of £20 was suggested on the part of the proprietrix. And that is the whole provision made for these Roman Catholic emigrants, sent away to the wildest parts of North America. This is a matter which should be sharply and severely looked after.

Now, did time permit, I could say a good deal about other places which we visited. We found many deplorable cases in Skye and in South Harris. After our meeting at Obe, Lord Napier and I drove through the southern part of the island. Hardly a house did we see, but we saw beautiful land about Luskintyre, Scaristavore, etc., at one time occupied by a flourishing people. We had no time, unfortunately, to go and see that interesting place Rodel, which is so much associated with the name of one of the most noted of the Macleod family. But let me read one extract with regard to Rodel, which is, I think, enough to bring the tears to the eyes of any one, and particularly when they are made to you by people who were themselves actors. The island belongs to the family of Dunmore; but they are not connected with the more serious evictions which have taken place. The island belonged at the time to the Macleods, not the family of Macleod of Macleod. The witness, John Macdiarmid, an old man of 88, said—

"I will tell you how Rodel was cleared. There were 150 hearths in Rodel. Forty of these paid rent. When young Macleod came home with his newly-married wife to Rodel, he went away to show his wife the place, and twenty of the women of Rodel came and met them and danced a reel before them, so glad were they to see them. By the time the year was out—twelve months from that day—these twenty women were weeping and wailing, their houses unroofed and their fires quenched by order of the estate. I could not say who was to blame, but before the year was out the 150 fires were quenched. Some of the more capable of these tenants were sent to Bernera, and others were crowded into the bays on the east side of Harris, small places that kept three families in comfort, where now there were eight. Some of the cottars that were among these 150 were for a whole twelvemonth in the sheilings before they were able to provide themselves with permanent residences. Others of them got, through the favour of Mrs Campbell of Strond, the site of a house upon the seashore, upon places reclaimed by themselves." That is a pitiable story.

And now, with regard to myself. I have been in Parliament now for ten full years, nearly eleven years, and I have seen a good deal of the outs and ins of the work. In going to Parliament I had no personal object to serve, and I have no personal object to serve now. I say this honestly. I do not think that any member should serve for an unconscionable length of time, as constituencies have a right to change, and get the services of others who are willing to act; but upon this occasion, and mainly on account of the state of the land laws, and believing that I may be of some use with regard to the settlement of the question which is coming before the country, I do intend to claim your suffrages in the future. Now, gentlemen, I want to say this one thing—the question of the future, with the increased representation, lies in your own hands, and I hold this, and I say this, without regard to individuals, that whenever the franchise is reduced you must in the whole Highlands, beginning

with Orkney and Shetland, down to Dumbarton, you must send to Parliament men who will make this the main point, and you must declare you will have no others to represent you—and if you do so, you must rest assured that there will be a speedy solution of the question. There is a deal of agitation and a deal of longing and waiting on the part of the honest people in various parts of the Highlands and Islands. Some of you, gentlemen, may regard me as extreme in this matter, and others may regard my friend the Dean of Guild as extreme, but I tell you that there are other men with far more extreme views than either of us going about and expressing them; and if our moderate demands are not conceded, then more extreme views will become more and more prominent. Mr Gladstone has stated in his speech in Edinburgh that the report of the Crofter Commission was a most valuable one, and would receive the earnest attention of the Government as soon as possible. It is for the representatives of the Highland people to press that upon the Prime Minister, and not to allow it to fall through; and I say for my own part, so far as I can, the Prime Minister will be made to stick to it.

Dr Mackenzie, in moving a vote of confidence in the hon. member, said—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has shown us this evening that he is well qualified to be the member for the Highlands. I think that no one with a heart in his bosom could listen to the tale—the harrowing tale—which he has told us this evening without condemning in the strongest terms the system which has worked such havoc among our people. I, myself, in my professional capacity, often come across crofters who had been evicted from the fertile straths and glens, and have come into the town to spend the remains—the miserable remains—of their existence in an humble garret. I think that Inverness should take a special interest in this question, for by this question Inverness will more or less stand or fall. Inverness is not a manufacturing town. We have no manufacturing industries—we most depend more or less on the country surrounding us, and we cannot see that country deprived of its resources, for if it is, what will become of our shopkeepers, what will become of our tradesmen—yes, gentlemen, what will become of our professional men, for there will be no people to attend to? What has been the cause of the falling off in Cromarty, Invergordon, Dornoch, and other northern towns? Simply that the surrounding country had been depopulated, and one or two large farms have taken the place of a large number of small tenants. These people who are evicted to make room for these large farmers who may or may not patronise us—these people, I say, are obliged to come into these towns, and what is the consequence? They become paupers, and we, the inhabitants of Inverness, have to pay poor-rates, while the proprietors who evicted them are receiving £1 an acre of rent and more for the land which those people cultivated and brought to its present fertile state. That is a preposterous state of things, which cannot be allowed to continue. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has told us this evening how he has taken up this question as a member of the Crofter Commission, and he has also told us his views on the franchise question, and with regard to the latter, I can only say that when the crofters get their votes they will show themselves that they will only return to Parliament people who will help Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to bring on and carry a good Land Bill.

THE STORNOWAY CROFTER DEMONSTRATION.—The great Demonstration held in Stornoway on the 16th of October last, and its lessons, will be dealt with in our next issue, as well as the partisan—the poisoned—sources of the false information supplied by the whole of the Scottish press regarding it. The manner in which the press is supplied with this class of news from the North will be fully exposed.

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THE MUNROS OF MILNTOWN.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

THE family of Milntown and a few of its cadets spelt their name at different periods, and often indiscriminately, *Monro* and *Munro*. The latter is the form adopted in this and the following chapters, as being, on the whole, nearer the general pronunciation, and that which has been used by the Chiefs of the Clan for the last two centuries.

The founder of the family of Milntown, in or about the year 1465, was John, son of Hugh Munro, twelfth Baron of Fowlis, by his second marriage with Lady Margaret Sutherland, daughter of Nicolas, eighth Earl of Sutherland, grand-daughter of William, fifth Earl of Sutherland, and of his wife, the Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the second marriage of King Robert the Bruce.

John Munro was called the Tutor of Fowlis, on account of his having been for many years guardian of his nephew, John, the young Baron of Fowlis, whose father, George, and grandfather, Hugh, were killed at the battle of Bealach-na-Broige, in 1452. He is recorded as having "purchased the ward of the lands of Fowlis, in favor of his nevvy, the sone of his deid brother George Munroe."*

In a manuscript History of the Munros, written apparently about the year 1712, John Munro is described as a "bold, forward,

* History of the Earldom of Sutherland.

daring gentleman, esteemed by his sovereign, and loved by his friends." It was he who fought the Battle of Clachnaharry, near Inverness, with the Mackintoshes.

The following is the account of this sanguinary conflict given by Sir Robert Gordon in his *History of the Earldom of Sutherland*:—"John Monroe, tutor of Foulls, travelling homeward on his journey from the South of Scotland towards Rosse, did repose himself by the way in Strathardale, between Sanct Johnstoun (Perth) and Athole, wher he fell at variance with the inhabitants of that countrey, who had abused him. Being returned home to Rosse, he gathered together his whole kinsmen and followers, and declared into them how he had been used, craveing withall their aid to revenge himself of that injurie; unto the which motion they hearkned willinglie, and yeelded to assist him to the uttermost of their abilities. Whereupon he singled out thrie hundred and fyftie of the best and ablest men among them, and went with these to Strathardaill, which he wasted and spoilled, killed some of the people, and careid away their cattell. In his return home, as he wes passing by the ile of Moy with the prey, Mackintosh (cheftan of the Clanchattan) sent to him to crave a pairt of the spoile, being persuaded thereto by some evill disposed persons about him, and challenging the same as due unto him by custome. John Monroe, in curtesie, offered into Mackintosh a reasonable portion, which he, thorow evill councell, refused to accept, and wold have no less than the half of the whole booty; whereunto John Monroe wold not hearken nor yield, bot goeth on his intended journie homeward. Mackintosh conveens his forces with all dilligence, and followes John Monroe, whom he overtook at Clagh-ne-Hayre, besyd Inverness, hard by the ferrie of Kessak. John perceaving Mackintosh and his companie following them hard at hand, he sent fyftie of his men home to Ferrindonald with the spoile, and incouraged the rest of his followers to fight: so ther ensued a cruell conflict, wherein Mackintosh was slain, with the most part of his companie; divers of the Monroes were also ther slain. John Monroe wes left as deid in the field, and wes taken up by the Lord Lovat his predicessor, who careid him to his hous, wher he was cured of his wounds; and wes from thence foorth called John Bacelawigh, becaus he wes mutilat of one of his hands all the rest of his dayes. From this John Bacelawigh

Monroe of the familie of Milntown Monroe descended." The date assigned by Sir Robert for this conflict is 1333.

In a manuscript account of the "Conflicts in Scotland" there is a report of this clan battle of Clachnaharry, which in all important particulars, mainly agrees with the above, except in the date, 1341, which can hardly be accurate; neither can the year 1333; but that of 1454, given by Shaw, is more likely to be correct. At page 219 of his "Province of Morayshire," he says—"A shameful and bloody conflict happened betwixt the Mackintoshes and Munroes in the year 1454. The occasion was this—John Munroe, tutor of Fowles, in his return from Edinburgh, rested upon a meadow in Strathardale, and both he and his servants falling asleep, the peevish owner of the meadow cut off the tails of his horses. This he resented as the Turks would resent the cutting off their horses' tails, which they reckon a grevious insult. He returned soon with three hundred and fifty men, spoiled Strathardale, and drove away their cattle; in passing the Loch of Moy in Strathern he was observed. Mackintosh, then residing in the Island of Moy, sent to ask a *Stike Raide*, or *Stick Criech*, that is, a Road Collop; a custom among the Highlanders, that when a party drove away spoil through a gentleman's land they should give him part of the spoil. Munroe offered what he thought reasonable, but more was demanded; Mackintosh, irritated by some provoking words, given to his messenger, convocated a body of men, pursued the Munroes, and at Clachnaharie, near Inverness, they fought desperately. Many were killed on each side, among whom was the Laird of Mackintosh; John Munroe was wounded and laimed, and was after called John Bacilach. The Munroes had great advantage of ground by lurking among the rocks; whilst the Mackintoshes were exposed to their arrows. How rude and barbarous was the spirit of men in those days? and upon what trifling, nay shameful, provocations did they butcher one another."

There is another narration of this fight, given in the "Historical Account of the Family of Frisel or Fraser," pages 54-5, on the authority of MSS. of Frasers in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh (p. 114), as follows:—

"On the 27th of June 1378, the Munroes, a distinguished tribe in Ross, returning from an inroad they had made in the south of

Scotland, passed by Moyhall, the *seat* of Mackintosh, leader of the Clan Chattan. A share of the booty, or road-collop, payable to a chief for traversing his domains, was demanded and acceded to; but Mackintosh's avaricious coveting the whole, his proposal met with contempt. Mackintosh summoned his vassals to extort compliance. The Munroes pursuing their journey, forded the River Ness a little above the Island, and dispatched the cattle they had plundered across the hill of Kinmylies, to Lovat's province. Their enemies came up with them at the point of Clagnahayre, and immediately joined battle. The conflict was such as might have been expected from men excited to revenge by a long and inveterate enmity. Quarter was neither sought nor granted. After an obstinate struggle, Mackintosh was killed. The survivors of his band retraced their steps to their own country. John Munro, tutor of Foulis, was left for dead upon the field; from the loss of his arm he ever after acquired the name of John Back-Lawighe. The Munroes were not long in retaliating. Having collected a sufficient force, they marched in the dead of night for the Isle of Moy, where the Chief of the Mackintoshes resided. By the aid of some planks which they had carried with them, and now put together, they crossed to the Isle, and glutted their thirst for revenge by murder or captivity of all the inmates."

There are other notices of this fight—in Pennants "First Tour" in Scotland in 1769, as also in Anderson's "Scottish Nation," vol. iii., page 214, and in Brown's "History of the Highlands," vol. i., page 151, which vary very little from those above given. The following account, which was written by Mackintosh of Kinrara, about two hundred years after the event, bears every mark of being an unbiassed statement; he moreover treats of the encounter as one he deplores. It will be seen that, though not generally known, the principal actors were not only reconciled, but became brothers-in-law:—

"In 1454 a sudden and unexpected contest sprung up between Malcolm Mackintosh, commonly called Gilliecallum Oig, Mac-Mic-Gilliecallum Beg, grandson of the afore-mentioned Mackintosh (of Mackintosh), and John Monro, tutor of Fowlis. A very keen contest followed. The origin of it was this:—John Munro was second son of Hugh Munro of Fowlis, and acted tutor

to John Munro, his nephew, by his brother, George Munro of Fowlis. Returning from a tour to the South for despatching his pupil's business, a dissension took place between him and the inhabitants of Strathardale. He was contemptuously treated and loaded with great abuse. Intent upon revenge he comes home, informing his friends and relations of the injury he has sustained, and implores their assistance. At the head of two hundred chosen men he advances with all possible speed, and before his approach is observed enters Strathardale, ravages the country, and carries off the herds of cattle. At the River Findhorn, on his return, the afore-mentioned Malcolm Oig meets him by accident, and understanding the matter, is urged by the young men that follow him to demand a part of the plunder. John offers him twenty-four cows and a bull, which Malcolm Oig proudly and rashly rejects, insisting on no less than one-third part. John treats his demand with scorn, and proceeds on his way, determined to give none. Malcolm Oig incensed, instantly communicates this to his friends, and immediately commands the inhabitants of Petty and Lochardil to follow John and obstruct his passage until he, with the men of Strathnairn, shall have come up. His commands are obeyed. They pursue John beyond the water of Ness, and overtake him at a place called Clachnaharry. He (John), sends off forty men with the booty, and encourages the rest to fight. A fierce conflict ensues. A few fell on each side. John, almost slain, is left among the dead, but Lord Lovat upon better information takes care of his recovery. John was afterwards called 'Baichlich,' *i.e.* maimed, because he lost his hand in that engagement. From him descended the family of Milntown. Malcolm Oig was not present in that battle, which arose from his temerity, for the conflict took place before he came up. "The same Malcolm Oig afterwards married Janet Munro, sister of John."

The chief difficulty remaining is to fix the correct date of the event, as there are so many discrepancies in the different historians, although they all agree in the main facts — the years 1333, 1341 (in Lawrie's "Scots Wars," page 116), 1378, and 1454, being variously stated by them. Sir Robert Gordon was not over-exact in giving dates to the events which he describes, and the year (1333) given by him may be at once discarded; and, for many reasons, that of 27th June 1378, assigned to it in the

"MS. History of the Frasers," though the only one stating the month, can hardly be accepted as decisive. I am inclined to accept the year 1454 as the actual date of the battle of Clachnaharry. No chief of the Clan Mackintosh, from Angus, who fought at Bannockburn, and died in 1346, aged 77, down to Malcolm Beg—noticed above—who died in 1457 at the age of 90, is recorded by any writer of their history as having been so killed; yet all the historians above quoted—except Mackintosh of Kinrara—agree in saying that the Chief of the Mackintoshes was slain at Clachnaharry, a circumstance which is quite unaccountable, and I leave it as a *crux* in chronology.

The sobriquet given to John Munro should be spelt "Baclamhach." "Bac-lamh" is a manacle or handcuff; "Bac-lamhach" means disabled in the hand. "Coitach" should be spelt "Ciotach." "Coit" signifies a "coble" or "coracle." "Ciotach" is the proper word for "lefthand." Both words were evidently applied to John Munro "Bac-lamhach," because he was lamehanded. "Ciotach" because he became so expert in the use of the left hand as to make both terms equally applicable—"Ian Bac-lamhach," "John Lamehand;" "Ian Ciotach," "John Lefthand."

Clach-na-Faire, or as it is now spelt, Clachnaharry, literally means, in Gaelic, "the stone of watching." This stone was placed by the authorities of Inverness in a conspicuous position, with men on the watch, from early morning to nightfall, to give an alarm of any threatened raid from Ross; the view from the place being so commanding as to enable them to see any hostile approach, whether by crossing Kessock Ferry, or coming round by the head of the Beauly Firth. A commemorative monument was, several years ago, erected by the late Hugh Robert Duff of Muirtown, on a site amid the rocks where the conflict took place.

John Munro I. of Milntown, married late in life, and left, at least, two sons—

1. Andrew Mòr, his successor, and

2. John of Kilmorack, who married a daughter of Henry Urquhart of Davidston, in the parish of Cromarty, by whom he had, among others, a son,

Donald, who married Jane, daughter of William M'Vorchie that is, William, son of Murdoch—by whom he had two sons—

(1) Thomas, and

(2) Alexander, who migrated to Lochbroom, where he married, and had a son, John, who entered the Church, and in 1569 was presented to the vicarage of his native parish by King James VI. He died in 1573, and in that year James presented Angus Macneil Mackenzie to the vicarage.

Thomas, III. of Kilmorack, married Jean, daughter of Hugh Ross of Millderg, by whom he had a son, Andrew. He had also a natural son, named Donald.

Andrew married Anne, daughter of Angus M'Vorchie of Inveran, by whom he had two sons—

(1) John, and (2) Alexander.

John married Isabella, daughter of Donald Munro of Milntown of Alness, by whom he had, among others—

(1) Robert, and (2) Donald.

Robert married Christian, daughter of Donald Brown of Acharn, in the parish of Alness, by whom he had two sons—

(1) Donald, and

(2) Hector, who entered the army, and fought at the battle of Worcester, where he was taken prisoner, and banished to the Barbadoes. I have not succeeded in tracing further the descent of this branch.

John Munro, I. of Milntown, died about the year 1475, and was succeeded by his eldest son—

II. Andrew, who is stated to have been "a bold, austere, and gallant gentleman, esteemed by his friends, and a terror to his enemies." It was he who built the Castle of Milntown; and in connection with its erection Sir Robert Gordon makes the following observation, on page 146 of his *Earldom of Sutherland*:—

"About the year A.D. 1500, the Monroes of Milntown began to build the castell of Milntoun. Their next neighbours, the Rosses of Balnagown, endevoard to stop and hinder them from the building of the castell. But Earl John of Sutherland went himselff in persone to defend them against Balnagowan, his bragings. Then returning home into Sutherland, he did leave a companie of men at Milntown, for their defence against the Rosses, untill the most pairt of that castell was finished; which kyndness the Monroes of Milntoun doe acknowledge unto this day."

The Laird, or Chief of Balnagown at that period, was Sir David Ross, Knight, who played a conspicuous part in the history of Ross-shire, of which he was for several years sheriff. It is a remarkable fact that a lineal descendant—Lord Tarbat—of that John, Earl of Sutherland, who assisted the Munros in their contentions with the Rosses of Balnagown and their allies, will, at some future period, inherit the very place that his ancestor defended, now called New Tarbat, formerly Milntown, the vaults of which now only remain at the back-ground of the modern mansion-house of New Tarbat, built by the late Lord Macleod, who died in 1789, and great-great-grandfather of the present Duchess of Sutherland, mother of Lord Tarbat.

According to an entry in the "Kalendar of Fearn," the old castle of Milntown was burnt down accidentally by the nest of a jackdaw, which had been built in some part of the house, taking fire. The entry in the Register quaintly records that on "the 19 of May 1642, the hous of Milntown was burnt negligentlie be ane keai's nest."

Andrew married and left one son, Andrew, on account of his low statue, called Andrew "Beg."

Andrew Mòr of Milntown, died in 1501, and was succeeded by his only son.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST GAELIC DICTIONARY.—As a partial reply to your query last month regarding a Gaelic Dictionary prepared early in the present century by Mr Alexander Robertson, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, permit me to quote a short extract from Ramsay's "History of the Highland and Agricultural Society." It is as follows, and will be found at page 136 of that work:—"On 27th June 1806, there was voted a sum of £30 to Alexander Robertson, schoolmaster, Kirkmichael, Perthshire, for the manuscript of a Gaelic Dictionary, proposed to be published by him, but which the Society had obtained from him as an aid to one on a more extensive scale, it had in view to publish." I understand some portion of Robertson's Dictionary was actually published. It would be well worth while for some energetic Celt, say Professor Mackinnon, to examine the minutes and other archives of the Highland Society about the date referred to, in order to discover how much of the credit of laying the foundation of the Highland Society's great Dictionary was due to the humble schoolmaster of Kirkmichael. If his Dictionary was prepared as early as the year 1806, he must have been the first of our Gaelic lexicographers, with the exception of Shaw whose Dictionary was published in the year 1778. Probably something of the history of the man might be gathered from the Session Records, or from some old inhabitants of the parish of Kirkmichael. It seems rather ungenerous in the compilers of the Highland Society's Dictionary not to have acknowledged the assistance derived from Robertson's manuscript, for which the Society voted £30. I can hardly conceive that this sum in any sense adequately represented the value of the labour required at that early time to compile a Dictionary of the Gaelic language of the thorough character described in the prospectus announcing the projected publication of Robertson's Dictionary. I. B. O.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH LAND ACT, FROM A HIGHLAND POINT OF VIEW.

II.

LAST month I parted with the reader at the town of Ballina, and promised, in another article, to take him along with me through several other counties in Ireland. Before leaving the West, however, it may be appropriate to make a few general remarks on matters which came under my observation, while in County Mayo.

The island of Achill, in this county, has a population of over five thousand people, very poor; and their holdings hitherto were highly rented. The very week that I was in the district, the Sub-Commission for County Mayo was hearing cases and inspecting holdings in the island, and decisions were given in about forty cases, the reductions in rent being on Lord Cavan's property 45 per cent., on the Home Mission estates 36½ per cent., and in a test case from Captain Pike's property, the extraordinary reduction of 54 per cent. was made. Nearly the whole able-bodied male population of this island migrate to England during the harvest each year, leaving their wives and families to attend to their holdings at home. From this source they usually take home at the end of the season from £8 to £10, which enable them to live through the winter, and, hitherto, to pay the exorbitant rents charged, as in most other places in Ireland, on the results of their own labour in reclaiming the land from the boggy and mountainous wastes.

I found in almost all the places which I had visited in the West that, though the people grew corn—oats and barley—they nearly all lived on potatoes and Indian meal, and that they sold the oats and barley generally for the manufacture of Irish whisky. I was informed that there was not much difference in the price of oat and Indian meal, and that the principal reason that the oats and barley were disposed of was that there were not now—nor, indeed, since the famine years—any mills in the remote parts of the county in which the oats and barley could be ground. This appears to me, as an outsider, a question

which demands the attention of the leaders of the people in Ireland, for the sustaining power of Indian meal is not for a moment to be compared with that of oat and barley meal, to say nothing of its unpalatable qualities. The oats and barley are sold early in the season to pay the rent to the landlord, and to meet the indebtedness to the local merchant, who supplies the Indian meal on credit at a large profit, thus securing the profit on both the oats and the Indian meal, necessarily lost to the poor tenants, who are obliged to fall in with this objectionable custom.

I was quite surprised to find the people speaking in such a friendly spirit of the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, though, in not a few cases, they had to come into direct contact with the inhabitants, shooting some of them down, and wounding them with their sword-bayonets. I had unusual facilities for seeing these men during my visit to Ireland, and I am not at all surprised that they should be considered the finest body of men in Europe. They are all recruited from among the people, and, as I said, on very friendly terms with them. Notwithstanding this, and, though their feelings of kindred towards their friends must have been strong, there is not a single instance, during the whole of the Irish land agitation, in which a member of the force failed to do his duty.

Between Ballina and Dublin I passed through the counties of Galway, Roscommon, Westmeath, Meath, Kildare, and Dublin. Between Ballina and Westford Junction the country is thickly populated and very rugged. At several stations on the way I noticed large crowds of country people apparently seeing away some friends. As the train started, in each case the most extraordinary howling—weeping and wailing aloud—by men and women, young and old, to all appearance of the most heart-rending character, was indulged in by crowds varying from twenty to fifty people. At first I thought that some apprehensions had been made by the police for crimes of a serious nature, and that the offenders were being taken away to prison, but, on making inquiry, I discovered that it was nothing more serious than a few people who were going to America by one of the Atlantic liners starting from Kingstown on the following morning. My informant, a native, well acquainted with the district, told me that, notwithstanding the apparent heart-rending scenes

which I had just witnessed, most of these people, before they were fifty yards away from the station, would be laughing and jumping in the most light-hearted manner, and as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

Two Catholic priests accompanied me in the same carriage a considerable part of the journey to Dublin, and from them I learned that the priests, almost without exception, supported the Irish Land League, and that most of them had long done so, except in their issue of the "No-Rent" manifesto, which was condemned on all hands as immoral. It was, however, well known in Ireland, they told me, that Mr Parnell, who was at the time in prison, never signed it, and that he highly disapproved of its having been issued, both in principle and policy, though, for the sake of his friends outside, who adhibited his name in his absence, he never made much of his objections in public. One Catholic bishop, a Dr Gilooly, I think, opposed the League, and had commanded his clergy to discountenance it. They could not oppose him publicly, as this would be an overt act of disobedience, but his orders were otherwise ignored, and the people were allowed to know that the bishop was in a minority of one, not only among the Episcopate, but also among the clergy of his own diocese. Two of his priests were my informants, and what they said I had fully corroborated to me afterwards by others of this bishop's clergy in my hotel in Dublin, where I met several of them, no fewer than twelve reverend fathers dining at the same table with me.

I was anxious to know the views held in clerical circles of the interference of His Holiness the Pope in the matter of the Parnell testimonial, and was informed that he had been misinformed by Mr Errington and other emissaries of the British Government. The clergy of Ireland knew this, and knew further that when His Holiness came to know the facts he would change his mind. He was not in this case acting *ex cathedra*, but dealing with a temporal matter in which the clergy or people were not bound to obey him, and they simply declined to do so, subscribing more liberally than ever to the Parnell fund. His Holiness had, however, recently sent for three of the leading men in the Church in Ireland, and these—all sympathisers with the people—were preparing to leave for Rome when I was in

Dublin, and everybody believed that the Pope would not again, after consulting them, say or do anything against the Irish Land League or its supporters in the Church or out of it.

My main object in visiting Ireland was to discover the effect of the Irish Land Act, and how it was appreciated by the people themselves as well as the actual state of the peasantry—their mode of life and surroundings, their means of existence, and the state of their habitations—as compared with our own Highland crofters—the corresponding peasantry of the North of Scotland. Having made very general inquiry in Mayo, one of the poorest counties in Ireland, from all sections of the people, including several gentlemen holding high and official positions, I am bound to say that, excluding landowners and land agents—the latter synonymous with our factors—the universal feeling is that

THE IRISH LAND ACT

has been a great boon to the country, and will ultimately prove an incalculable blessing to the Irish nation, not excepting the landed interest itself. Even Irish Nationalists and the most extreme Home Rulers admit this to a great extent when questioned directly on the subject, though it is manifestly against their interests and objects to do so. No one in Ireland can now be evicted so long as he pays his rent, and every yearly tenant is entitled to the full benefit of any improvements he or she may make on the land. These facts seemed so strange to the people, who had hitherto been at the absolute mercy of the landlords—just as our own Highland crofters are at the present moment—that it took some time before they could actually realise their changed condition ; but they have now commenced in real earnest to improve their holdings, and, in a few cases, their dwellings, and the general belief among the better-to-do classes—official and non-official—is that in a few years a social revolution—a complete change for the better—in the condition and habits of the people will be the result; and that the Irishman, as soon as he can realise his improved prospects and his personal interests in the peace and prosperity of his country, will become a good, loyal, and even, in the true sense of the word, a conservative subject of the British Crown. It is of course difficult for the proprietors, who had their rents reduced under the Act from 10

to 60 per cent., to look with satisfaction even upon such a happy consummation as this; but outside landlord circles this is believed, and looked forward to as a certainty, by all sections of society and by politicians of every creed, except those of the most extreme opinions on both sides—those who in fact do not wish to see this happy state of things realised.

The great objections to the Land Act from the Irish point of view are that all lands held under lease are excluded from its operation, and that a great many of the valuators appointed under the Act are men without any knowledge whatever of agriculture, who owe their position entirely to political or other powerful influences. It is impossible that men of this class can avoid falling into serious errors in their valuations, the result in many cases being a mere lottery. Whatever may be said of the exclusion of lands held under lease from the operation of the Act, it is impossible to deny that the objection to such inexperienced valuators is well-founded and should be at once removed.

It may be naturally asked how it is that the Irish tenants are not satisfied with what they have already secured, and how it is that they do not show the most unbounded gratitude to the Government that has conferred such undoubted benefits upon them. To answer the first question, even if I could, would occupy much more space than is at present at my disposal; and the almost universal answer to the second question, when put by me, was—"Begorra, sir, the devil thank them; they could not help theirselves." While fully admitting that Mr Gladstone was the only British statesman who ever attempted seriously to do justice to the claims of the Irish people, and that he would further benefit them if he could, they are fully convinced that had it not been for the Irish land agitation no Irish Land Act would have been passed even yet by the British Parliament. They also admit having felt at one time grateful to Mr Gladstone, but his imprisonment of the Irish leaders has more than counterbalanced in the minds of the people all his previous efforts for the race. Their gratitude and thanks are now virtually to two men, and to these two men alone, namely,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL AND MICHAEL DAVITT,

in the former of whom, whatever may be said to the contrary,

they have the most unbounded confidence, and to whom they look up to as their Deliverer. Had it not been for Parnell and the Parnellites scarcely anyone in Ireland believes that the British Government would ever have done anything; hence their great confidence in him and their all but unanimous determination to act up to his instructions or those of his lieutenants who are known to be in his confidence. This is fully admitted by his influential and active opponents, and by the leading officials of the various districts that I have visited. Even in Londonderry one meets with any number of Parnellites, and there are thousands even there who sympathise with him and with the Land League and its objects, but who, for various reasons, cannot afford publicly to admit it.

All through Ireland, it is quite understood that Parnell and Davitt are simply running tandem in their mode of action, and that there is the most complete understanding between them, though people on this side are led to believe that they are sometimes pulling against each other. Davitt is undoubtedly the most popular man personally in Ireland, but Parnell is considered, and has proved himself, the steadiest and most trustworthy of the pair in the political shafts, while Davitt is the most dashing and suitable for the more advanced position. Parnell is the able, shrewd politician, and fully trusted as such, while Davitt is looked upon and loved as the honest, self-sacrificing patriot, who has very severely suffered for his loyalty to his native land. Whether we like them or not, these are the actual facts, and British politicians must take them into account in dealing with the Irish people.

To satisfy myself fully before expressing an opinion on these questions, I travelled in County Mayo alone, some 250 miles, by private conveyance, not more than 25 of which were over the same ground. I have consulted men in every position, from the highest to the lowest in the county; and I may say, in a sentence, that what I have written is based on the all but unanimous testimony of these people. Even the tradespeople, some of whom say that they have in some degree suffered from the agitation, fully sympathise with it, and will support the leaders with their money and their votes; for they quite see and say that the agitation and the Land Act have benefited the country to an incal-

culable extent, and that the whole trade of Ireland must ultimately benefit by the general prosperity which will now soon follow, as they all expect and believe.

No king ever received the homage of a nation as Mr Parnell received that of the Irish people; and those who say that his influence is on the wane may be safely put down as those whose "wish is father to the thought." Whenever a general election takes place, it matters not upon what franchise—the present or an extended one—the almost universal opinion is that, with the exception of some dozen seats, the Irish people will return the nominees of Mr Parnell from one end of Ireland to the other. And this is not merely the opinion of his friends, but of his most inveterate opponents—I might say his inveterate enemies—for he is most sincerely hated, and no wonder, by the landed classes, most of whom are, in the meantime at anyrate, almost ruined—many of them really so.

THE CONDITION OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

I have always been led to believe that the small tenants of Ireland were in a far worse position than the corresponding class in the North of Scotland—the Highland crofters. If it had been possible for me to have had any conceit on this question, knowing, as I did so well, the miserable—the almost unspeakably miserable—condition of my own crofting countrymen, it would have been completely knocked out of me by my present visit to what is universally admitted to be one of the very poorest districts in Ireland. I do not feel quite prepared to express a decided opinion as to the comparative means of subsistence of the two peoples—the quality and quantity of the food they consume—but as to the superior outward appearance and substantial nature of the dwellings of the Irish peasants over those of my Highland countrymen there is no question at all. Indeed, there can be no comparison.

I always had the idea that an Irish cabin was nothing but a mud or turf hut, and since I landed in the country I was always expecting to meet with such, but I have not seen one, though I have touched the Atlantic on the West Coast of Mayo, and gone through the poorest part of the poorest county, taking it all over, in the whole of Ireland. On the contrary, the people have sub-

stantially-built stone houses with stone gables, and chimneys at both ends or in the middle of the houses, in most cases with white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, done in the best, and, in some cases, in an artistic manner. The Irish cabin of my imagination does not really exist, and the actual dwelling of the Irish peasant in the very poorest localities is not to be compared for a moment with that of the Highland crofter in the West Highlands and Islands—in South Uist, Barra, and portions of Skye, and the greater portion of the Lewis. The mere comparison brings the blush to my cheek.

If only a few of our Highland proprietors could be induced to visit Ireland as I have done, they would return home thoroughly ashamed of the system which admits of the present state of things—the wretched hovels in which many of our countrymen in the Highlands have to live. The fact is, that, even before the Irish people got their Land Act, they were, to all appearance, better off in every respect than the Highland peasantry. Evictions on the scale and in the manner in which they were carried out with us were quite unknown in Ireland; and, from all I can learn, the Irish landlord generally was a far superior being to his Highland prototype.

DUBLIN.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in Dublin the same night as I did. Next morning, he, accompanied by the Lord-Lieutenant, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and the military staff, with Lady Spencer and her friends, inspected the garrison; and it was remarked by many, with much regret, that not a single cheer greeted him as he came on the field in the Phœnix Park; nor was there a single flag in the whole City of Dublin, except two or three shown on the military barracks and military hospital. He was respectfully spoken of, but it appears to have been tacitly agreed to thus express by silence the feeling of the people against the Lord-Lieutenant and his military government of Ireland, supposed by outsiders to be governed, as we are, on purely Constitutional principles, though, beyond defending the acts of the Castle officials, I was told that the Lord-Lieutenant had in reality as much or as little to do with the actual government of Ireland as her Majesty the Queen had to do with the actual realities of the government of the

United Kingdom; and that British rule in Ireland could not be maintained for twenty-four hours without the rifle and bayonet.

Having driven round the Phœnix Park and the principal streets and squares of this splendid city, and having seen its public buildings, and some of its public men, I crossed to Holyhead by the day steamer on my way to Liverpool and Glasgow, at both of which places I spent at least a day. I in due course found my way to the Highland Capital after a three weeks' trip, one of the most enjoyable and instructive in various ways that I ever spent, and one which I would not have missed, with my present experience, for a very substantial reward. It is a great pity, both for the Irish and for us, that more of our people do not visit that beautiful country — a country, notwithstanding the deplorable acts that have occurred among themselves, in which one is as safe travelling as in any part of England or Scotland.

A. M.

THE REV. FATHER ALEXANDER CAMERON— SON OF LOCHIEL.

THE following extract from the Dingwall Presbytery Records, vol. 3, p. 411-2, refers to the son of John Cameron XVIII., of Lochiel, mentioned at page 214 of Mackenzie's "History of the Camerons," recently published.

AT DINGWALL, 27th April 1743.

The Presbytery do appoint their Commissioners to the ensuing General Assembly, to lay before the said Assembly the following brief representation respecting the state and growth of popery in their bounds, particularly that the Presbytery do find, besides Mr John Farquarson, a Jesuite Priest, who, for several years, resided and traffick'd in the Chisolm's country as a Poppish Missionary, that there is one, Alex. Cameron, brother to the present Laird of Locheale, who hath lately settled in the part of Strathglass that pertains to the Lord Lovet, and is employed as a Poppish Missionary in that neighbourhood and Glenstrathfarrar, and trafficks with great success; and that he hath great advantage by his connexion with the inhabitants of Lochaber, which gives the people of these corners, wherein he is employed, occasion to suppose that it is in his power to protect them and their cattle from the invasions of the people of that country, or to avenge himself upon them by their means, by which the few Protestants that are there are much discouraged, and kept in perpetual terror; that severall arguments and methods are said to be used by him that would more become a country where Popery had the advantage of law in its favours than places that are under a Protestant Government, by all which means the Presbytery do find that a greater number have been perverted to Popery in those parts within these few months than thirty years before. The Presbytery do instruct their Commissioners to urge the Assembly to take the matters above mentioned to their serious and reasonable consideration, and

endeavour to procure the Assembly's particular recommendation to the Committee for Reformation of the Highlands to take a special care for providing these corners, not only with a well qualified preacher, such as is there presently employed, but also with a catechist and schoolmaster, and that the Assembly give proper order for executing the laws against the saids Mrs John Farquharson and Alexander Cameron, and that the Assembly use their interests with the superiors and heritors of the parishes of Killtarlatie and Kilmorack, to protect the Protestant religion in their bounds, and discourage, by all reasonable and likely means, the Roman Catholic religion.

N.B.—The foresaid Mr Alexander Cameron is said to have been for some time an officer in the French Army, to have been thereafter one of the Bed Chamber to the Pretender at Rome, and afterwards to have gone to a monastery, in consequence of which he was sometime ago entered into Popish orders, and sent home for the service above represented.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.—"Having in previous years produced histories of the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds, and the Mathesons, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, now favours us with a fourth massive volume of nearly five hundred pages, giving a 'History of the Camerons, with Genealogies of the Principal Families of the Name' (Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie). The record is remarkable for its completeness, especially when we take into account the difficulties that had to be overcome in the execution of the herculean task—a task made all the laborious by the fact that very little help could be afforded even by the heads of the leading families of the clan, however willing they may have been to give it. One peculiarly attractive feature of the noble volume is the very full and vivid account that is given of the career of General Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht, K.C.B., and equal justice is rendered to another illustrious soldier of the clan, Colonel John Cameron of Fassiefern. It is deeply interesting to trace the story of the numerous branches of the ancient house, many of whose members have distinguished themselves in every walk of life, not only in the land of their nativity, but also in England and in the colonies. This is illustrated in a conspicuous degree in the section of the work devoted to the Camerons of Cuilchenna, a branch of the family of Callart. These have included a remarkable number of distinguished men. One of the number is the military veteran Sir Duncan Alexander Cameron, K.C.B., now colonel of the Black Watch, who served through the Crimean campaign, commanding the 42nd at the battle of the Alma and the Highland Brigade at Balaclava. He was appointed President of the Council of Education in 1857, was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland in 1860, for several years acted in a similar capacity in the Australian colonies, and in 1865 was appointed Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. 'There are many prominent men now living,' says our author, 'belonging to this renowned and historic clan, such as Commander Verney Cameron, R.N, the famous African explorer; Dr Charles A. Cameron, the eminent analyst of Dublin, F.R.C.S.I.; Dr Charles Cameron, M.P. for Glasgow, and many others, who have added in our own time to the historic fame of the Cameron clan.' Mr Mackenzie, who, like every honest workman, is most careful to own even the very slightest obligations to others, makes special mention in his modest preface of the help he has received from Dr Archibald Clerk, of Kilmallie, and Mrs Mary Mackellar, the well-known Gaelic poetess, who is an accomplished genealogist as well as a bard. There is an excellent index, which we note with the greater pleasure on account of its being the handiwork of the author's son, Mr Hector Rose Mackenzie, a youth who, as the father mentions with pardonable paternal pride, has already shown a very considerable and intelligent interest in the history, traditions, and folk-lore of the Highlands."—*Literary Notes in the Daily Mail, by the Rev. W. H. Wyllie.*

MAJOR JOHN MACDONALD,

SELECTIONS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I.

FOR some time we had in our possession an old manuscript, the ink of which is so faded, and the paper so yellow and worn, that it is with no little difficulty we are able to decipher it. It is the autobiography, in his own handwriting, of a Highland soldier, John Macdonald, who rose from the ranks to be a major in the army. The various incidents of his career, and the numerous adventures he met with are so interesting, that we make no apology for making the following selections. He accompanied his regiment to Flanders, fought under George the Second at the battle of Dettingen, and had his full share of the hardships of that memorable campaign; was at the battle of Fontenoy, where he received three wounds; was ordered home with his regiment to quell the Rising in Scotland in 1745; but on arriving at Stafford information came of Prince Charles's retreat from Derby, when Macdonald's regiment was again ordered for foreign service. He was engaged at the battle of Prague, and, after peace was concluded, served in Gibraltar; then returned home on recruiting service. In 1759 he secured a commission as Ensign in a regiment raised by the Earl of Sutherland. In January 1763 he obtained a Lieutenancy in the regular army; but in March of the same year his regiment was reduced, and he again retired to Sutherland and took to farming. When the American War of Independence broke out, he again joined the army, although then in his 56th year, and took with him his son, aged only fifteen, to serve as a volunteer. He was appointed to the 42nd Highlanders, and served all through the war with distinction. At length, after serving for forty-three years, and attaining to the rank of Major, he settled down in his native county to spend the remainder of his days in peace.

The first few pages have altogether disappeared, but we gather from a pedigree at the end of the manuscript, that John Macdonald came of a respectable family in Sutherlandshire. In August 1739,

we find him—a young lad—in company with a cousin, William Macdonald, engaged in driving some cattle to Moinbuy, to deliver them to a dealer who had previously bought them. After fulfilling their task, the two lads, being tired and hungry, went to the inn at Balchragan to obtain some refreshment. On arriving they found the inn full of soldiers—a recruiting party of the 32nd, or Colonel Deseurey's Regiment of Foot, under the command of Lieutenant John Munro. In the servant of this gentleman the lads recognised a distant relation, so that they were soon quite at home. The sergeant of the party, seeing two such likely lads, wished to enlist them, but this John Macdonald at least had no intention of doing. How he was at last entrapped, we will leave himself to tell in his own words.—

"Meantime (as I found afterwards) William hinted to his friend that he would list if I could be got to go with him. But they found this could never be brought about by fair means, therefore fell on the only scheme that could favour their purpose, viz., using the bottle freely, and I became so intoxicated that I did not recollect my crossing the water; but when I came to my senses I found myself in the inn at Culrain surrounded by military men and uniforms. I got up much disordered in body and worse in mind, went to a stream to wash, and taking out my pocket-handkerchief to dry my hands and face, half-a-crown dropped out of it. Though there were many to spy how I would behave, none were then very near me but my cousin William. I expressed my surprise at seeing the half-crown there, as I did not keep my money so loose in those days, when he immediately told me that was the money I got from the Captain. I then, with great concern, asked him whether it was given, or put in my pocket. He said I might remember that I took it cheerfully to serve his Majesty. I asked him then if he would say so before a Justice of Peace, and was answered, to be sure he would. My next question was—Are you listed, too? and was answered in the affirmative. Then musing a little, it occurred to me that since he was against me, I had now no evidence on my side, and, therefore, had better submit to my hard fate, than provoke (to no purpose but torment and ill usage to myself) those who had me entirely in their power, and had a colour of law on their side, and then I went with him to the company with as much spirits as one in the utmost despair could feign. But my cousin William did not escape the drunken farce, having fallen and hurted his knee so much that he could go no further than Kincarden. This was another mortifying circumstance to poor despairing me; but I saw no remedy. I then went quietly with the party to the

house of Newmore, where we found one of the most cheerful landlords in the universe at the door with a magnum of brandy, and drank to the poor penitent to whom he handed the first bumper, though there were two sergeants and eighteen good recruits present. We were then conducted to the dining-room, where we got a most sumptuous supper, with plenty of strong ale and punch, which went merrily round, every one drinking to poor miserable me; but all entreaty was in vain, having formed a steady resolution to keep in my senses for the future.

"At bedtime I was shown with the most alert serjeant to one of the best beds. In the morning the Captain's principal servant came in with the brandy bottle, took a bumper, and began with pilgarlic to put it round. But I was the only person in the company that did not turn up the bottom of the glass.

"After a good breakfast we were paraded to march to Inverness, when I stepped out of the rank, and telling the Captain if he meant I should be a soldier, I hoped he would not take every advantage of my folly, and put me off with half-a-crown listing money, to which he answered—my good lad, the serjeant will give you a guinea and half-a-crown, when you arrive at Inverness. Thus their suspicions continued, but we got to Inverness that evening, and we were led to a canteen kept by Serjeant M'Bride, and everyone but myself drank heartily till the garrison regulations made it necessary to retire to the barracks."

Thus, through an act of folly, the life of John Macdonald was completely changed. Instead of the quiet uneventful existence he had hitherto led, he had at once launched upon a career of adventure, danger, and excitement. In place of the modest well-conducted companions of his youth, he was now thrown into daily association with some of the roughest and most unscrupulous men, even of that profligate age. No wonder that our young, piously-brought-up Highlander should have been horrified on his first experience of the amenities of a barrack room. This is his description of his first night in the Castle of Inverness—

"Hitherto, I had seen nothing of the army, but what was tolerable, and rather decent. But, behold! I was shown to a room where there were four soldiers three-fourths drunk, playing at cards, cursing, swearing, d——ing one another, the cards, their own limbs, eyes, and joints. Then, indeed, had there been open doors, I certainly would have taken to my heels, but that benefit was denied, the Castle gates being locked. I lay down, but could not sleep for the noise these wretches made, and the dread of the barracks sinking with them. At last I slumbered, but was soon wakened by a dreadful weight coming thump across me. I

started up, and found this to be one of my room-mates, knocked atop of me by another who fell out with him at the cards, the other two being seconds to see fair play. It is easier to conceive than describe the figure I made, standing in my shirt against the wall like a statue, meantime one of the seconds taking notice of me, desired me to lie down, as he would take care they should keep the middle of the floor and molest me no more. He was as good as his word, and the battle was soon over, as well as my rest for that night. This was a sample of my future companions."

At the time young Macdonald joined the army Highlanders were looked upon with great suspicion on account of their known loyalty to the exiled Stuarts. Jacobitism was a part of their creed, which, born with them, grew with their growth, and though it received a check in the failure of the Rising of 1715, it smouldered until it again burst forth in a flame in 1745. In consequence of this veiled antipathy to the Government, Highlanders who joined the army were treated more like conquered rebels than comrades of their fellow soldiers. This unfair treatment so irritated our high-spirited Highlander that he determined to desert. We shall give his own quaint description—

"But every one had tolerable quarters but the poor Highlanders, treating the serjeants and corporals was not sufficient to save them from being insulted and abused. The worst and most ignominious names was the common manner of addressing them, such as Highland savages, negroes, yahoos, &c., from the Adjutant to the meanest and most blackguard drummer, this was the usage in that regiment at that time; but glory to Him that spared me to see decency and sobriety prevail in that worthy corps, and the highest esteem for my countrymen all over the known world. Next summer we removed to Fort-William, and my cousin fell ill, and I was so fretted with bad usage for the very cause (my country) which should have created esteem, that I consented with James Gunn (alias Piper) from the parish of Golspie to desert. But finding our finances rather low, we put off our design to a day appointed; before that day, Gunn fell ill, and though my treatment did not mend, I began seriously to reflect on desertion as a bad change, as my case then must be similar to the old gentlemen who was frightened at the rustling of the leaves on the trees. Soon after this I was placed in another mess where I was more comfortable. The corporal of my mess was a man of knowledge and humanity. He was a great reader, and sat many hours to hear me read books of his own procuring, afterwards making me understand what I read. He valued me for

my inclination to learning, and resolution to sobriety, though he could not keep from drink himself, except by what the soldiers called 'bagging,' that is, swearing not to drink for so long a time. His name was Edward Holloway, born in Dublin; and had it not been for that failing, he might be an honour to any country. I should have observed that my friend Holloway chose me and my countrymen his room mates, and one Hamilton, a countryman of his own, who was reputed a great boxer. Poor old Ned having drank too long and hard in September, 'bagged' till Christmas-Day, when we insisted on enjoying ourselves with him in our barrack-room, and went by turns for drink. After some had got merry, it fell to my turn to fetch more; when I came back I found a Munro from the parish of Creich, a room mate, at this room door, bleeding at the mouth and nose, and I asking him how that happened, was answered that Hamilton had fallen on him without any provocation. I then asked Hamilton how he came to abuse the poor fellow so. This was answered, with an oath, that he would use every Highland negro in the house in the same manner. I told them it was my turn to begin. The word was strip; there was no alternative but that, or suffering a continued abuse which had exhausted my patience to such a degree that death appeared preferable to living in such slavery; therefore, without the least hesitation, I began to cast off. Meantime comes in another corporal who was hunting for drink, and seeing us in this posture, put on a countenance of authority, ordering us both to the guard-house as prisoners, at the same time whispering to me in friendship that I had better not venture the battle, as Hamilton was such an expert boxer that he would certainly beat me. I answered, with thanks, that I found myself so often abused by some that had not half my strength that I must perforce practise that art, and though he might confine us for a time, how soon released, I would try what this braggart could do; and, indeed, he was at that instant boasting, threatening, and alleging that I was making interest with the corporal not to allow us fight. The corporal being irritated at this impudent falsehood, told him that he would not only allow the battle, but stand by to see fair play. This permission put us both in buff in a moment, and falling on, I found my antagonist very alert, but mostly to little purpose, as I had him flat to the ground whenever I hit him. Few hits did the business: being once down, and stunned, he was ordered, but would not get up, and he was then declared beaten, which he owned; but afterwards he swore if he had room enough I would find beating him harder work, for all my extraordinary strength. This was my first engagement of this kind, and I found it the first step to make the blackguards keep their distance, and to some respect among my comrades; and being now grown to such a size that

such as knew me to have any degree of courage did not choose to provoke me to a quarrel."

Having thus asserted himself, Macdonald soon found his life more bearable. He began to take an interest and pride in his profession, and his sobriety, and general good conduct recommended him to the favour of his officers. Another circumstance occurred at this time which raised his thoughts from the hardships of his present condition, and buoyed him up with visions of future happiness. Our hero fell in love, but in describing such a momentous affair we must again use his own words.—

"A namesake and relation of Macdonald of Keppoch lived in Maryburgh [Fort-William]. I frequented his house, and there met with a niece of his, lately come from the house of Glengarry where she had been from her childhood, her father dying when she was young, and being a relation and a great favourite of the Laird's, she was brought up with his children until this term, when she left that family with a very prudent character. On meeting her so often at her uncle's, I could not suppress an impulse very natural at my time of life at the sight of perfect innocence, and no small degree of beauty; but however strong my inclination, reason suggested that should I succeed to my wishes (which I then had no ground to expect), I must bring hardships on myself, and misery on the only person in the world whose happiness I wished most; and therefore, except what was altogether unintelligent to my innocent favourite, I made no attempt to explain myself at this time."

In June 1741, his regiment was ordered to Edinburgh, when Colonel Husk succeeded to the command. This worthy man made many alterations and improvements, and among other things, he showed attention to the Highlanders, and put a stop to the abuse and brutality with which they were formerly treated. Here, too, Macdonald had the good fortune of again meeting with his lady love.—

"My dear Janet had an aunt at Edinburgh, who hearing of her good qualities, and of her leaving the family of Glengarry, sent for her, and she was not long in town till I found her out. And now the struggle between reason and inclination became high; but it was decided by predestination, and I became possessor of her, that was more calculated for to ride in a coach than to carry a knapsack, and I had leisure to reflect for many years that I should have listened to the voice which would have

prevented the many hardships she underwent, and my sufferings on account of a tender delicate person whom I esteemed above the rest of the world."

After his marriage, Macdonald had a few months of almost perfect happiness, which was only too soon disturbed by his regiment being ordered for foreign service. His wife having obtained permission to follow him, they left Edinburgh for London in 1742. His description of the state of the army, and his own sufferings is so graphic that we give it in extenso.—

"After we reached London we were reviewed by King George the Second, embarked, and landing in a few days at Ostend, lay that winter in Bruges, in the course of which I suffered much by fevers and agues, particularly five weeks in the Town Hospital, where my wife was only allowed to see me from eight to nine in the morning. Early in the spring of 1743, the army, under the command of the Earl of Stairs, marched for Germany, and now began the misery of a married man. Cheerfully did I carry my wife's clothes with my own, and happy was I when she could keep up with the regiment; but it happened often otherwise.

"On this route we marched through Ghent, Brussels, and Aix-la-Chappell, and after crossing the Rhine, we encamped near Frankfort, then crossing the river on the 29th of May, took up ground on which we expected to fight a pitched battle with the French the next day. But they avoided it, and made full speed for the bridge at Aschaffenburg. This pass being of great consequence, Lord Stairs ordered a brigade with the utmost expedition to it, and they had only taken possession, when the enemy appeared in sight. Our people having no baggage or provisions, how soon the necessary guard were posted those off duty went to the adjacent houses and villages, and, without the least ceremony, took what they thought proper. The second day after, King George as well as the rest of the army came up, having pitched no tents for three days. The army had no provisions, nor was any furnished in these days but bread, for which the men paid out of the three shillings a-week; as to blankets or anything of the nature of donations they were terms entirely unknown, on the contrary, the waistcoats for next year was made out of the rags of last year's coats, the skirts of which were unaccountably long in order to cover the body when the man lay in his tent, with his feet in the coat sleeves.

"At this time the enemy took three days bread of ours coming up the River Maine from Frankfort. Now the whole army was in the utmost want of provisions, except the most desperate

villains who would plunder at any rate; but now had an excuse for such disorders, these began, and the country people fled with their effects, so that the army was on the brink of ruin, in so far that the best men, to save their lives, were obliged to venture forth at the risk of being hanged. A village near the King's quarters suffered the most, and there was a guard ordered to protect it, amongst these I made one. How soon the marauders found we were come, they made off leaving some of their prey in the hurry. Next morning with other things there was found a large sow, dead, which the inhabitants gave to the guard, one of the Scotch Fusiliers, a butcher, cut it up and boiled it, hair and all, in a copper kettle. One of the 33rd Regiment and myself being sentries during this operation had liked to be too late, the pork being all gone before we were relieved, except one pieec which the butchering cook had called his own, swearing none else should taste of it. Meantime I laid hold of him and desired the man of the 33rd fish out the pork with his bayonet, which being complied with, and I recommending the cook in a proper manner to keep his distance, I followed my brother soldier and divided the welcome morsel, which few beggars in the world would look at without disgust. However, how soon I got it, my anxiety was to share it with my wife, so off I started, and getting leave from the officer of the guard, went immediately to camp with the half, and left it with her and another woman, the only persons in that tent. The second day after, being relieved from guard, I found no victuals at home, nor did I bring any. My wife was big with her first child, the husband of the other woman being on guard could not relieve her, thus I saw four lives at stake, without the least remedy but my venturing my own at the greatest risk of death or severe punishment, there being general orders to call the roll of companies four times a day, and confine any absent, in order to be punished with rigour. The Quarter-master and rear guard had strict orders to make prisoners all with whom they found the least plunder. The Provost-Marshal had his warrant to hang to the next tree, any found out of the limits of the camp. What a shocking situation! none of us having hardly broke our fast that day, nor the least appearance of any provision for the next, thus death appeared to me in different shapes, but the dread of losing my wife prompted me to venture for the sake of provision, rather than lose a life for want of it, and, according, I, with fourteen other men, passed the rear guard one by one in the dusk of that evening, and away to the country, through several villages, but could not find anything eatable. Thus we went on farther from camp till twelve o'clock next day, when the men found some good wine, a little flour, and some shelled walnuts; and I found a live goose. Now the

consequences of absence beginning to frighten me, I went frequently to the wine bibbers, begging they would return, as to be sure, the longer absent, the greater the crime; but to no purpose, none could be prevailed upon but one man, and a boy, a drummer, with whom I turned my face to the camp. But what a dreadful prospect! The Provost on the road with his guard and instrument, the camp surrounded with sentries, and if by any chance I got past all the dangers, I could not escape whipping; being absent from three roll calls. But behold! the extraordinary care of providence, I getting past the greater danger to the rear of the camp, sent the drummer for the women, they smuggled the goose, &c., under their petticoats to the tent, and to complete my happiness, assured me that I had not been missed, as there had not been an officer, serjeant, or corporal off duty that day to call the roll of my company. But though I escaped so lucky that time, I never tried my fortune in that way after, and hope that I am excusable before God and the world, for what nothing but the extreme of want could make me guilty of. My wife soon uncased the goose, and only dressed the half, and when that was done my wife observed that Willie Angus and Donald Macdonald were lying sick in one of the tents, and, perhaps, starving for want of food. I could not help smiling at such an unseasonable design of charity; but would not check such a good disposition, therefore cutting what was ready in two, allowed her to indulge her kind intention, certain that no commission could make her happier. She found them so ill that they had a whole loaf of the last bread they had received, which being instantly cut, she returned with the most part of it, and such joy, as always accompanies good actions, and, indeed, the bread she brought was worth more than the half of the goose."

Soon after this painful episode, the army received supplies, and our hero was never again reduced to similar extremities. His intelligence and steadiness brought him under the notice of the Major of his regiment, with whom he soon became a great favourite. An incident now occurred which brought him great applause, but we must allow himself to tell it.—

"One day I was ordered on command under the Earl of Rothes; his lordship detached my Major with a party to the village of Dettingen. The Major halted, and having reconoitred the ground about his post, ordered eleven sentries to be planted, but on going to a rising ground beyond his sentries, he observed the enemy's cavalry fording the River Maine, and forming. Returning quickly to his party, the Major called for the next man to go sentry. Twelve being my number, I followed him till he stopped on the height, at an apple tree. He then looking steadfastly at

me, asked several questions respecting my knowledge of service, to which I made such answers as induced him to give me orders to be attentive to the motions of the enemy, particularly if they moved towards me, and that I judged his party sufficient to engage them, I should keep my post and fire at them at a considerable distance, and he would take this as a sign to advance with his party; but if I judged them too many, I was to quit my post without firing, join, and report what I had seen. He then desired me to repeat my orders, which being done to his satisfaction, he told me that though I was young he had confidence in my conduct, on which the safety or ruin of his party much depended.

The enemy having increased to three considerable bodies, moved towards where I stood. I was at no loss how to act agreeable to my orders; but being at a distance, I did not think proper to leave my post too soon, as they might halt, or take another course, and not disturb me or my party. But they continued the same road, regular and slow. All of a sudden three Hussars sprung from the party next me, and one of them made full speed to where I stood. I attempted making for my party, but before I got any distance, looking behind, and being frightened at the appearance of such a desperado, I thought my only method to escape being cut to pieces was to go back to the tree. There we met, and I must admit to my shame that what should have been done in an instant, took up some time, but it ended in a puff of applause which I was not conscious of meriting. However, the story went so high as the general officers, and a few days after, General Husk called on Major Stone, desiring to see the man of his company who behaved so well on his post when the French Hussar attacked him. When I appeared, the General said, 'Major, is this your great favourite, why don't you do better for him?' The Major answered tartly, 'I would long before now had I been his Colonel.' Husk, smiling, said to me, 'My lad, continue your good behaviour, and I give you your Colonel's word that you shall be down for the first opportunity that offers in my regiment.' This was flattering, but proved to be only the beginning of many disappointments, for in the very next action General Husk was so severely wounded that he had to give up his command. The new Colonel knew nothing of me, and so I remained the Major's favourite still."

(To be continued.)

SUPPLEMENT.—We again give four pages *extra* this month, to enable us to give Sir William Harcourt's speech, in the House of Commons, on the Crofter Question.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A Translation into Gaelic. By the late Rev. Dr MACINTYRE of Kilmonivaig.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—In looking over some old papers a few days ago, I came on the enclosed translation into Gaelic verse of the well-known and popular song, "There's nae luck about the house," the authorship of which is doubtful, although the preponderance of evidence is in favour of a Jean Adams, schoolmistress in Greenock, early in the last century. The translation, as you will observe, is by my dear friend, the late Rev. Dr Macintyre, of the parish of Kilmonivaig—one of the most accomplished men of his time, and one of the best men I have ever known. The translation is so good, and so easily singable to its proper air, that I am very sure many will be glad to see it in the pages of your well-conducted and successful magazine.

Yours very faithfully,

NETHER-LOCHABER.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

"CHA'N EIL TLACHD SAM BITH MU'N TIGH."

AIR FONN.

Cha'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu'n tigh,
Cha'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh;
Gean no gàire cha bhith 'stigh
'Us fear mo thigh' air falbh.

'S am bheil cinnt gur fior an sgéul,
Gu'm bheil e fallain, slàn?
Bhur cuibhle tilgibh 'uaibh gu grad,
Cha'n àm gu sniomh an t-snàth.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Cha'n àm gu gniomh no obair so,
'Us Cailein dlùth air làimh;
A nuas mo bhreacan—'s théid do'n phort.
'G a fhaicinn 'tigh 'n gu tràigh.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Squab dhomh taobh an teallaich glan;
'Phoit shomalta cuir air:
A chòta dòmhnach do dh' Iain beag,
'S a frogan sròil do Cheit.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Am brog biodh dubh mar àirneagaibh
An stocaidh bàn mar shneachd;
Gach aon ni' thoileachadh mo chiall,
'S e 'm faicinn briadh' a thlachd.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Tha dà chirc reamhoir anns a' chrò,
A bhiadhadh mios 'us còrr;
'Grad shniomh am muineal, 's cuir air dòigh,
Gu cuirm dha 's blasta sògh.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

S cùirmich bòrd gu h-eireachdail,
Le h-oilein, 'us le dealbh,
'Chur furan-fàillt' air fear mo ghràidh,
A bhà cho fad' air falbh.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Fair 'an so mo bhoineid dhomh,
Mo ragha gùin de'n t-sìod,
S do bhean a' Bhàilli 'n innis mi,
Mu Chailein 'thigh'n gu tìr.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Mo bhròg an biorach cuiream orm,
Mo stocnais fiamh-ghorm-fann;
A los gu'n toilich fear mo ghaoil,
'Sheas fior 'na ghaol gun fheall.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Gur binn a ghuth, 's gur mìn a ghlòir,
Mar àileadh 'anail caoin,
Tha fuaim a chas, 's e tigh'n a steach,
Mar ian-cheol ait nan craobh.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Gach feud-ghaoth fhuaraidh gheamhraideil,
Mo chridh' trom a chràidh,
Air séideadh seach, 's e tear'nt' a'm 'ghlaic,
'S cha dealaich,—ach am bàs.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Ach 'de 'chuir "dealachadh" a' m' cheann,
'S maith 'dh 'fheudt' gur fad e 'n céin!
An t-àm ri teachd cha'n fhac' aon neach,
An t-àm 'tha làth'ir 's leinn féin.
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

Biodh Cailein slàn, 's làn-thoilicht 'mi;
Cha'n iarr mi 'n còrr gu brath,
'S ma bhi 's mi beo air son a leas,
Gur sona mis' thair chàch.
Cha'n 'ell, &c.

An è gu'n cluinn mi 'ghuth a ris!
Gu'm faic mi 'ghnùis gu'n smal!
'S ann 'tha tuaineul inntinn' orm,
'S mi 'n impis dol a ghal!
Cha'n 'eil, &c.

'S cha'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu'n tigh,
Cha'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh;
Gean no gàire cha bhith 'stigh,
'Us fear mo thigh' air falbh.

Mànas Chillmonlbhaig,
Latha Seann Nolaig, 1863.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

By John Mackintosh.

It was on Monday, the 24th June, and now the mighty hosts of England began to move forward to the attack. A dense mass of warriors, noble knights in full armour mounted upon fleet and powerful chargers, and an immense body of archers advancing to take up their positions. Led on by the king surrounded with all his regal emblems of pomp and dazzling splendour, lolling in his power and rejoicing in his might, feasting his royal eyes with the prospect of a great victory; full of spirit and glowing with courage, their many banners proudly waving in the air, towering in their strength, the vast array approached the Scottish position.

The English vanguard, consisting of archers and lancers, was led by the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester. The lancers charged at full gallop on the right wing of the Scots, commanded by Edward Bruce, but the Scottish spearmen firmly withstood the impetuous onset of the enemy. When the lines met, the rearing and rattling of the English cavalry was terrific, and many good knights bit the dust; some were pitched from their saddles and slain, others trampled to death by their own horses, rendered furious with wounds. The Earl of Moray, seeing the right attacked, at once brought up the centre to face the main body of the enemy, whom he encountered with remarkable effect, even gaining ground though far outnumbered. For a moment his division appeared to be engulphed amid the seething multitude of the English. The left then rapidly advanced under the command of Sir James Douglas, and Walter the Steward of Scotland, keeping a small space to the left of the centre. The whole Scottish line now wrestled in a hand-to-hand combat with the enemy. The battle raged with the utmost fury. The English cavalry attempted, by desperate charges many times repeated, to break through the Scottish spearmen, but in vain. At this all-important hour, they thought on the home of their fathers, their own native hearths, mothers, wives, sons, and daughters, with all the sweet associations entwined around them; remembering, too, the

many grinding injuries, galling outrages, stinging insults, cruel and unmitigated suffering inflicted upon them during long years of dire oppression; the soul of Scotland for once was in its place, bristling in its circle and boiling at its core, mustering all its power for one concentrated dash at the face of the enemy; they repelled every attack with steady valour, and slew heaps upon heaps of their assailants.

The English bowmen supported the cavalry charges, and galled the ranks of the Scottish spearmen; but Bruce had foreseen this, and, at the proper moment, Sir Robert Keith with 500 men-at-arms moved round the Milton Bog and charged the left flank of the archers. This movement succeeded. The English bowmen were not prepared to defend themselves at close quarters, and they were instantly overthrown and scattered in all directions; and were so thoroughly cowed that nothing could induce them to return to their posts.

The battle, however, continued to rage with unabated fury, but with disadvantage to the English. Bruce, seeing the enemy flagging and his own men still fighting vigorously, encouraged his leaders to strive on, assuring them that the victory would soon be won. He then brought up the reserve, and all the four divisions of his army were engaged. The English, however, stood their ground bravely, making many but unavailing efforts to break through the front of the spearmen, and at every successive charge losing more men and horses, and falling into greater confusion. It was then the burly noise was heard afar, the clashing and crashing of armour, the flight of arrows whisking through the air, the commingled whooping and shouting of the war cries, horses masterless, madly running hither and thither, careering in their frenzy, heedless of friend or foe; the ground streaming with blood, and strewn with shreds of armour, broken spears, arrows, and pennons, rich scarfs and armorial bearings, torn and soiled, with blood and clay, and, withal, the agonising moans and groans of the wounded and dying.

The Scots continued to gain ground, and pressed with reanimating energy upon the confused and already tottering mass of the enemy, rending the air with shouts of "On them, on them, they fall." At a critical moment the camp followers came upon the Gillies Hill, behind the Scottish line of battle. They had

fastened sheets on poles, and appeared like a new army approaching. This increased the dismay amid the ranks of the enemy, now wearied and disheartened by the fierceness of the contest, and they gave way slowly along the whole line. The eagle-eyed Robert Bruce at once perceived this, instantly put himself at the head of the reserve, and, raising his war-cry, pressed with redoubled and unbearable fury on the falling ranks of the enemy. This onset, well seconded by the other divisions of the army, decided the fate of the day. The English broke into disjointed squadrons, and began to quit the field. In spite of all the efforts and appealing entreaty of their leaders to rally them and restore order, they dispersed and fled headlong in all directions. King Edward stood gazing intently upon the scene around him, and remained on the fatal field till all was lost; when he at last left it in utter bewilderment. The struggle is over, the enemy in flight, and the victory complete. Ah! for the heroes who bravely beat, and bled, and fell, on Bannockburn. Glory to the memory of Robert Bruce, peace to the ashes of one among the greatest of the mighty dead; who skilfully planned, as nobly led, who fought and won the field of Bannockburn. While Scotia's mountains rear their peaks, her rivers ripple to the sea, while Scotsmen's blood runs warm, and human sympathies endure, the nation's heart will throb over the remembrance of Bannockburn.—*History of Civilisation in Scotland.*

THE HOMOLOGY OF ECONOMIC JUSTICE.—We have received a remarkably bold and able work, under this title, being "An Essay by an East India Merchant, showing that Political Economy is Sophistry, and Landlordism Usurpation and Illegalty." The author attacks the political economists, more or less, all round, in a robust and masterly manner. We shall deal with the work at length in an early issue.

THE EXPEDITION OF POLICE TO THE ISLE OF SKYE.—As we go to press we learn that the police sent to Skye are not armed, but that the revolvers and the ammunition by which the people of Skye were to be shot down, are lying at present quite harmlessly in the Castle of Inverness. We also learn that the Police Committee of the County, which was hitherto supposed to have regulated all the proceedings, was never called together, and in point of fact never had a meeting on this question, but that the whole thing was arranged by the sub-committee, composed of three or four individuals!

DR GEORGE MACKAY is a keen Conservative in ecclesiastical matters, and has said a good many strong things in his day, but his warmth of heart, genuine kindliness, and extraordinary vitality make him the pride of all parties alike in the Highlands.—*Christian Leader.*

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO THE ISLE OF SKYE.

GRAVE DISCLOSURES RESPECTING THE SOURCES OF NEWSPAPER INTELLIGENCE FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

THE following letter, on the recent Military Expedition to the Isle of Skye and the sources of misleading newspaper intelligence from the Highlands, was addressed to the Home Secretary, by Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine* on the date which it bears—

"Celtic Magazine" Office, 25 High Street,
Inverness, November 18, 1884.

To the Right Honourable
SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.,
Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

SIR,—Your sympathetic speech, delivered in the House of Commons on the evening of Friday, the 14th inst., on the Crofter Question and Land Law Reform in the Highlands generally, induces me to address you on a few points intimately connected with, and having a most important bearing on, the conduct of the people of the Western Isles, and, I fear, largely responsible for the blundering conduct of the authorities in sending a force of armed police and military to the Isle of Skye. It is impossible that one who has on repeated occasions shown so much sympathy with the people of the Western Isles and their legitimate aspirations could have been guilty of insulting them in the manner which you have done, in your official position, by sending a military force and armed policemen amongst them, unless you had been grossly misled as to the facts. That you were so misled through interested parties can be easily shown.

The offence on the part of the people of Kilmuir on which you lay most stress, in the portion of your speech wherein you defend sending armed police and military to that district, is that "at a meeting of the crofters three individuals" (whose names you say you abstain from mentioning, but who are well

known) "were to be forcibly carried to the meeting to demand explanations of their conduct." Indeed, you declare in reference to this alleged offence that you "think there is no man in this House [the House of Commons] who will justify such a proceeding as that; whereupon the Police Commissioners thought it necessary to strengthen the police force in Skye." This, then, was the immediate cause of the extra police force having been sent into the district by the Police authorities of the County of Inverness; and that although two of the three men said to have been threatened addressed letters to the leading newspapers, declaring that there was not a word of truth in the charges made against the people, and that no such threats were ever made. The following are the letters. They appeared in the *Inverness Courier* and in other newspapers, on the 6th of November, as follows :—

Uig Hotel, Skye, 4th November 1884.

Sir,—In your Tuesday's issue you quote from the *Scotsman* a paragraph regarding crofters' disturbance in Uig, in which it is stated that I have been summoned to attend a Land League meeting held here on Friday last, to give an account of certain statements made before the Crofters' Commission. The paragraph further states that orders have been given to certain crofters to get sledges to take myself and a Mr Macleod to the meeting.

There is not the slightest truth in either of these statements; they are simply the outcome of the imagination of some person in the district, who does not appear to have any special regard for the disaffected crofters.—I remain, yours, &c.,

JAMES URQUHART.

Tower, Uig, 4th November 1884.

Sir,—Referring to the meeting held at Uig on the 17th ult., I beg to state that I was at home all day and did not see any person coming to the Tower that day; further, that they did not move from the place of meeting until they separated.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MACKENZIE.

It is said that these estate officials have sent very different reports to the Police authorities, but it may be safely assumed that people who could write two directly contradictory statements, if they have done so, do not belong to a class of witnesses, to say the least, to which a jury would pay much deference in any attempt to secure a conviction against the people charged with the offence; and the authorities, in the opinion of most reasonable men, ought to have hesitated, knowing the circumstances of the inhabitants of Kilmuir, before they ordered a force of police—some in plain clothes—to the district to further irritate them. I shall not go the length of some and say that the authorities sent

this force with the view of having them deforced, and afterwards being able to prove that offence against the people; but I will say that they could not possibly have taken better means for getting the people into trouble, whether they intended it or not. The probability is that if the police had all been in uniform, they would have been allowed to proceed on their way unmolested; but the people naturally enough thought that, some being in plain clothes, they had among them sheriff-officers to serve notices of removal. I do not for a moment excuse or in any way defend the conduct of the crofters in this case, but I have no hesitation in saying that the police ought never to have been sent at all; and the authorities having blundered themselves in sending them, should have shown more consideration for the people than to have obliged you, as Secretary of State, to grant a military force to cover their own original blundering in sending the police to protect men from the effects of threats, which, according to the men alleged to have been threatened, were never made.

You next proceed to say that the information which reached you was "that there was a special animosity there against the police," and that, to your mind, was "a very grave symptom, indeed." I am afraid that you were not properly informed as to the cause why such a feeling existed, especially in Kilmuir. The whole people of Skye have a bitter recollection of how the men of the Braes had been bruised and maimed by the batons of the police two years ago, though it was afterwards admitted, on all hands, that the people's claim was just, and that the landlord was wrong, and finally gave way. But they had a special reason of their own, in Kilmuir, to dislike the police, and I now proceed to explain it, feeling sure that it was not placed before you when the demand was made upon you by the Police Committee for an armed force of police and military, although their head official had a full knowledge of the facts which I shall now relate.

When the Royal Commission visited Kilmuir, some very damaging statements were made by some of the crofters respecting Major Fraser's management of the estate, and in reference to his local officials. Some time after this, a petition was prepared by some of the officials in the district, which the Sergeant of

Police—John Mackenzie, now local ground-officer for the proprietor—hawked among the people for signature, telling them, they allege, that it was a petition to Major Fraser asking him to construct a pier in the Bay of Uig, and to make other improvements on the property; whereas it was found, when the petition was presented to some of the people who could read, that they were asked to sign a document in which they were actually made to declare the falsehood of the evidence which they had themselves presented to the Royal Commission. Not a few of them had already signed the document in the most perfect good faith, when the plot was discovered. A very intelligent man in the district then wrote to me detailing the facts, and saying that the petition, on its contents becoming known, had been hurriedly withdrawn. I at once forwarded the letter to one of the Royal Commissioners, then in Edinburgh, in case the petition might find its way there, and I, at the same time, reported the whole matter to Mr Alexander Machardy, Chief-Constable for the county, who at once inquired fully into the matter, with the result that Sergeant John Mackenzie was removed from Kilmuir to the head office at Inverness, pending an opening for him in some other part of the county; for I urged that he should not be altogether dismissed, as I had no doubt that what had occurred would be a lesson to him in future. The next thing I heard of Mackenzie was that Major Fraser, with more generosity than prudence, as I thought, appointed him ground-officer at Kilmuir, among the very people whom he had already so much exasperated, and in the place from which he had been very properly removed by his superior officer.

Sergeant Mackenzie was also, while doing duty as a police officer, acting as correspondent at Kilmuir for several of the Scottish newspapers, and it is said, on pretty good authority, that he has been acting in the same capacity since he returned to the district as an estate official, and that he is really responsible for the information in the press, to which you referred in your speech, and which has led, or rather misled, the County Police authorities into their present unfortunate position. Is it to be wondered at, that, in these circumstances, a "special animosity" should exist against the police in the district of Kilmuir? There are other police officers throughout the Highlands who act as newspaper

correspondents, a practice on the part of such public servants which ought not to be tolerated. I could point to more than one in the Western Isles, and unless newspaper reporting by the police be at once put a stop to, I may feel bound, as a matter of public duty, to publish their names. An effectual means of stopping the practice would be to refuse the Government Grant in all cases where it can be shown that an officer of police is guilty of such conduct, for it has been the cause of much mischief in the Highlands. It is well known that certain newspapers will only accept news which is favourable to the proprietors and antagonistic to the people, thus making the temptation to mislead much stronger in the case of a poorly-paid officer, who can very easily find use for the additional income which the practice brings to him.

Referring to the alleged disturbances in Skye, you laid so much stress upon the reports in the newspapers that I must take the liberty of enlightening you still further as to the nature and source of most of the reports which emanate from the Highlands, and especially those from the Western Isles. In reference to these disturbances you declare that "to anybody who has read the reports in the public press" you "should have thought it was almost unnecessary to offer any evidence on that subject," and, so far as I can see, you did not offer any, except what has been contradicted, as I have already shown, by two of the men who, according to these newspaper reports, were threatened with violence.

I must confess that a statement like this, as to what ought to be considered sufficient evidence to justify so unprecedented a proceeding as sending an armed force to the Isle of Skye, seems to me a most extraordinary one to come from her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, and a distinguished lawyer to boot. To most minds it will, on the contrary, I believe, appear very insufficient indeed, especially when they find you declaring a little further on, while dealing with the grievances of the people, that "there has been a great amount of sensational reports" on that subject; and saying that, "of course there is a habit of picking up every flying rumour, whether it is well founded or not, and then it gets into print—and people have a habit of believing that everything that gets into print is the truth—and the result is that a great many unfounded statements receive a credit that

they do not deserve." When the disclosures which I have already made, and those that are to follow, on the same subject, are considered, I think it will be difficult to convince unbiassed people of the accuracy in all cases of newspaper reports in favour of landlords, when, according to you, they are so utterly untrustworthy when they refer to the grievances of the people. My experience has been of a very different character. The patronage of landlords and officialism is of great value to newspapers, while nothing is to be got out of the poor crofters, who, in their present depressed condition, can scarcely afford to pay for a penny paper, much less to patronise it with printing and advertisements. There are a few who are patriotic enough to put up with the loss of patronage and other favours, rather than support oppression and misrepresent the facts, but they are unfortunately in a very small minority in the Highlands; and the Southern papers get their information from partisan local sources or from members of the staff of newspapers who are antagonistic to the people, and who only repeat for these and for the Press Associations what comes to them from these partisan country correspondents.

Recently, on the 16th of October, a great demonstration of crofters and their friends was held in Stornoway, attended by about six thousand people, in which I took an humble part. The grossest untruths regarding that meeting appeared in almost all the papers in the country. It was held in the afternoon, in an open Square in the middle of the town, as open and exposed as the Thames Embankment, yet the *Scotsman* coolly informed his readers a few days after, with a lot of other absurd falsehoods, that reporters were excluded from the meeting, notwithstanding the impossibility of excluding them, even if desired, and that his own local representative stood within a few yards of the platform and of the speakers all the time.

The morning after the meeting an identical report, and a scandalously misleading one, appeared in at least five of our leading Scottish newspapers. In all these a false idea of the meeting and of all the speeches was conveyed to the public. The Reverend Chairman, myself, and some of the other speakers, were charged by name, by this pluralist reporter, with inciting the people to violence and breaches of the law. The truth was deliberately suppressed, and the public were imposed upon. But the mischief

did not end there. If the advice which we gave there, as well as elsewhere, had been truthfully reported, the people of Kilmuir and of the whole of Skye would have seen that men in whom they trusted had strongly urged everyone engaged in the agitation not on any account to break the law. I, myself, strongly impressed upon the meeting the folly of those who took possession of what did not legally belong to them; that such conduct could not be defended; that it was indefensible; that it was bad even in policy, apart from higher considerations; and that we in the South should not defend them if they got into trouble; but, on the contrary, would withdraw our sympathies and support if they did not conduct all their proceedings in a strictly legal manner. I have no right to complain that this was not reported, but I have a right to object to the very reverse of what I said being sent broadcast all over the country in these reports. Had the actual facts, or the correct purport of what had been said been reported, the people in Skye and elsewhere would probably have acted on the advice given; but bad counsel, which was not given, was circulated all over the country; and what can be more natural than that the people should have thought themselves safe in following it?

In proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman at the end of the impressive and orderly proceedings, I strongly urged upon the men to go straight home from the meeting, as if they were going away from a Communion gathering, and expressed the hope that we should be able to tell their friends in the South that not a single police case would be recorded in Stornoway next morning. Immediately on my descending from the platform, Inspector Gordon, the head police official in the Lewis, who was present all the time at the meeting, came up to me and warmly thanked me for the good advice which I had given, saying that he was quite sure the people would act upon it; and that I relieved him of a great and serious responsibility. The result was that not a single police case was recorded in the whole Island next morning; that, although thousands of these men returned home in their fishing boats, not a single accident occurred. No offence of any kind was committed by the people going from or coming to the great demonstration, though many of them trudged on foot from twenty to forty-two miles each way to attend the meeting; but not a hint of all this in the newspapers, except in the *Oban*

Times, and in the *Invergordon Times*. Nothing, according to the other reports, was used by the speakers but strong language, inciting the people to breaches of the law.

The Chairman handed me the manuscript of his speech on the platform, immediately after it was delivered; it is appended, and will speak for itself.* He delivered a close Gaelic translation of the English manuscript which was quite well understood by the local reporters, and they can, therefore, plead no legitimate excuse for misrepresenting the purport of it. I beg respectfully to refer you to Inspector Gordon for the accuracy of my statements, as to the advice tendered to the people, and his action thereupon, as above stated.

To protect men in responsible positions, and the public at large from being in future misled by the reports in the press in connection with the land agitation in the Highlands, I must further inform you of the manner in which news from the North is usually supplied, not only to the Scottish papers, but also, through the Press Association and the Central News agencies, to the English papers, and, through them, all over the world. One man, say in Stornoway, reports for nearly all the papers in the country—North and South. If this man has a bias on the subject to which his report refers, his correspondence is also biassed in all the papers for which he acts. His communications, in most cases, when they reach Inverness, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, or Dundee, are re-cast, condensed, and re-transmitted to the Press Association and Central News agencies, which in turn re-transmit the same news, coming from the one original source, over the world. In cases within my own knowledge, these two News Agencies are represented in the same newspaper office, sometimes by the same person, who has to write his reports for the separate Associations differently, to avoid his being detected acting for both. The public are thus wofully misled, thinking all the time that each newspaper and each Association has an independent report of its own; while, in point of fact, one individual, in an out-of-the-way country place—nearly always biassed and governed by local considerations—often ignorant or stupid—

* Though the Rev. Angus Maciver's speech was appended to this letter as sent to the Home Secretary, we are obliged, for want of space, to delay its publication in the *Celtic Magazine* until our next issue.

is responsible for, and practically supplies the whole press of the United Kingdom with all its news. A few years ago I was forced in the public interest to name one of these gentlemen, and the papers he acted for, in the *Celtic Magazine*, and he has ever since ceased from troubling. He was all at once thrown over by his numerous patrons, who could not afford to accept his services after the exposure. Failing an early change, I shall feel called upon soon to repeat the process, and show the public and the newspapers themselves how completely they are, in most cases, sold in the matter of North and West Highland news.

If a newspaper correspondent of this class finds that, as a rule, any facts he may send, favourable to the people, are never used, or are reduced to a paragraph of two or three lines, but that, if, on the contrary, he sends a report which tells against the people, and is favourable to the landlords, it appears in full in a prominent position, he very soon learns to send on the kind of news which his paper wants, not always caring whether it be true or false, so long as he gets a liberal return for his work.

Perhaps the most striking fact that presents itself to the thoughtful observer of the action of Government in connection with the land agitation in the Highlands, is that no fault has hitherto been found, and that neither police nor military has been dispatched to suppress the agitation by the same people, in favour of the Government Franchise Bill, and against the House of Lords for refusing to pass it last session! If agitation is not only legitimate but commendable in the latter case, most people will fail to understand how it can be so illegitimate and bad in the former case, as you and others would have the public believe. Depend upon it that if the non-representative, self-elected, Commissioners of Supply of the County of Inverness believed that the Government would grant them the necessary force, they would suppress the one agitation as readily as the other; for there is nothing that the landlords—Liberal or Tory—fear more than the granting of electoral privileges to the people, by which their own political doom shall be very soon after and for ever sealed.

Is it, however, not an unfortunate fact that all Governments offer a high premium on agitation? The public are taught by bitter experience that no measure of any importance can be carried through Parliament unless the Government of the day is

in a position to point to a great agitation, and often to breaches of the law. This was the case in 1832, in 1867, and more recently in the case of Ireland. Without agitation experience shows that justice shall never be done to the righteous claims of the people in this great and free liberty-loving country of ours! This is a lamentable fact, and one that should be kept in mind when the authorities take to punishing the people for political or semi-political offences; and especially in a case like that at present in the Isle of Skye, where, by the unanimous testimony of the Royal Commission, and according to your own admissions on Friday last in the House of Commons, the people are oppressed with terrible—almost unbearable—grievances in connection with the land on which, under present conditions, they can scarcely exist.

To have proposed to send a horde of ill-trained policemen with loaded revolvers, probably with instructions not to use them except in certain emergencies, among such a fine, moral, well-behaved, race as the people of Skye, was a most cowardly and brutal thing, and whoever may have been the author of the suggestion deserves and ought to receive the execration and contempt of all right-thinking people. If it were necessary to send an armed force at all, the military should have been sent at once. They would not be likely to fire upon the people in an ignorant panic, as the police would be almost certain to do, before there was any occasion for extreme measures; and the people would respect the military and keep the peace. It would be an insult to the whole Highlands to have sent a force of this character upon such worthless evidence, as was adduced by yourself in the House of Commons on Friday.

As a Land Reformer I must, however, admit that I am delighted that the landlord-Commissioners of Supply of the County of Inverness, and the Government on their representation, have, in their own interest, been foolish enough to have an armed force sent to the Isle of Skye; for now it will be impossible any longer to delay a very drastic change in the Land Laws and a large curtailment of the powers at present possessed by non-elective bodies like the Commissioners of Supply and the Police Committee for the County. Laws that require an armed police and military force to maintain them cannot long endure, and they are already, thanks to the authorities of this county,

finally doomed in the Highlands. ' Indeed, unless a change in that respect takes place on a very early date, it will become impossible for moderate men to control the present Land Reform movement, and the people will follow and accept the leadership of the Land Restoration League. For this, as for the rest, the stubborn, unbending landlords of the Highlands shall have themselves wholly to blame.

To show how the feeling on this question is growing, and how determined the people are to obtain redress of their grievances, I may state that it was with difficulty that we prevented the people of the Lewis, on the 16th of October, from proposing and carrying a resolution against any more of their men joining the Naval Reserve or Militia—of whom there are now in that Island alone a body of two thousand, composed of the finest and most stalwart men under the British Crown—until such changes were made in the laws as would enable them to live securely and comfortably in their native land. If a change does not take place soon, I am quite certain that it will, at no distant date, be resolved that no recruits will join either service, not only in Lewis but in any part of the Western Isles; and who, in the circumstances, can blame them?

From the Reports from Skye in this morning's papers the authorities appear to be using the force at their disposal with great discretion. Therefore, I shall not at present—nor until the final outcome of the expedition is ascertained—deal further with the subject. I may, however, have to do so hereafter in a second communication, in which I may at the same time trouble you with some remarks on the proposed remedies for the now universally admitted grievances of the Highland people, and the best manner of applying them. Meanwhile,

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

[To the foregoing letter Sir William Harcourt sent a holograph reply, dated the 21st of November, from Whitehall, thanking the writer, indicating opinions and expressing hopes of a most appreciative and satisfactory character; but Sir William's letter being marked as a "Private" communication cannot, of course, be published.—A. M.]

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P., ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

ON Friday, the 14th of November, Mr D. H. Macfarlane, M.P., moved, Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., seconded, and it was unanimously agreed to in the House of Commons :—

"That in the opinion of this House it is the duty of her Majesty's Government to give effect to the recommendations of the Royal Commission upon the condition of the crofters and cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, or to apply such other remedies as they deem advisable; and that this House concurs in the opinion expressed by the Royal Commission at page 110 of its report that 'The mere vindication of authority and repression of resistance would not establish the relations of mutual confidence between landlord and tenant, in the absence of which the country would not be truly at peace, and all our inquiries and counsels would be expended in vain.'"

The debate, which lasted for seven hours, was, on the whole, creditable to those who took part in it, and to the House of Commons itself. Some excellent speeches were made, especially by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, Lochiel, Mr Macfarlane, Mr Jesse Collings, Mr Picton, and one or two other English members. The speech of the evening, however, was that delivered by Sir William Harcourt, whose duty as Home Secretary it will be to introduce a Land Bill for the Highlands, and who is personally responsible for having sent a strong military force to the Isle of Skye, on its way thither at the very time when he was in the act of delivering his remarkable speech—a speech which cannot fail to carry consternation to the minds of certain landed proprietors in the Highlands. It is altogether such a speech, so true in many respects as to the character of the Highland people, and showing on the whole such a correct conception of the actual state of things at the time existing in Skye and in the Western Highlands and Isles, that we deem it well worthy of preservation in the *Celtic Magazine*. Immediately after the seconder of the motion sat down, Sir William Harcourt said :—

I have no doubt that many members of this House wish to express their opinion

on this subject. At the same time I have no doubt it may be convenient that at an early period I should make the observations on behalf of the Government that I have to make on the motion of the hon. member. I have no ground to complain in any way of the speeches that have been made by the mover and seconder of this motion, or of the spirit and terms of the motion itself, in which I generally concur. (Hear, hear.) There is only one thing that I would desire to explain with reference to what the hon. member who made this motion has said of the expression I used, that the violations of the law [in Skye] had no justification or extenuation. Perhaps I should have been more accurate if I had confined myself to the first word. I said they had no justification; the word extenuation was a word of more doubtful meaning. (Hear, hear.) With reference to the whole of this question, all that I can say is that I stand in a different position with reference to it than either of the hon. members who have addressed the House. With the official responsibility that I have in this matter, hon. members in the House will feel that I am not free to say all that I think, because I must exercise a certain amount of reserve. But I think I am not acting inconsistently with my duty in this matter in saying, what is known to the hon. member who made this motion, that the persons on whose behalf he speaks have long had my deep personal sympathy. (Cheers.)

SENDING A MILITARY FORCE TO SKYE.

I know these West Highlands well. I doubt whether there is anybody in this House who knows Skye better than I do. I have spent my leisure time for nearly twenty years mostly upon its shores and its bays, and all I can say is that I have a deep sympathy and regard — I might almost use stronger terms — for the people who inhabit them. (Hear, hear.) They are a people distinguished remarkably, as I think I once observed before at Glasgow, by a mildness of character which seems to belong to the climate in which they live. They have a high-bred courtesy in their demeanour; they have a kindliness towards all who have dealings with them that is singularly attractive. I, for one, therefore, approach this question certainly not in any spirit of harshness or of rigour. All I can say is that, though there are painful duties connected frequently with the office which I hold, I have never exercised a duty which I considered incumbent upon me with more personal regret than when I felt myself under the obligation to send a force to support the local authority in that part of the country. (Hear, hear.) The hon. member who has just sat down [Mr Fraser-Mackintosh] — though I do not think the hon. member who made the motion took that view of the subject — seemed to question whether there had been any disturbance in Skye at all, and whether there was any occasion for the interference of the Government. To anybody who has read the reports in the public press, I should have thought it was almost unnecessary to offer any evidence on that subject. What took place was this: — A certain condition of things existed in Skye in which individuals were menaced in the pursuits of ordinary life—a condition of things with which in recent times we have been too familiar. I won't go into many of the details of petty outrages which had taken place. The hon. member who has just spoken referred to a case which led to a small force of police being sent to Skye, where it was intimated at a meeting of the crofters that three individuals — I abstain from mentioning names — were to be forcibly carried to the meeting to demand explanations of their conduct* — I think there is no man in this House who will justify such a proceeding as that; whereupon the Police Commissioners thought it necessary to strengthen the police force in Skye. That is a thing

* It is shown elsewhere that this charge was absolutely untrue, but it has served the purpose for which it was manufactured.—ED. C. M.

entirely within the competence of such an authority. The extra police—I think there are six men—were sent to give protection to the people in Skye. As soon as they arrived, a large number of people used certainly very violent proceedings, turned them back, and said they would not allow them to come into the country. Now, I think there is no man who will not admit that that is a condition of things which it is impossible to tolerate. Well, the information that reached us was that there was a special animosity there against the police. That, to my mind, is a very grave symptom indeed. It is a symptom which deserves, I venture to say, the attention of all classes of the community, and of the proprietors quite as much as any other class; because I am the first to state and to feel that the employment of the naval or military forces of the Crown in keeping peace in this country, or in any way aiding the civil authority, is in itself an immense evil. (Cheers.) It is one to which I am most reluctant to resort, and never would do so unless I was convinced that it was absolutely necessary. The preservation of peace, and the exercise of the civil authority, ought to be carried out by the civil force, which is the police; and happily in this country, although cases do occasionally occur where the police, not being sufficient, military support has to be given to the police, I take it to be a maxim, subject to very few exceptions, that the military and naval forces ought never, if it can possibly be avoided, to be used for that purpose. And, accordingly, when a few years ago there were disturbances in Skye, and I was pressed by the local authorities to send military there, I told them of my reluctance, and declined. I am speaking in the presence of my hon. friend, if he will allow me to call him so, the member for Inverness-shire (Lochiel), whose counsel I naturally sought upon a question of that character, and he agreed with me that that ought to be postponed to the latest possible moment. Accordingly, the military were not sent to Skye two years ago. I confess it was with the greatest reluctance that I came to the conviction that if this were left to the police alone there would be such a powerful and violent resistance as would lead to a very dangerous breach of the peace, and I believe that is the opinion of every man aquainted with that district of Scotland. Well, under these circumstances I came to the conclusion that, upon such an occasion as that, to exhibit weakness was no kindness to the people of Skye, and thinking it necessary that order should be preserved, it was essential that it should be preserved in a manner that did not invite or admit of conflict; and I think that was at once a humane and prudent view to take of the case. Now, at the same time that I speak of what occurred in 1882, the Government showed that they were not insensible to the consideration that there were grievances to be redressed, and that there were inquiries to be made. I can assure my hon. friend who has last spoken, that when I, on behalf of the Government, appointed the Commission, of which he was so valuable a member, it was with the fullest intention that the Commission should bear practical fruit. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, we acted in that respect with a spirit that, while the law ought to be sustained, at the same time every grievance that could be demonstrated ought also to be redressed. Well, now, sir, there has been a good deal of exaggeration, I think, about this state of things. There has been a great amount of sensational reports. I received a telegram only yesterday, which, although it was not very complimentary to me, and was very strongly on the side of the crofters, I thought contained a great deal of good sense. It said, "If it were not for the agitators and the newspaper reporters, we should get on very well." (Cheers.) Of course, there is a habit of picking up every flying rumour, whether it is well founded or not, and then it gets into print—and people have a habit of believing that everything that gets into print is truth—and the result is, that a great many unfounded statements receive a

credit that they do not deserve. (Hear, hear.) But I think there is no doubt—and the House will take this from me without my going into great detail—that there is a very serious condition of things existing in Skye and the West Highlands generally—(Hear, hear)—and I do not think it will be in the least disputed by the hon. member who has made this motion. Now, I say alone this hostility towards the police, this determination not to show to them that obedience and that respect for law and order which is common in other parts of England and Scotland, is in itself a very serious symptom. When it comes to this, that in some parts of Skye and the Highlands the police have to be sent to execute the ordinary processes of the law, that is in itself a very serious condition of things. At the same time, I say it is very necessary that all classes of the community—and I include in that the Police Committee of the county of Inverness—must understand that the Government cannot undertake to aid the police permanently by military force. And a state of things must be established in which the police shall be able to maintain the public peace, and execute justice within their own territory. The Government make it clearly understood that in giving this support to the police, it is as a subsidiary force, and not as a principal force, in the execution of the law. In my opinion, nothing can be greater proof that there is something which requires a remedy, than when you are obliged to employ a military force. Now, I join with the hon. member who has made this motion, in the hope and the belief that there will be no conflict in Skye. There is one phrase which I am sure the hon. member dropped in the heat of the moment, and which he would not wish deliberately to repeat—that the local authorities or anybody else desire to provoke a conflict. I believe that is a statement which is without foundation. If it were true, it would be a most serious state of matters. I believe nobody desires to provoke a conflict; but there are persons who have rendered, in my opinion, great services in preventing a conflict, whose influence I ought to acknowledge, and that is men who, from their profession, were bound to exercise such a duty.—

THE MINISTERS OF RELIGION IN SKYE.

(Cheers.) In a meeting which took place, and which is reported in the *Scotsman* of yesterday, I find, first of all, the Rev. Mr Macdonald, a Free Church minister from Inverness, exercised his influence most beneficially in advising the people to abstain from any breach of the peace. I find also the gentleman to whom the hon. member for Carlow (Mr Macfarlane) has referred—the Rev. Mr Macphail, of the Free Church of Kilmuir—used his influence in a speech which he made on that occasion; and I have also read a speech by the Rev. Mr Davidson, of the Established Church at Stenscholl, one of the disturbed districts, and I have a telegram from him to say that he was satisfied that the people would be tranquil. I will ask leave to read the observations which he made, for they are short, and I think they highly deserve attention.

"He stated that prior to his being settled at Stenscholl, two and a-half years ago, there was not a single man in Skye who was more opposed to the Land League, and for months after entering on his duties as minister of the district he had but little belief in the crofters' grievances. He soon, however, began to see that the state of matters existing in that parish was such that he could not but sympathise with the people. (Cheers.) He could not consistently ask the people to stop their agitation to secure a remedy for their grievances; but he solemnly impressed upon them the danger of offering resistance to the police, and bringing themselves under the correction of the law. He had been present at some of their meetings, and he could honestly say that the speeches were moderate, and that the business was conducted in the most orderly way. He was fully acquainted with the men who were considered leaders of the

movement, and he could say that they were among the most respectable men on the Kilmuir estate."

I think that statement is a most weighty one, and one which is extremely worthy of the attention of

THE PROPRIETOR OF KILMUIR.

And, sir, that spirit of conciliation having been shown on the part of the ministers of religion, who have sought by their influence to allay the spirit of excitement and to prevent a conflict, I confess it was with very deep regret that I received this morning a paper which was forwarded to me– the *Nairnshire Telegraph*—reporting a speech of Major Fraser, which is couched in an extremely different spirit. He says repressive measures will require to be used, and he did not know that another week would elapse before these would be used, and he hoped, when justice was done, all dissensions would pass away. (Ironical cheers.) I also hope, when justice is done, dissensions will pass away; but I hope that Major Fraser puts the same construction on justice that I do in these matters. (Hear, hear.)

THE MILITARY AND THE NOTICES OF REMOVAL.

I wish, at the same time, to have it clearly understood that this force which is sent to support the police, is sent for the preservation of the public peace, and that if that support so given to the police were to be used for the purpose of oppressive measures, which would not and could not otherwise be employed, to use it as a cloak or a shield for such a purpose would be a gross abuse of that support. (Cheers.) It is not intended to cover these notices of removal of which we have heard—(Cheers)—things which, I think, are deeply to be regretted—notices of removal which are served, not for the purpose of being enforced, but for the purpose of keeping up a condition—I don't know whether I should call it "suspension," or whatever term I should employ. These notices of removal seem to me to be a source of irritation which is not to be justified at all. That there exists in these districts extreme poverty, in some parts borne for many years with extraordinary patience, I think everybody who is acquainted with those districts must be aware.

EMIGRATION.

There is one subject to which the hon. member for Carlow referred in some of the evidence that he read, in which I very much agree with him. Some people say, "Oh, the remedy for this is emigration." Well, sir, in my opinion emigration is a very poor remedy indeed. (Irish cheers.) I have myself no sympathy with a policy which improves a country by getting rid of its people. To my mind that is the policy of despair. It is like the old medical treatment of Sangrado, who cured all diseases by blood-letting; but, after all, blood is the life of the body, and the people are the life of the country. I, at all events, do not accept the policy of making a solitude and calling it political economy. (Hear, hear.) No doubt the Scottish are people who have shown great qualities for emigration. A great part of the Empire of Britain, which covers every sea, is due to their intelligence and to their energy. (Hear, hear.) Under Lord Chatham they played a great part in the conquest of Canada, and they still, by their industry, support and extend the greatness of that colony. The history of Scotsmen in India is famous, and in New Zealand also, there is a Scottish colony of great prosperity and eminence. But that is, or ought to be, in my opinion, a voluntary emigration. I am entirely against pressing people out of their own country, and, least of all, such people as the West Highlanders. These people are remarkable, and I know them well for their passionate attachment to the soil upon which they live.

(Hear, hear.) I have myself always thought that those beautiful lines in which one of the greatest masters of human nature—Goldsmith—described the history of the Swiss peasant were singularly applicable to the Highlanders of the West. I may be permitted to remind the House of those few lines—

Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to his mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

(Cheers.) I believe that a policy which is founded upon tearing these men from their soil is not the remedial policy which is the best to be applied in these cases. I believe that you ought to find means for these people, so attached to their country, to live in their own country. (Hear, hear.) But that is a very difficult problem. It will be asked how? Well, there were times when they did live in the country in comparative happiness, and prosperity, and, therefore, the problem is not insoluble in itself.

Sir H. Maxwell—Kelp.

Sir W. Harcourt—Well, there was not a great deal of kelp in the inland Highlands of Scotland—(laughter)—and yet there were a great many people who lived there I think the hon. member for Wigtownshire will have to study the history of the Highlands a little more closely before he comes to the conclusion that kelp is the solution of the problem. (Laughter.)

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION CRITICISED.

The Royal Commission has collected a great deal of valuable materials, and it has made some important suggestions; but one great difficulty in dealing with this question is, that I do not find that all the suggestions, or even the most important, of the Royal Commission have met with general acceptance from any quarter, or even from the friends of the crofters themselves. This is a very ingenious project of the creation of the communal system, but in all the discussions that I have heard since that project was announced by the Commission, I find extremely little approbation. Even in the resolutions of the Land League itself it has been faintly alluded to. All the proposals that I have seen accredited by the friends of the crofters have been in the direction of the Irish Land Act, not in the direction of that particular recommendation—extremely ingenious, but more theoretical than practical. When it is asked in some quarters, that the principles of the Irish Land Act should be applied to the West Highlands, I have to observe that the condition of the West Highlands, as I understand them, and the evils that exist there, are not of precisely the same character as those which were dealt with by the Irish Land Act in Ireland. There is not the same competition for land. I will speak directly about the question of there not being land enough. There is not in the West Highlands of Scotland that same competition of tenant against tenant which had led in many cases to great over-renting in Ireland. I do not say that there are not cases of over-renting in the West Highlands, but that is certainly not the grievance which has been alleged; nor, according to my knowledge of the matter, is there the same prevalence of eviction that took place in Ireland, and, therefore, the evils in the Highlands are not the evils of over-renting nor eviction which took place in Ireland. And, therefore, if the evil is not the same, it would not appear that the remedy would be identical. What is complained of, and what was complained of by the hon. member in his motion, was that they want more land. Well, in a certain sense, I suppose everybody wants more land if he could get t. (Hear, hear.) I have no land, and I suppose many people in that position would

desire to have it; but that is not the sense, no doubt, in which the hon. member uses it. I confess that when you come to such a question as that, the evils and the difficulties, and even if those were superable, the danger of compulsory legislation upon such a question appears to me to be extremely great. They may be necessary, but nobody can doubt that they are an evil in themselves, and therefore upon this point I would venture to take this opportunity of making a very serious and earnest

APPEAL TO THE PROPRIETORS

Of the West Highlands themselves. (Hear, hear.) They have very great facilities for dealing with this question. I speak in the presence of my hon. friend the member for Inverness-shire (Lochiel), whose speech made last June I am sure very strongly impressed the House. (Hear, hear.) And no difference of political opinion upon other questions would prevent me acknowledging the great benefit that I have derived from my hon. friend in all these difficult questions as they have arisen. The number of proprietors in these districts is extremely small. (Hear, hear.) That in itself—I should call it a great evil—does offer great facilities of coming to some understanding as to what would be the best to be done in these circumstances. I think in the Outer Islands, in the Long Island, I doubt whether there are six separate proprietors altogether. When you come to Skye the number is very few of proprietors of any magnitude at all. When you come even to the mainland the number is not considerable. Certainly there are no people who have more reason to desire to see this question settled than the proprietors of the West Highlands. (Hear, hear.) It is certainly not their interest to raise a great land question in Scotland; and there are great reasons, it seems to me, also, why they should be prepared to make—I won't say great sacrifices, but moderate sacrifices to settle this question. First of all, there is a very remarkable feature in the history of the land in the West Highlands. There has been in it

A SUDDEN GROWTH OF RENTAL

Which has never been equalled anywhere else, I should think, within the course of the last century, and even still more of the last half century. If you think of what the Highlands were long before the introduction of sheep farming, you will find that estates which were worth hundreds are now worth thousands. In those times, and not so very long ago—almost within the memory of living man—those great tracts of hill yielded no profit at all to the proprietor. Lord Malmesbury, in his Memoirs recently published, states that in his own recollection any man could go and shoot where he liked without paying anything, or almost anything at all. But before the question of shooting arose, there was the question of grazing, and I do not think it would be untrue to say that a hundred years ago in the West Highlands all those people who are now crofters, and were, in fact, the population of the country, had practically their grazing upon the land, just for the same reason that in Lord Malmesbury's recollection a man could shoot because it was not worth anybody's while to prevent it. The chief of the clan or the proprietor did not object to his clansman turning his black cattle on to the hill; on the contrary it was an advantage to the proprietor, who got something from him. But then what happened? No doubt it was a rude state of life. We read an account of it—perhaps the most accurate account—an account to which Scott gave an air of romance in "Waverley"—in "The History of the Highlands." It there appears that the chief or proprietor and the clansmen lived together, certainly in a rude state, but in a state of comparative comfort. Then came the great and sudden growth of the wealth of the Highlands by the introduction of sheep farming. I do not complain of sheep farming. The Duke of Argyll, in an article in the *National Review*, has gone a considerable length into that, for the purpose of showing that it is of a great economical advantage. Well, so far as it gave an immense increase to rent. Men who had hundreds

before found themselves in possession of thousands a year of rent. I am afraid that within the last year or two that account is more unfavourable than it was. That undoubtedly was the history of the transformation. What happened after that? After the sheep farm gave an enormous increase to the rent of the proprietor—an increase without any expenditure on his part—there was possibly never a better instance of the unearned increment except that which I am going to mention. I go on to the next great windfall to the Highland proprietor. Then came the grouse shooting rent, which was often, I believe, equal to the sheep farming rent; therefore, the proprietor found himself in possession of land which rose within a generation from being worth nothing at all to an enormously increased and valuable rental. In more recent years, in my own recollection, there was found a still more valuable thing than the sheep farm and the game rent, and that was the deer forest, over a great part of the county of Ross and a considerable part of the county of Inverness, in the place of both the sheep rent and the game rent. Well, what was the result of that? The result was that the grazing of these people disappeared. (Hear, hear.) The Duke of Argyll, in his article in the *National Review*, says that it was not only the high hills that were necessary for the sheep, but also the low hills, in order that the sheep might have their wintering. But then what became of the black cattle of the crofter and the tenant?

A CONTRAST.

There was not that softening influence which, happily, in England softened the harsh outline of proprietary rights. Recollect what happened in this country. There was a population even more humble in its condition, more subject in its lot, than the crofter of the West Highlands, and that was the old villein of soccage in England; and what happened to him. He had rights of usage of this character, rights which certainly in their origin were not distinguishable in law, rights which were never enacted by any statute, but which were consecrated, and crystallised, and secured to him by the spirit of the common law of England. (Hear, hear.) What happened to them was described by the great common lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, who said that "in Saxon and Norman times these copyholders were subiect to their lords' will, but now they stood upon a sure ground, and waited not their lords' displeasure." (Hear, hear.) That is a curious and very interesting chapter of law. It is one of those fortunate circumstances which have gone to create the safety of the social system of England. In modern times we have had another example of the operations of the law sustained by the action of Parliament. It was a work and a policy that was mainly conducted by the man whose loss we have had occasion to deplore—by Mr Fawcett. The work which he began, and which I and many others did our best to aid him in—in the prevention of the inclosure of commons—was a highly useful work. It prevented the absorption in single hands of all the commonty lands, which would have placed the mass of the population under disadvantage, and which was sure to have created discontent.

REMEDIES RECOMMENDED.

Now, I say that all these considerations seem to me to point to a remedy which I cannot help thinking that the patient might administer unto himself to a great degree. Now, just consider what would have happened if, when these large tracts of land were being turned into sheep farms or into deer forests, yielding, as they did, enormous increment of rent, there had been a more moderate use of these powers—if, while thousands of acres were taken for these purposes, a few hundreds had everywhere been reserved for the small population of these Highland glens—why, it would not have destroyed the system of sheep farming at all. It would have been perfectly possible to have kept a

moderate area which would have been sufficient for this population. They never could have covered the whole of these hills. That, it seems to me, is a thing which might very reasonably and well have been done. We have heard in this debate, and evidence has been led, of townships losing the hills which they had before. Why should townships lose the hills? I have never heard of them having refused to pay rent except under the influence—I was almost going to say of pardonable excitement. But why, if a reasonable rent and a fair rent be offered them, should not these people have a fair accommodation which might make to them the difference between penury and comparative ease? What has become of the crofters' black cattle? There is no doubt that they can look back to a time, of which they remember themselves, or of which they certainly had a tradition from their fathers, when they had this land, on which they had black cattle, and which having lost, they have been confined to that little spot in the strath which, when potato disease comes or a bad season, is totally unable to sustain their existence. Well, is there not room in this matter for a very reasonable settlement? I appeal to my hon. friend (Lochiel) who knows this matter very much better than I do, considering how few hands this land is in, how reasonable might be the settlement of a question like this, and considering in each locality whether it would not be possible to apportion to these people a single hill in their immediate neighbourhood, which might deduct say £20, £30, or £50 from a great sheep farm rent. Is not a settlement of the question like this worth making if it could be done? (Hear, hear.) There is no doubt whatever—from the reason that I have already stated—there have not been those modifications, those *temperamenta*, as it is called by the lawyers, of the naked right of proprietorship in Scotland, which arose under the common law in England. It is because civilisation in Scotland in earlier times was ruder. (Oh, oh, and laughter.) I am ready to acknowledge how much more rapid, comparatively, the advance has been, and I thought the contrast would be agreeable. (Laughter.) But from some cause or another the question of the bare proprietorship of land in Scotland, in a more raw and more harsh form in its legal aspect, certainly, is presented more than it is in England. (Hear, hear.) I believe this to be a correct statement. (Hear, hear.) Well, then, I have endeavoured to indicate that there are methods by which these people and the Government, in the task which is justly imposed upon them, may be greatly aided by a wise and prudent generosity on the part of the landlords themselves. There are immense difficulties in compulsory legislation, although I don't say it may not be necessary. The real truth is, that in all these cases the innocent bear the burden of those who are most to blame. (Hear, hear.) A single landlord who exercises his right unfairly and harshly brings discredit and injustice upon many who deserve no blame at all. (Cheers.) That I believe to be the case, to a great extent, in the West Highlands of Scotland. I believe it would be very unfair and very unjust to say that the landlords in the West Highlands are unjust to their tenants. That there have been instances in which things have been done that could not be approved I am not here to deny; but I believe at this moment that by far the best, by far the wisest thing that could be done, would be that the landlords, who are few in number, and have, therefore, greater facility for acting together, should take into consideration what can, and what ought to be done, to heal a sore which, I am sure, they must feel as desirous as anyone to close; for it is their interest, above all, that it should be closed—(hear, hear)—and that the Government, co-operating with them in so much of it as requires legislation, may form some scheme which will remove the discontent that everyone must deplore. (Cheers.) I only make these suggestions because I am quite sure if they were acted upon they would be a very useful contribution. (Hear, hear.)

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

However, that may or may not be the case; but in answer to the appeal which has been made to me by the hon. member who has made this motion (Mr Macfarlane), I desire most distinctly to state that the Government are fully conscious of the responsibility that belongs to them—the responsibility of endeavouring to find some adequate remedy for the state of things which is disclosed in the report of the Royal Commissioners. (Hear, hear.) They have always accepted that responsibility. They appointed the Royal Commission to aid them in discharging the responsibility, and it is their intention to discharge it. Now, I understand the object of the hon. member for Carlow to be to appeal to me to give an assurance that this question was intended to be seriously taken in hand, and that at an early period. He spoke of a date. Of course, he did not mean a particular day or month, but I have an answer to that appeal. I have to say that it was not necessary for these unhappy occurrences in Skye to have taken place to have satisfied the Government of the necessity of at once dealing with it, and if the House will accept from me—for I hope I have spokon in no unfriendly spirit of the subjects of discussion—in no unfair spirit either towards the crofters or the proprietors—if the House will accept from me the assurance that I have given of the responsibility which the Government feel and which they are prepared to discharge—I hope that under these circumstances the hon. member will not feel it necessary to press his motion, which, I believe, only states a proposition that everybody accepts. (Cheers.)

Mr Preston Bruce, who feared that Sir William Harcourt's speech would be read and received by some as amounting to nothing more than an appeal to the charity of the landlords, while it held out no promise of legislation, said that he understood the right hon. gentleman's appeal to the landlords was to come forward to assist the Government especially in reference to that matter, but he did not by any means understand the right hon. gentleman to say that the Government did not intend to deal, and to deal speedily, with other parts of this question—such parts, for instance, as the conferring of additional security of tenure in regard to their existing holdings, and also in regard to securing them from further encroachment on the lands which they held for the purpose of common pasturages. There were many other parts of the question referred to in the report of the Commission which he hoped the Government might see their way to deal with, and to deal with speedily. It certainly was his understanding of the right hon. gentleman's speech that these subjects would be dealt with next year, and he by no means desired the impression to go abroad that the Government mean to do nothing but merely to appeal to the landlords. (Hear, hear.)

Sir W. Harcourt replied—By the indulgence of the House I may say a word. I think I may accept the interpretation put upon my words by the hon. member, and I had no idea that any other interpretation could have been placed upon my words. I certainly did appeal to the landlords of Scotland for two purposes. I thought they might be of great service immediately by removing some of the causes of grievances that exist. I appealed to them, also, that by concert they might be able very much to assist the Government with reference to future legislation, but I added that the Government accepted themselves, independently altogether of any action of the landlords, the responsibility of dealing with this question. These were the words with which I concluded my speech, and I also stated quite distinctly that the Government did accept the responsibility of dealing with legislation upon the subject at the earliest possible time when they were able to do so. (Hear, hear)

The motion was accepted by the Government, and adopted unanimously by the House of Commons.

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THE MUNROS OF MILNTOWN.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

II.

III. ANDREW BEG MUNRO, who is said to have been of a very ferocious disposition, on which account he was called the "Black Baron;" but being hereditary Bailie, or Maor of Ross, during a part of Queen Mary's reign, he had no doubt to exercise great severity in the then lawless state of the country.

In 1512 King James IV. granted to Andrew Beg "the croft, called the markland of Tulloch" (Tullich) for the yearly payment of one pound of wax, payable at Midsummer within the Chapel of Delny.* The value of a pound of wax at that time, according to the Books of Exchequer, was ten shillings Scots, or tenpence sterling. The Chapel of Delny, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, stood in the old burying-ground, between the present farm-house of Delny and the county road behind it, till near the end of the last century, when James Munro, the farmer of Delny, demolished the old building and used the stones in the erection of his farm premises, and the mortar in improving his land; and ploughed up the burying-ground with the intention of adding it to the contiguous field. The late Rev. John Matheson, parish minister of Kilmuir-Easter, and grandfather of Bailie Matheson, Tain, on hearing of this species of vandalism and

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, vol. ii. p. 460.

sacrilege, visited the spot, and found it all covered with the bones of the dead, which had been turned up with the plough. He represented to Munro the indelicacy of his conduct, persuaded him to collect the relics, and deposit them again in the earth. This the farmer duly performed, and this neglected spot, where, perhaps, was laid—

> "Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre"—

was afterwards enclosed and laid out with grass.

A short distance to the north of the site of the Chapel stood the priest's house, and the spot is on that account called *Cnoc-an-t-Sagairt* (the hill of the priest), Priesthill. In the beginning of the last century, the remains of a cross stood on the hill at the extremity of the hamlet. Thither all the people belonging to the Barony or Maordom of Delny, which comprehended a great part of the County of Ross, resorted once a year to pay homage to their superior. Here, also, the barons held their criminal courts. In ancient times the right of pit and gallows—*furca et fossa*—was the true mark of a true baron, who had jurisdiction in life and limb—*curia vitæ et membrorum.* It was not the peculiar taste of our barbarous ancestors: all feudal lords through feudal Europe were equally fond and proud of the right of executing those whom they had first convicted and sentenced to death. The French had the phrase *avec haute et basse justice*, which meant nothing more than the "right of pit and gallows." The gallow-hill is still an object of interest, and human bones have been frequently found in its vicinity. The gallow-hill of the Barony of Milntown is situated on the march between Milntown and Balnagown, near Logie Free Church Manse; and the drowning-pool is adjacent to the Manse. Here, in 1864, while excavations were being made in connection with the construction of the railway, a number of human bones were found, the remains, no doubt, of the poor wretches who died at the hands of "Black" Andrew Munro. The "pit" was for the female criminal; for women sentenced to death were, for the most part, drowned. The "gallows" was for the male defaulters, who were invariably hanged. There is a hill within a mile of Delny called *Cnoc-na-Croich*, or the "hill of the gallows"; and on the summit of this

hill was a circular pool of water, many fathoms deep, called *Poll-a-bhathaidh* (the pool of drowning). Here the barons of Delny drowned and hanged their victims. It is not known when the last execution took place here; but a man who died about the year 1750, in Logie, witnessed the last execution which took place at the Milntown "drowning pool," that of a woman for child-murder.*

In the year 1512, James IV. granted also to Andrew Munro "the lands of Myltoun of Meath with the mill, the office of Chief Mair of the Earldom of Ross, which lands of Myltoun, with the mill and mairdom, had been granted to Andrew and one heir by a letter under the Privy Seal, the grantee paying eight chalders, four bolls of victual, half bear, half meal, of the lesser measure of the Earldom, and to augment the rental by eight bolls."† The Chief Maors or Maormars, were the greatest officers of great districts, and it is to them, and not to the Thanes, that Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," should have made young Malcolm address his speech—"Henceforth be Earls!" The office of Chief Maor of the Earldom of Ross was a very ancient one, and several of the fees and perquisites belonging to it were peculiar. In 1591 a decreet of the Lords of Council and Session was obtained by Andrew Munro, V. of Milntown, then principal Maor, or Maor of fee of the Earldom, against Andrew Dingwall and the feuars, farmers, and possessors of the Earldom of Ross, for his fees of the office, to wit 40s. 8d. for the ordinary fee of the said Earldom yearly, and for every sack of corn brought to the shore to be shipped, "ane gopin of corn," estimated at a half-penny a lippy, and out of every chalder of victuals delivered thereat to the Maor, two pecks, etc. The collection of the Maor's fees seems to have caused some trouble, and the law had to be occasionally invoked to enforce payment.

Besides Milntown, Andrew Beg acquired by grants and purchase large possessions in many parts of Ross-shire, namely, Delny, Newmore, in the parish of Rosskeen; Contullich and Kildermorie, in the parish of Alness; Dochcarty, in the parish of Dingwall; Allan, in the parish of Fearn; and Culnaha, in the parish of Nigg; and was, on that account, and the fierceness of his

*Old Stat. Acct., vol. iv. p. 378.

† Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xviii. No. 74, and Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. iv. fol. 195.

temper, called by the natives in the vernacular "*Andra Dubh nan seachd Caisteal*" (that is, "Black Andrew of the seven Castles"), having a castle on each of his properties.

In the present day much interest is excited in catching occasional glimpses of the ancient state of society through the chance vistas of tradition. These glimpses serve to show us, in the expressive language of Scripture, "the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole whence we were dug." They serve, too, as Hugh Miller remarks, to dissipate those dreamy imaginings of the good and happiness of the past in which it seems to be an instinct of our nature to indulge; and enables us to correct the exaggerated estimates of that school of philosophy, which sees most to admire in society the farther it recedes from civilisation.

The following is one of those chance glimpses, preserved by Hugh Miller. It is, however, obviously at variance with strict chronology; and the facts stated apparently apply to some other individual, and not to Andrew Munro III. of Milntown, as he died before Sir George Munro of Newmore was born, who is evidently the "Munro of Newmore" referred to. There was no "Munro of Newmore," contemporary with Black Andrew of Milntown, who was laird of Newmore himself; neither was Andrew Munro the last baron of Newtarbat (Milntown). Hugh Miller records:—"That an old man who died in 1829 told him, that when a boy he was sent to the Manse of Resolis to bring back the horse of an elderly gentleman, a retired officer, who had gone to visit the Rev. Hector Macphail, minister of the parish, with the intention of remaining with him a few days. The officer was a silver-headed, erect old man, who had served as an Ensign at the battle of Blenheim, and who, when he had retired on half-pay, about forty years after, was still a poor Lieutenant. His riding days were well nigh over; and the boy overtook him long ere he had reached the manse, and just as he was joined by William Forsyth, merchant, Cromarty, who had come riding up by a cross-road, and then slackened bridle to keep the officer company. The old man spoke much of the allied armies under Marlborough. By far the strongest man in them, he said, was a gentleman from Ross-shire—Munro of Newmore. He had seen him raise a piece of ordnance to his breast, which Mackenzie of Fairburn had succeeded in raising to his knee, but which no other man, among

more than eighty thousand, could lift from off the ground. Newmore was considerably advanced in life at the time. He was a singularly daring, as well as an immensely powerful man, and had signalised himself in early life in the feuds of his native district. Some of his lands bordered on those of Black Andrew Munro, the last baron of Newtarbat, one of the most detestable wretches that ever abused the power of the pit and gallows. But, as at least their nominal politics were the same, and as the baron, though by far the less powerful man, was in, perhaps, a corresponding degree the more powerful proprietor, they had never come to an open rupture."

Newmore, on account of his venturing at times to screen some of the baron's vassals from his fury, by occasionally taking part against him in the quarrel of some of the petty landholders, whom the tyrant never missed an opportunity to oppress, was, by no means, one of his favourites. All the labour of the baron's demesnes was, of course, performed by his vassals as part of their proper service. A late wet harvest came on, and they were employed in cutting down his crops, when their own lay rotting on the ground. It is natural that in such circumstances they should have laboured unwillingly. All their dread of the baron, who remained among them in the fields, indulging in every caprice of fierce and cruel temper, aggravated by irresponsible power, proved scarcely sufficient to keep them at work; and to inspire them with greater terror, an elderly female, who had been engaged during the night in reaping a little field of her own, and had come somewhat late in the morning, was actually stripped naked by the savage, and sent home again. In the evening he was visited by Munro of Newmore, who came, accompanied by only a single servant, to expostulate with him on an act so atrocious and disgraceful. He was welcomed with a show of hospitality; the baron heard him patiently, and called for wine; they sat down and drank together. It was only a few weeks before, however, that one of the neighbouring lairds, who had been treated with a similar show of kindness by the baron, had been stripped half-naked at his table, when in a state of intoxication, and sent home with his legs tied under his horse's belly. Newmore, therefore, kept warily on his guard; he had left his horse ready saddled at the gate, and drank no more than he could

master, which was quite as much, however, as would have overcome most men. One after one of the baron's retainers began to drop into the room, each on a separate pretence, and as the fifth entered, Newmore, who had seemed as if yielding to the influence of the liquor, affected to fall asleep. The retainers came clustering round him. Two seized him by the arms, and two more essayed to fasten him to the chair; when up he sprang, dashed his four assailants from him, as if they had been boys of ten summers, and raising the fifth from the floor, hurled him headlong against the baron, who fell prostrate before the weight and momentum of so unusual a missile. In a minute after, Newmore had reached the gate, and, mounting his horse, rode away. The baron died during the night, a victim to apoplexy, induced, it is said, by the fierce and vindictive passions awakened on this occasion; and a Gaelic proverb, still current in Ross-shire, shows with what feelings his poor vassals must have regarded the event. Even to the present day, a Highlander will remark, when overborne by oppression, that "the same God still lives who killed Black Andrew Munro of Newtarbat."

The above events are said to have taken place in Black Andrew's Castle at Delny. He resided occasionally at his Castle of Contullich; and tradition states that the people of Boath, in passing up or down, had to perform the most abject obeisance to him, by taking off their hats and throwing themselves on the ground; and woe-betide the man (or woman) who forgot or refused to do so, for a shot from Andrew's big gun would bring him to his senses, or render him incapable of ever regaining that stage.

The following story in connection with Andrew's residence at Contullich I had some years ago from a *Seanachie*, who is now no more:—

The Rothach Dubh, he said, was an exceedingly fierce and cruel man, and ruled over his numerous estates with unlimited despotism, none daring to "make him afraid." For some reason or other he had conceived an inveterate hatred towards a number of his tenants or vassals in Garvary, and he resolved "to remove" them. The poor people having been informed of Andrew's feelings and intentions towards them, were accordingly on the watch for him. There were eight families in all in the

locality, and the system they adopted to defend themselves was this—The eight heads of the families watched together, one night in one house, next night in another, and so on. One exceptionally boisterous night of rain, sleet, and snow, they considered it unnecessary to be so watchful, erroneously believing that the Rothach Dubh would not trouble them on such a night. They were all, however, as usual, assembled in one house; but reckoned without their host. That same night Black Andrew ordered one of his servants to get two wisps of straw and make ready for a midnight ride to Garvary to attack and kill the people there. His servant remonstrated with him on the madness and recklessness of venturing out on such a stormy night, and on the atrocious character of the object of his journey; but his master was inexorable, and they set out on their diabolical mission. All the men, as already stated, were convened in one house. The Rothach Dubh, on arriving at the place, made for that house, being guided by the light shining through the window. Going up to this window, he listened to hear and determine who were inside. He overheard one of the men ask another in Gaelic "to look out and see what the night was doing." He did so, without noticing the Rothach Dubh, and on his return informed his friends that the night was most unusually fierce and boisterous, adding in Gaelic, "Weel, I know one thing, and that is, that Black Andrew Munro of Contullich wont attempt to come out on such a night, should he be the Devil himself." Black Andrew, who was still at the window, heard the man's observations, and gnashed his teeth. The unwary men on hearing what their friend said, and believing it, were completely thrown off their guard. When they had got all seated round the fire, the Rothach Dubh rushed in upon them with his drawn sword and killed them all, ere they had time to recover from their consternation, or to defend themselves. This story is firmly believed by the natives of the heights of Alness parish to this day.

Black Andrew married Euphemine, or Euphemia, daughter of James Dunbar, Laird of Tarbat, in Easter Ross, son of Sir James Dunbar of Westfield, in Moray.

On the 25th of January 1485, the Lords of Council ordained that James Dunbar of Tarbat should pay to Elizabeth, Countess

of Ross, the sum of 100 merks out of the mails (rents in money) of her lands in Tarbat and others, due at the term of Whitsunday last. They further ordained that the consideration of a claim made by the Countess against James Dunbar for 13 chalders of victuals and 100 merks received on her behalf from George, II. Earl of Huntly, should be deferred till the 24th of March, and that the Earl should be summoned to appear for his interest. The Lords of Council deferred till the same date an action raised by James Dunbar against the Countess for payment of £40 of fee, which he alleged remained due by her for five years, and for fulfilment of a condition under which he asserted he held her lands, that the dues should be diminished when the lands were waste.* On the 21st of January 1489, the Lords Auditors ordained that James Dunbar should pay to the Countess of Ross the sum of 736 merks Scots, due by him for the mails of the lands in Ross-shire which he held of her in lease, as proved by a bond under his seal and superscription; that his lease should be declared null and void, because he had failed to pay his dues at the terms contained in his bond, and that his lands and goods should be distrained for payment. James was summoned in the case, but failed to appear.† He seems, however, to have held the lands still, for on the 26th of February of the following year the Lords of Council ordained him to pay to the Countess 200 merks Scots as the dues of the said lands from Martinmas preceding, as shown by his bond.‡ On the 9th of December 1494, the Countess of Ross brought another action against James Dunbar for wrongfully withholding from her £42 "with the mare of the Witsonday terme" of her lands in Ross, and eighty head of oxen and cows, and for wrongfully occupying her lands of Dolgny (?Delny) and Easter Tarbat, with the rest of her lands in Ross-shire; in which case the Lords Auditors, in presence of the parties, judged that James Dunbar did wrong; that he should cease to occupy the lands; that he should deliver to the Countess the dues and cattle in question, in so far as she could prove her case before Sir William Munro, XII. Baron of Fowlis; that Sir

* Acta Dom. Conc., p. 100.

† Acta Auditorum, p. 122.

‡ Acta Dom. Conc., p. 126.

William should be empowered to hear the case, and, if it was proved, to distrain accordingly; and that the lands should forwith be "red" to the Countess.*

By Miss Dunbar, Andrew Munro had issue, besides daughters, and an illegitimate son named Thoms, three sons—

1. George, his heir and successor.

2. William, I. of Allan, from whom David Munro, the present popular laird of Allan, is lineally descended.

3. Andrew, to whom his father bequeathed the estate of Culnald, or Culnaha, in the parish of Nigg. He was twice married. His first wife was Ellen, daughter of John Sutherland of Insh, by whom he had one son. (1) David, his successor. By his second wife, Anne, daughter of Hugh Ross of Achnacloich, in the parish of Rosskeen, he had two sons—(2) George of Knocksworth, who married, and had three sons and one daughter—George, Robert, Hugh, and Anne. He died on the 23rd of August 1640, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, Commissary of Caithness, who married a daughter of Robert Sinclair of Gillhills, by whom he had two sons, George and Robert, of whom nothing is recorded. (3) Hugh, who apparently died unmarried.

Andrew of Culnald was succeeded by his eldest son, David, as second laird of Culnaha and Delny. He married his cousin, Janet, eldest daughter of Andrew Munro, V. of Milntown, by whom he had one son, Andrew.

David Munro second of Culnaha and Delny, died on the 12th of November 1596, and his relict married, as his second wife, Hector Munro, XVIII. Baron of Fowlis, without issue. He was succeeded as third of Culnaha and Delny by his only son, Andrew, who married a daughter of James Sinclair of Hemmington, by whom he had one son and two daughters—(1) John of Delny, his heir. (2) Janet, who married Duncan Grant of Lentran. (3) A daughter, whose name is not recorded. Andrew was succeeded as fourth of Culnaha and Delny by his only son, John, who entered the army as a Major, and subsequently attained the rank of a Lieutenant-general. He was killed at the battle of Worcester in 1651, "dying unmarried, and without issue."

* Acta. Auditorum, pp. 192-3.

Andrew Beg Munro, III. of Milntown, died at Milntown Castle, "in great extravagance and profusion," before 1541, and was buried in the east end of the Church of Kilmuir-Easter, near the Meikle Allan Burying-Ground.* He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC DICTIONARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The next time that Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica* is printed, there are three Gaelic Dictionaries to be added to the list.

1. A Dictionary of the Ancient Language of Scotland, by Robert Allan, Surgeon, Edinburgh, 1804. Quarto. This is mentioned in a book I have before me, A Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors. London, 1816. Printed by Henry Colburn. Formerly in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Quarterly Review*, they used in the body of the work to give a list of new publications: in one of these I saw Allan's work mentioned. Part First had appeared: the price, I think, was four shillings (this gives some idea of the size of the part.) Perhaps the encouragement given was slight, and no more parts came out. I have not seen Allan's work.

2. Mackeachern's Pocket Gaelic Dictionary. Perth. About 1870 I saw this in a Glasgow catalogue of second-hand books. I have not seen it.

3. Mackintyre's Gaelic Dictionary. In his Gaelic Etymology this is mentioned by Dr Charles Mackay. I have not seen Mackintyre.

About 1870 it was said that there was to be published a second edition of Reid; to be edited by Mr Mackinnon, now Professor of Celtic in Edinburgh University. As Reid was published in 1832, many additions have to be made to his praiseworthy work. Some time ago I tried, without success, to find some particulars of the life of John Reid. Let me add here that I never heard of Robertson's Dictionary referred to in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*.

THOMAS STRATTON, M.D.

DEVONPORT, DEVON.

[In the article "Dictionary" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," new edition, the Gaelic Dictionary by Allan is enumerated. We have no knowledge of Mackintyre's Dictionary.—ED. C. M.]

* I am indebted to the Rev. Gustavus Aird, Creich, for the information anent Black Andrew's place of interment.

MAJOR JOHN MACDONALD.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

II.

ON the 16th of June 1743 was fought the battle of Dettingen, which George the 2nd gained over the French under the command of Marshall Noailles. No little surprise was expressed at the time, as well as by historians since, that the Earl of Stair should not have pursued the French to more advantage after the battle. Macdonald explains why this was not done. He says—

"Before the action began, we were ordered to quit our knapsacks. Mine was large enough, but it never encumbered me afterwards; though I, as well as a man of each sentry were sent in the evening to look after them. The loss of my own things I did not regret so much as the wife's; even the baby's clouts were gone. However, I got some beef and bread among the slain French, and a bundle of good straw, which saved her life that night; for a deluge of rain fell, and the tents of our company did not arrive till next morning. That day we marched to Hanau, where General Clayton was buried. This great officer, with Captain Campbell, were both killed by a cannon ball, just when the latter was delivering the Earl of Stair's orders to pursue the flying enemy, who got off rather too well, before his lordship could know why his orders were not obeyed. Those who impute the escape of the French to any other cause, had better consider this as at least a more reasonable account; nor can any other be presumable."

The army lay at Hanau for six weeks, during which time Macdonald's first child was born, and, his wife not regaining her health for a time, he was obliged to try his hand at shopkeeping, on a small scale, in order to support her and the child—

"The regiment was again quartered for the winter at Bruges, and I found that the care of the child would employ the mother, and that both must be supported by my industry. Therefore, joining with another married man, I took a house, where our wives sold ale, and my comrade and I took bread from a baker at a small discount, and sold it at the different barracks as well as at home. Thus, by dint of industry, the little family was decently supported, and a small matter saved for the evil day."

In this manner Macdonald and his wife passed the winter in

comfort, but when spring came the regiment was again on the march, and the soldier's troubles began. We select the following amusing account of the trials of a married private on the march—

"In the spring of 1744, the army, under the command of Marshal Wade, marched for Lisle. My poor wife having the fever and ague most of that campaign, obliged me often to carry the baggage, child, and all. One day in particular, we having pitched near Tournay, and in the evening having struck the tents when she was in the hot fit, I packed all on my back, slung the firelock, took the child in my arms, and marched with the company on the great road to Lisle. A little after it turned dark there was an order from the front to keep profound silence in the ranks. Meantime, my child, I suppose, being hungry and dry, began to roar, and the more I hushed it, the worse it cried, knowing that I was not the mother. The Captain of the division, knowing my situation, ordered me to stop till the mother came up, which I did, until I was challenged by the Captain of the next division, to whom I said that Captain Roper had ordered me to wait until I could find the mother to silence the child. He then swore at me for a cowardly scoundrel that wanted to skulk behind for fear, in consequence of the late order from the front. I, in great anguish of mind, answered that, by God I would not go behind a tree if all the French Army were within pistol shot of me. He, understanding the allusion, made towards me in a great rage with his spontoon, swearing he would run it through me if I did not go quickly to my rank, and he was quickly obeyed. Meanwhile a narrow defile in the front made a halt, and before we moved on again, the mother came up, and calm succeeded. The next morning the army encamped in a spacious field before Lisle. The day after, a detachment going to a place called Lenoy, the French lay in ambush for them, and the first man killed was my friend, the Captain, who would run his spontoon into me. I own he died with my consent, though I utterly detest what might have been imputed had I been there."

While the army remained at Lisle, Macdonald again started a small beer-shop; but was not so fortunate as he had been at Bruges. By some means, not very clearly stated, their small store of money was either lost or stolen, and they were reduced to a few pence. How they bore this mishap, and how a comrade kindly helped them in their extremity, must be given in his own words—

"One day on my returning home I found two soldiers drink-

ing a mug of beer. When they had done, they gave my wife a small piece of silver to change. She, feeling her pocket, missed her purse; then, in a somewhat violent manner, asked me if I had it. I answered calmly in the negative. My manner of answering, as she thought, gave her reason to think that I had it, and she became very urgent to get it; but I finding the matter too serious, took the piece of silver from the men, went out, and got them their change, when they went away, when my wife pressing to get the purse from me, I asked her what she would do if she never saw it again. I was answered, '*go mad.*' I was now puzzled how to behave; but said if I had it, she need not be disturbed, and if it was never seen again, she must look on it as a trifling misfortune to such young people as us, who had already lived many happy days together on very little money, and might soon retrieve such a loss, and hoped she would not show a ridiculous weakness for what might be called nothing compared with many other disasters. Then having a little more command over herself, I soothed her a good deal; though the loss affected myself to a high degree, and staggered my prudent resolutions for some time. Our stock of money was now reduced to one halfpenny, which I happened to have in my pocket, and the threepence the soldiers had just paid for the beer. We had also the barrel near full of beer. But, as it often happens, one misfortune follows another. Late that evening our regiment got orders to march early next morning. Having but an indifferent night's rest, I was up early, and called on an acquaintance of the Welsh Fusiliers and told him to make his own use of the beer, as I had rather give it to a friend than leave it on the ground. He got up quickly, and instead of making a property of it, took it to the rear of our regiment then in ranks, and selling it a penny a quart cheaper than ordinary, before I moved off the ground, he brought me nine shillings and elevenpence which he had made of it. I can give no idea of my happiness in getting this timely relief, but will only say, that it enabled me to send my wife and child to Ghent, where they got a comfortable room. The weather turned out so bad, that had they been with me in camp, they must have suffered greatly, if not perished outright."

For the third time Macdonald's regiment was quartered at Bruges for the winter, and he resumed his shop-keeping. Besides selling beer and bread, he bought soldiers' old coats and other things, by which he could turn an honest penny. As there were several vacancies for non-commissioned officers at this time, Macdonald hoped to be promoted; but was again disappointed by General Skelton issuing a public order to the effect that neither Scotch nor Irish should be promoted to these vacancies

as long as there was an Englishman in the Company who was fit for the duty. In April 1745 the army left Bruges to march, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, to the relief of Tournay, then besieged by the French. Before leaving the town, Macdonald hired a room of his brewer, in which he stored his stock-in-trade of second-hand clothing, as well as his wife's best things. For the account of the subsequent battle, where he was severely wounded, we shall again give his own graphic description—

"On the morning of the 1st of May 1745 we attacked the enemy in their works. Our regiment was broken and made up thrice. On going the first time, my right hand man, not liking the work, fell behind me, and sometimes hung on my haversack, where I had a little bread. I told him often to keep his rank or I would knock him down. This I did at last, and I saw no more of him during the action. There were fourteen in the front rank of platoons, going to the field, but on coming out, only another and myself; and I had three wounds. Yet, notwithstanding this, when the Earl of Crawford called a platoon of volunteers from the 32nd regiment to cover his troop of Life Guards, I was one of nineteen rank and file that turned out with Lieutenant Clark. His lordship having the honour of being last on the field, soon after sent an order to Lieutenant Clark to take his platoon off. While waiting for orders to rejoin our regiment, we, all being tired, sat down, and for the first time I began to examine my wounds, particularly one in my right thigh, where a ball had lodged, which troubled me very much. The Lieutenant, looking at me with surprise, asked how I could turn out a volunteer in such a condition, or even keep the field so long? I answered that I had no broken bones. When we received orders to join our corps I was so stiff that I had to hang on to a comrade until we came to the ground of our last encampment. Here orders were given to march directly, and the wounded were to be sent to the Duke's quarters; that being made a temporary hospital. My good friend, the Major, ordered me there, but I answered that I would rather go with my company. He said he knew my spirit was good, but that instead of being able to keep up with the rest I should be obliged to lie on the road, and, perhaps, before morning be cut to pieces by the French Hussars. Still I insisted on going with the company; then, in the old style, cursing my Highland blood, he ordered me to my rank. There I found the man I knocked down in the morning, and on my making objection to his being so near me, the Major, swearing vengeance against him as a cowardly scoundrel, took him to the colours to be under his

own eye in case of an engagement; and that was the last I saw of Luke Beady, who deserted to the French the next morning. At dusk the army moved not only slow, but halting often, and as often I sat or lay down. At last I stopped altogether under a tree, and, overcome by fatigue, slept, though often disturbed by my wife, who, remembering what the Major had said about the French Hussars, wished me to move on. But all to no purpose, I neither could nor would stir until fair daylight, when the tracks of the army were easy seen, but nothing else. So I followed, hirpling on the road, till, the call of hunger being imperative, I detached the wife to a village at a little distance to get something to eat. A little while after, two men of the 42nd, who were left behind to bury a sergeant, came up, and they, knowing me, expressed their concern for my condition. I asked them if they could give me anything to eat. They answered no, but that they would try the neighbouring houses. They soon brought some eggs, milk, and beer. There I sat in the middle of the road until my wife arrived with bread, and then who dined better than my little family and I? Indeed, the child made such signs of joy at the sight of the eggs and milk as would divert me, had I lost a limb. After a while I again jogged on, and came up to the regiment, just as the Major was collecting the return of killed and wounded. How soon he saw me he mended his pace to meet me, and, in the most familiar manner, enquired how I did, adding that my folly proved lucky, as the Hospital was taken by the French and all stripped, but for all that I should have obeyed his orders, not only as his being my superior as an officer, but in experience; and that I should distinguish myself by bravery, but never by madness, which he must call my following the army in my present condition. He then called the Surgeon to dress my wounds and extract the ball, which made me so uneasy. When it was taken out it seemed as if it had been too large for the piece from which it had been fired; therefore it was beat to eight square, which made it very ragged, and as long as the first two joints of my little finger. Being now well attended, I was soon cured, although a wound on my right shoulder made that arm weaker ever since."

Though Macdonald appears to have been a very steady man, and a good soldier, there always seemed to be some obstacle to his obtaining the promotion which he undoubtedly deserved. He made sure of gaining a step after being wounded, but was again disappointed; for his friend, the Major, having quarrelled with his Colonel, sold out, and retired from the service. He explains how he was passed over thus—

"Next morning I was ordered to the Grenadiers, having

now no Major to keep me out of them, nor was there an officer in that company that had the least knowledge of me. Meanwhile, Colonel Skelton got the 12th Regiment, and Colonel Wm. Douglas, the 32nd. A few days after, when I was away for forage, Colonel Douglas filled up all the vacancies for sergeants and corporals, without the least knowledge that such a man as me existed. A little time after, the enemy took Bruges, with my poor store, and many more valuables. Thus my poor family was a third time stripped of their little all. In the latter end of this season, the Rebellion being hot in Scotland, the foot regiments were all ordered home. Our regiment landed at Gravesend, marched for Dover, and soon marched back to Deptford, where we received orders to march North. Meantime, Macdowall of Garthland, Captain of Grenadiers, sent for me, and asked me, rather as a favour to take notice of his own and the company baggage on this march, as he was afraid that some of it might get lost through the neglect and drunkeness of the men in charge. I readily agreed, and this route was continued to Stafford, where we halted on St Andrew's Day."

Captain Macdowall was so well pleased with our hero, that thinking to do him a kindness, he offered him the place of batman, that is, to take care of and groom his riding horses, for which he would get extra pay, and be exempted from his ordinary duty. But the Highland blood of Macdonald could not bear the idea. He could be a soldier, but not a groom, so with many excuses he declined the offer. News arriving of the retreat of Prince Charles from Derby, Macdonald's regiment received orders to march to Croydon, he seeing after the baggage all the time. On giving up his charge to Captain Macdowall, the following conversation took place—

"I waited on my Captain with an inventory of the charge, and the key of the store-room, telling him all was safe, and that I thought nothing now hindered my returning to my ordinary duty. He asked me if keeping the key, and looking at the things now and then would interfere with my duty. I answered, not at all. He then told me Corporal Hart had deserted to the French, and asked if I would do that duty. I answered I would, if he thought proper. The Lieutenant-Colonel being present, said, 'Ay, Macdonald, you'll do Corporal's duty, though you did not choose to be batman.' This made me ask my Captain's pardon, I imagining him angry at me for refusing that office; but the Colonel observed there was no occasion for apology as the Captain was rather well pleased than otherwise to find such a spirit under such difficulties. Then commencing Lance-Corporal

on the 2nd January 1746. Some time in February there was a Corporal's rank vacant, but a dispute arising between the Major and Grenadier Captain, both candidates were disappointed; I mean myself and another man, who was the Major's favourite. In July following the regiment went abroad again, and soon after I was really made Corporal, and Captain Macdowall's attachment to me increased daily. This year we fought the battle of Prague. The troops were ordered under arms an hour before daybreak. After this our regiment got Bromell for winter quarters, and my Captain going on recruiting service took me with him. When we arrived at Edinburgh there were orders from the War Office to enlist neither Scots nor Irish."

Mrs Macdonald being in delicate health, and tired of following the army, it was decided that she should go and live in Sutherlandshire, where their second child—a boy—was born. Mrs Macdonald, by her own industry, was able to support herself and children for over five years, during which time this attached couple never had an opportunity of meeting, which was a great trial to them both. Their boy died at the age of five years without his father ever having seen him. We will detail his further adventures in his own words.—

"I was ordered to Lieutenant George Farquhar at Leeds, who seemed very well pleased with my first trial on that duty. In April 1747 we joined the regiment at Bromell with the recruits, and soon after marched to camp, and fought the battle of Val, where a small ball broke the butt end of my firelock, when I had it at recover, ready to present. Had I had it in any other position, that ball must have gone through me. The latter end of this year our regiment was ordered home, and at first to winter at Kent, but after being as far as Gravesend, was ordered for Newcastle-on-Tyne. On this voyage I had several fevers, and nothing to drink but bad water, nor to eat but rusk (a sort of bread used by the Dutch Navy. It's something like sawdust, baked to look like biscuit.) The sergeants being allowed English biscuit, one of my comrades pleaded hard to get some for me to boil in water, but to no purpose. By-the-bye, the principal or Pay-Sergeant was a Mackenzie from Lochbroom, a man very capable of that office, had he kept his inferiors at proper distance; but I observing to him often the evil consequences of such freedom, became a troublesome monitor, and, as is often the case, became the object of his ill-will, as appears by his cruelty in refusing me the biscuit. When we came to Newcastle, I was ordered to the Hospital, and, a little time afterwards, despaired of by the doctors; but by the will of Providence I recovered;

but in a great measure lost the use of my right arm, which was imputed to a wound I had in that shoulder at Fontenoy, and lying on that side on shipboard when the fever was so violent. Being thus rendered useless for service, my discharge was made out. When my Captain came from Scotland, and enquiring the state of his Corporal from the surgeon, and being told I was to be discharged, he went immediately to the Colonel, and desired leave to keep me for a season, even if it were at his own expense, to see if my arm would recover, and I mended so slow that I could not expect to be continued in the service, when a reduction of so many out of every regiment in the whole army was unavoidable." On the 1st of April 1748, the regiment embarked at Shields for the Netherlands, and settling a little at Ostend, we were clothed, at the delivery of which the Captain ordered me to assist the sergeants, so that nothing would be lost; but in this my services were considered by them as officiousness, and Mackenzie asked me what business I had there, and his comrade and great crony, one Sergeant Clark, ordered me to get out, with which I complied, and, with tears in my eyes, observed to these gentry, that impunity for such rude address was, to their own knowledge, owing entirely to my misfortune. During this campaign peace was concluded; thus kind Providence made this worthy man the instrument to prevent my falling on the smallest allowance under the Crown, and we were ordered home. Meantime the regiment landed at Harwich, and, I being an invalid, was ordered with sick and baggage by water to London, and from thence to Reading in Berkshire, which took so much time that before my arrival, my Captain was gone for Scotland, before I joined, and my friend, Dr Mackenzie told me, the last orders he had from Captain Macdowall was that I should urge nothing respecting a discharge until his return. The regiment being ordered for Gibraltar, he joined in May 1749, and questioning me whether I would follow the company, or choose my discharge, and I declaring for the latter, he took pains to convince me of the difficulty of my getting a pension, notwithstanding of my just pretensions, there being already such multitudes on that list, that a man of my fresh appearance, and with whole limbs had but a bad chance; at the same time, giving me rather to understand that it would be agreeable to him to have me Sergeant in his company, which duty I might accomplish, notwithstanding my present infirmity. I then gratefully acknowledged his goodness all along, submitting for the future to whatever he thought proper, and, accordingly, went to Gibraltar, where my arm recovered amazingly, though never thoroughly. Soon after our settling in that Fortress a deficiency in paying the company coming above board, Mackenzie was broke, and I got his halbert.

I should have observed that Clark had suffered the same fate in 1748 at Ness-le-roy Camp. It may seem now in my power to return favours in kind; but so far from that, I assure, on my honour, that I studied to make these two men happy in their reduced condition. Nor did I ever think of the injuries they had done me but with the utmost disdain of revenge. The Captain called a still more capable Sergeant to pay his company, but that man, in a fortnight, forfeited his trust, and I was called to receive the company's money, and, can it be believed, refused it, forsooth, because my benefactor, contrary to his former custom, would not give me a stated weekly allowance. He then told me that he would find a man to pay his company; and, like an ungrateful wretch, I left my friend and his money."

Soon after this an officer of the regiment, Lieutenant Barrow, being ordered home on recruiting service, sent for Macdonald and offered to take him with him. Macdonald did not care about going, and made several excuses, which the officer admitted to be reasonable, at the same time hinting to him, that as he had lately disobliged his Captain by refusing to be Pay-Sergeant without extra allowance, he thought it advisable for him to keep out of his way for a while. Macdonald at once saw the wisdom of this, and thanking the Lieutenant for the hint, cheerfully agreed to go. He got on very well with Lieutenant Barrow, and when the latter sold his commission to a Lieutenant Hilmar, Macdonald became a favourite with him also. In April 1751, this officer returned to Gibraltar with the recruits, and left Sergeant Macdonald behind in London to continue recruiting, in which he was so successful as to enlist 26 men in three months, with whom he returned to Gibraltar. He was anxious to know with what feelings Captain Macdowall now regarded him; but his anxiety was soon at rest. He thus describes their meeting—

"To my unspeakable comfort he declared his good pleasure at seeing me so hearty, and in the greatest good humour said, that I must pay his company, and he would give as high a weekly allowance as any Pay-Sergeant in the garrison had. I begged him for God's sake to say nothing of allowances, but command me to do what he thought proper, as I had none but repentant days and nights since I committed that ungrateful blunder. But for the future I was fully resolved to act so as to make him forget my folly. I immediately got the company's books, and proved so much to his satisfaction that he laid himself out to do better for me. In June 1753, we were relieved,

landed at Portsmouth, and marched for Perth. Here I met with my wife, in the deepest concern for her fine boy; nor was my own less, though I affected cheerfulness on her account. In 1754, the Captain, with the Grenadiers, and a detachment from the regiment, was ordered to Braemar Castle. From thence I was always sent to Perth for officers' and men's subsistence, sometimes to the amount of £500. The officers observing to him that his trust was too much for me in my rank, his answer was, That it was all his while in my custody, and that he should be allowed to judge who to trust with his money; nor was he apprehensive, let the sum be never so great."

(To be continued.)

SUTHERLAND FIGHTS.

II.

III. FISCARY (1196.)

ALTHOUGH historians have failed to give us any definite information regarding this fight, yet with the aid of topography and tradition we may be enabled to throw some little light upon it.

On the coast of Sutherland the Norsemen and the Celts for many years waged continuous war. In almost every instance the Sagas claim the victory for the Norsemen; but in this particular battle we have conclusive evidence of their defeat. If battlefields have Norse names, we may infer a Norse victory, but if Celtic, we may infer a Norse defeat; for it is evident that the victors would have the privilege of settling upon and naming the ground.

At the head of far-famed Strathnaver stands Ben-Harold. From its base rises Ault-Harold (Harold's Burn), which has given its name to and flows past Altnaharra, the cherished resort of keen Waltonians, and one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful spots in Sutherlandshire. Further down the Strath is Dalharold (Harold's Dale). Here tradition has it that a great fight was fought, and in the many grave mounds or tumuli with which the Strath, from Ben-Harold downwards, is

dotted, we have our tradition sufficiently confirmed. Had the victory been Norse, according to our rule, the *dal* would have been suffixed, and the name would have appeared as Harold's-*dal*. The grave mounds indicate the retreat of the Norsemen, and guided thereby we find the scene of battle shifted to Fiscary, a place about two miles distant from the foot of the Strath, and on the way to Castle Borve, which was probably one of the Norse strongholds. At this point the Norsemen made their last stand, and they must have fought hard; for the very numerous mounds and the massive cairns are evidence of tremendous slaughter, and one might almost say, of the utter extinction of the invading army.

On turning to history we have on record that when William the Lion reigned over Celtic Scotland the turbulent Norsemen gave him considerable annoyance. The Lion King having gathered his clans together, sent a strong force against Harold Earl of Caithness, and Torphin, his son. It is not stated where the combatants met, but from the names and circumstances mentioned above we are led to believe Strathnaver to be the locale of the battle. The Norsemen suffered a severe defeat. Harold was captured, and Torphin, his son, had to be delivered up as an hostage. William afterwards gave up to Harold the northern part of Caithness, but the southern portion, now the county of Sutherland, he gave to Hugh Freskyn, the progenitor of the Earls of Sutherland.

It is popularly believed that a stone in the church-yard of Farr, one of the finest of antique monuments in the North, with curious sculpturing, and rather difficult to decipher, was erected in memory of some chiefs slain in this battle.

IV. LEATHAD RIABHACH.

(1601).

THE Earl of Caithness had long threatened to invade the wilder regions of Sutherland, and had boastfully intimated his intention to hunt in the moors of Durness—that "delectable hunting ground." Taking advantage of the Earl of Sutherland's absence on the Continent, he made preparations to carry out his threat. The chieftains having received information of the intended inroad, determined on resistance, and by the timely return of their chief

—the Earl—from the Continent, they were enabled to collect a sufficient number of clansmen to repel the invader. Of the clans there gathered—the Mackays from Strathnaver, the Macleods from Assynt, the Munros, and the Sutherlands.

The Earl of Caithness advanced into Sutherland, as far as Leathad Riabhach in the Ben Griam, where the Earl of Sutherland met him with his forces. "The two hosts were encamped within thrie mylls one of another besyd the hill of Bengrime, readie to encounter the nixt morning; which no sooner appeared than the Sutherland men prepared themselves for battel."

The Earl of Caithness having now ascertained the strength of the opposing army, began to doubt his prospect of success, and his courage rapidly disappeared. "Finding that his hazard was greater than his hope, and that his assured losses by overthrow would farr surmount his doubtfull victorie, he preferred the care to preserve himself and his, before the desire to encounter, and so had very tymely that morning, withal expedition, retired himself homeward." When the attack seemed imminent, the Caithness men fled in disorder; "leaving ther stuff and cariage, they went away by break of day in a fearfull confusion, fleying and hurling together in such headlong hast, that everie one increased the fear of his fellow companion."

A cairn (Carn-teichidh), which is still visible, was erected by the Sutherland men in memory of the flight.

"Being saflie arrived within his own bounds" the Earl of Caithness offered to permit the Earl of Sutherland to advance equally far without resistance into Caithness. As no advantage could be derived from the proposal, his offer was not accepted. After gentlemen from each side saw the armies dissolved, the Caithness men, as the somewhat clannish historian records with evident relish, "retired to their homes, right glaid in their hearts to have escaped beyond their expectation."

D. MACLEOD, M.A.

BOOKS ON CELTIC LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND OTHER HIGHLAND SUBJECTS.—The attention of the reader is respectfully directed to a list of books—many of them curious and rare—on the History, Literature, Traditions, and other Highland subjects, given at the end of this number.

OLD INVERNESS.

I.

THOUGH two or three books have been written by competent authors upon the earlier history of the Burgh of Inverness, these works are now mostly out of print, and not accessible to the general public, and it is believed that a few of the leading facts and traditions connected with the Highland Capital will prove interesting to Highlanders at home and abroad.

Inverness, the Capital of the Highlands, was even in ancient times a place of some importance. Of its origin nothing authentic is known, and like most other places in the same position, very fanciful conjectures have been made by antiquarians regarding its early history. Some even go so far as to state that it was in existence before the birth of Christ, an assertion which was probably founded upon the statement in Burns' Chronology that "Evenus was a good king; he made Inverness and Inverlochy market towns sixty years before Christ." Boethius and Buchanan concur in this view, but the evidence is too slender to obtain general credence. There is no doubt, however, that Inverness is a very ancient town, and that it existed in the Druidical and hill-fort period, the remains at Clava, Craig-Phadraig, and other places in the neighbourhood apparently pointing to that conclusion. The camp at Bona is said to have been formed by the Romans in the year 140 A.D., about the time of the building of Antonine's Wall, at which period the town is stated to have been in the hands of the invaders. Towards the end of the 6th century, Inverness was the capital of the Pictish kingdom, and in 565 St Columba and some of his followers visited it, and were successful in converting to Christianity, Brude II., king of the Picts, who then had his headquarters in the town. We are told, on the authority of *Historians of Scotland*, that "Brude in his pride had shut the gates against the holy man, but the saint, by the sign of the cross and knocking at it, caused it to fly open of its own accord. Columba and his companions then entered; the king with those around him advanced and met them, and received the saint with due respect, and ever after King Brude honoured

him." The saint is said to have performed several wonderful miracles in Inverness, in the way of casting out evil spirits, defeating the king's seers and wise men, and other Christian deeds of the kind.

In 843 the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms were united under the rule of Kenneth Macalpin, and Inverness then lost the distinction of being a capital. For the next two centuries little is known about its history, until, in 1039, it is supposed to have been the scene of King Duncan's murder by Macbeth. It contests this distinction, however, with the town of Elgin, and there is little likelihood of the much-vexed point being ever definitely settled. Macbeth's castle is supposed, by those who hold to the Inverness theory, to have stood upon the Crown, and a circular plot of ground, railed in and planted with trees, behind Victoria Terrace, is pointed out as its site. However this may be, Bellenden, the translator of Boethius, writes as follows:—"Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his freindis, to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinit to be for the time. And because he fand sufficient oportunite, be support of Banquho and otheris his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the VII yeir of his regne." Shakespeare, in his great tragedy of Macbeth, follows this version. In 1056 Malcolm Canmore, in revenge of his father's murder, utterly destroyed the building in which it is said to have occurred, and raised another castle of his own, overlooking the river, on the west end of the present Castle Hill. After this date, the town gradually clustered round the new castle, seeking that protection which the ruins of Macbeth's stronghold no longer afforded. In the 12th century, during the reign of David I., Inverness was raised to the dignity of a Royal Burgh, and became the headquarters of the High Sheriff, whose jurisdiction included all the country north of the Grampians. About this time, a legislative document describes the town as "*Loca capitalia per totum regnum*," one of the capital places of the whole kingdom. In 1161 Shaw, second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, for his assistance to Malcolm IV. in quelling a revolt in Moray, was made hereditary governor of the Castle of Inverness, with the name of "Mac-an-Toiseach," meaning "Son of the Thane." In 1196 the town was visited by William the Lion, who granted four different charters to it during

his reign. These documents ratified that of David I., with the addition of several new privileges, and the latest of them ordained "a weekly market to be held in the burgh in all time coming." The charter provided this market to be held on "the Sabbath Day in every week." Two more charters were granted by Alexander II. in 1217 and 1237, one of which made over the lands of Merkinch to the town. In 1233 the same monarch endowed a monastery of Greyfriars in the town. The lands of the monks, at the Reformation, were turned into the minister's glebe, and the site of the church into a grave-yard. The sole remnant of the monastery now remaining upon the spot is a fragment of a pillar still standing in the midst of the graves. In 1229 the town was burnt, and the neighbouring Crown lands ravaged by a freebooter named Gillespick MacScourlane, who afterwards paid the penalty of his evil deeds with his life and those of his two sons.

In the 15th century Inverness became the seat of a most important industry, that of shipbuilding. It is stated in Tytler's *History of Scotland* that, in 1249, a powerful French baron, Hugh de Chastillion, Earl of St Paul, when about to accompany Louis the IX. to the Crusades, caused a ship to be built at Inverness for his use. Apparently, even then, the fame of the town as a shipbuilding centre had extended to the Continent. In 1280 a ship was built at Inverness for a French Count who had been shipwrecked in the Orkneys. During the minority of one of the Mackintosh's successors, the Cummings of Badenoch appropriated the office of keeper of Inverness Castle, and succeeded in retaining it until 1303, when it was taken by Edward I. of England. At that time Bruce was in the Hebrides, but on hearing of the fall of his stronghold, he gathered his men, and in a short time retook the fortress. In 1325 that monarch "directed a precept to the Sheriff of Inverness to do full and speedy justice at the suit of the burgesses of Inverness against all invading their privileges, by buying or selling in prejudice of them, and of the liberties of the burgh." The Sheriffdom of Inverness was from time to time curtailed, however, until its jurisdiction became limited almost entirely to its own shire; but that did not happen until a much later period. In 1369, David II. granted a charter which gave the town a right to the

lands of Drakies, and to the burgh tolls and petty customs. A considerable portion of the inhabitants then consisted of Flemish merchants, who had settled in the town, and exported large quantities of skins, furs, salmon, herring, and malt, in exchange for wine and other commodities.

Some idea of the unsatisfactory state of society at this time may be gleaned from the fact that from 1306 to the Union, the town was almost constantly at war with the neighbouring clans—indeed, it was destroyed by fire no fewer than three different times. In 1400, Donald, Lord of the Isles, surrounded Inverness with a large body of men, and threatened to burn the town unless he was instantly paid a heavy ransom. The Provost, a Mr Junor, affected to agree to Donald's terms, and, as a part of the ransom, sent him a large quantity of spirits. The army were very soon tipsy to a man, and then the Provost, sallying forth at the head of the citizens, boldly attacked the enemy, and utterly routed them at North Kessock. Donald himself managed to escape, and took ample vengeance upon the town ten years afterwards, when he almost annihilated it by fire. After this event, James I. gave orders for strengthening the Castle, with the view of preventing such a catastrophe again, and at the same time the Chief of Clan Chattan was reinstated as governor.

So unsettled was the country, that in 1427 King James and his Parliament made a journey to the North, and held a great Justice-aire in the Castle of Inverness, for the trial of all the chiefs and others who had been engaged in the many robberies and murders which disgraced the period. The result was that several of the most desperate characters paid the penalty of their evil deeds with their lives, and Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, was imprisoned for a year. The latter, soon after being liberated, levied 10,000 men, and, following in his predecessor's footsteps, burnt Inverness a second time, and besieged the Castle, which withstood all his attempts. He was soon afterwards taken prisoner by the Royal Army, and imprisoned in Tantallon Castle. His son, John, succeeded in taking the Castle of Inverness by stratagem in 1455, and again the unfortunate capital suffered the extremities of fire and sword. In 1464 it was honoured by a visit from James III., who stayed in the Castle

for a while, and granted a new Charter of Confirmation. In 1499 James IV. stayed a short time in the town, and attended service in a little chapel which stood on the Green of Muirtown, and which was ever afterwards known as the King's Chapel. The site of the chapel, and a small grave-yard attached, is now entirely built over. In 1509 the Earl of Huntly was appointed Hereditary Sheriff of the County of Inverness, and keeper of the Castle. We are told in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*, that "power was given him to add to the fortifications; and he was at the same time bound, at his own expense, to build upon the Castle Hill of Inverness, a hall of stone and lime upon vaults. This hall was to be 100 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and the same in height; it was to have a slated roof, and to it were to be attached a kitchen and chapel of proper size." The Regent Moray usurped these offices for a short time, but the rightful holder soon regained them. In 1629, however, Huntly resigned the posts for a *solatium* of £2500. Sir Robert Gordon was then granted the appointment for life. In 1522, as appears from a document of that date quoted in *Invernessiana*, the town of Inverness possessed a Cucking-stool, which was a chair in which scolds and suspected witches were bound, and then ducked in the river.

In 1538 the first Protestant minister of Inverness was appointed. In the course of another century, the population had increased to such an extent that two ministers were required, and, in 1706, a third was found necessary. In 1555, Mary of Guise "held several courts in the Castle, for the trial and punishment of caterans and political offenders," and the Earl of Caithness was imprisoned in the Castle dungeon. The beautitul and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, visited the town in 1562, and, although refused admittance to the Castle, she gathered her forces, took the fortress, and hanged Alexander Gordon, the deputy-governor. The house where Queen Mary resided, at the foot of Bridge Street, is well known, and there has long been a tradition that there exists a subterranean passage between that house and the site of the Old Castle. In 1574, Hugh, Lord Lovat, was Sheriff Principal of Inverness, and constable of the Castle. In Anderson's *History of the Frasers* it is stated that his lordship was a great promoter of manly sports, and an expert bowman. It was a

general custom in those days for all the nobility to meet at stated periods, for the purpose of tilting, fencing, riding the great horse, and the like exercises. At one of these rencounters in the Chapel-yard of Inverness, Lord Lovat dismounted the Laird of Grant and the Sheriff of Moray. This, with some taunt which followed, so irritated these gentlemen as to occasion sharp words, when Lovat said, that as he had given them a specimen of his tilting, he would now try the mettle of their riding. Dashing the rowels into his steed, he rode through the river, and made straight for the hill of Clachnaharry, bidding them keep a pace; here he leaped his horse over the ledge of the rock, and dared his pursuers to follow. But they, terrified with the appearance of the place, judged it wisest to desist. The impression, says our author, made by his horse's shoes below, was visible for upwards of sixty years after, as it was kept clean by a man who had an annual pension for preserving it.

In 1589 the first Town Law-Agent was appointed by the Magistrates of Inverness. In that year, Master Oliver Coult was elected to the office, with an annual salary of six pounds Scots. James VI. granted two charters to the town, the later of which, in 1591, is known as the Great or Golden Charter, confirming all the former charters, with the addition of many new privileges. From 1591 to 1688 Inverness seems to have been in a prosperous state, exporting great quantities of meal and malt, and also supplying the whole of the North. In 1640 a Morayshire woman started a school in the town, which appears to have offended the Magistrates so much, as being in opposition to the parish schoolmaster, that they passed a resolution that "Margaret Cowie should not be allowed to teach *beyond the Proverbs*!" In 1644 the Castle was repaired and garrisoned by the Covenanters, under Sir James Fraser of Brea, who surrounded the town with a ditch, cut down a number of beautiful trees in the Grey Friars' and Chapel Yards, and erected a strong gate at the top of Castle Street. In the following year it was besieged by Montrose, but without success. Five years later it was taken by Mackenzie of Pluscardine and Urquhart of Cromarty, who destroyed a great part of it, which was not again restored until 1718. In 1652 Inverness was occupied by Cromwell, on behalf of the Commonwealth, and in the following year he commenced the

erection of a fort at the mouth of the Ness, which occupied five years in building. The following description of this fortress is taken from Anderson's *History of the Frasers*:—

It was a regular pentagon, surrounded at full tide with water sufficient to float a small bark. The breastwork was three stories high, all of hewn stone, and lined with brick inside. The sallee port lay towards the town. The principal gate was to the North, where was a strong draw-bridge of oak, and a stately structure over it, with this motto, "*Togam tuentur arma.*" From this bridge the Citadel was approached by a wide vault 70 feet long, with seats on each side. In the centre of the fort, stood a large square building, three stories high. The lower storey contained the granary and magazine. In the highest, was a church, well finished, within a pavilion roof, surmounted by a steeple with a clock and four bells; at the south east, stood a long building, four stories high, called the English building, because built by English masons, and opposite to it a similar one, erected by Scottish architects. On the north-east and north-west were the ammunition houses, artificers' lodgings, stables, brew-houses, and a tavern. A conduit under ground, with iron gates at each end, extended from one side to the other, and carried off the filth of the Citadel. The accommodation altogether would lodge 1000 men. England supplied the oak planks and beams; the fir was bought from Fraser of Struie, who received 30,000 merks as purchase money. Recourse had been had to the monasteries of Kinloss and Beauly, the Bishop's Castle of Chanonry, the Greyfriars' Church and St Mary's Chapel at Inverness, for the stone work, and in addition thereto, materials were taken from the Redcastle quarries. Such a variety of stores did the garrison bring with them, and so profuse were they, that a Scots pint of claret sold for a shilling, and cloth was bought as cheap as in England. The whole expense of the Citadel was £80,000 sterling.

In 1662, by request of the Highland chiefs, this great fortress was demolished, but the brief stay of the English soldiery had a permanent effect upon the language and customs of the inhabitants of Inverness. The curious little clock-tower, with its clock, still standing at the Citadel, is said to have been erected in Cromwell's time.

In the *History of the Macdonalds*, there is an account of a serious conflict which took place in Inverness in 1665 between the townspeople, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, and the Town Guards, the result of which was that the two first parties went to law, and, in the end, the town was ordered by the Privy Council to pay Glengarry £4800 Scots damages, besides medical fees. The quarrel commenced at the horse market, which was held on the hill south of the Castle. Some women were selling cheese at the top of the hill, and a townsman, named Finlay Dubh, lifted a cheese in his hand, and inquired the price. On being told, he accidentally or wilfully let the cheese roll down the hill into the

river. The owner of the kebbock insisted on payment; Finlay gave her an insolent reply. Somebody at hand sided with the woman, and, seizing the offender, pulled off his bonnet in pledge for the price of the cheese. A kinsman of Finlay's challenged this man, and from words they soon came to blows. The whole market took up the quarrel, and the fight became general. The Guards were called out, swords drawn, and guns fired. Provost Cuthbert donned a steel head-piece, and with sword and buckler went into the fight. The alarm bell was rung; two men were killed and several wounded by the shots fired by the Guards. At length quiet was restored; the Provost defended the action of the Guards in firing. The two dead men were found to be Macdonalds. That clan considered themselves insulted, and vowed revenge. At length they agreed to make peace on certain stipulated conditions, but these were so humiliating that the town refused to treat on such terms, and the matter was at last submitted to the Privy Council, with the before-mentioned result.

In 1662 the Magistrates held a great horse-race on the plain round Tomnahurich. The prizes were a silver cup and a saddle. Hugh, 10th Lord Lovat, the Lairds of Grant and Kilravock, and an officer from Fort-William, contested the first race, Lovat coming in first. The next race was won by a Bailie of the town. On 28th September 1664, the old wooden bridge gave way, the event being thus described by a contemporary writer:—"The great old wooden bridge of Inverness was repairing, and by the inadvertency of a carpenter cutting a beam that lay betwixt two couples, the bridge tending that way, ten of the old couples fell flat on the river, with about two hundred persons—men, women, and children—on it. Four of the townsmen broke legs and thighs; some sixteen had their heads, arms, and thighs bruised; all the children safe without a scart—a signal providence and a dreadful sight at 10 forenoon." In 1685, according to Mr Maclean, the Inverness "Nonogenarian," a substantial stone bridge, of seven arches, was erected, partly at the expense of the town, and partly by means of subscriptions. Macleod of Macleod, Lord Lovat, and other lairds contributed handsomely, and on that account their clans were afterwards allowed to pass over the bridge without paying toll. Some years after, however, Lord Lovat gave up his privilege to the town for a consideration, and the Frasers had afterwards

to pay. Macleod of Macleod's coat-of-arms was placed over the gateway of the bridge in special acknowledgment of his subscription towards its erection.

Some of the inhabitants of the town hit upon a novel expedient for getting relieved of the toll. On Sunday, as the people were coming from church, they and their minister were shocked to see a number of people playing shinty on the Green of Muirtown. On being remonstrated with, the Sabbath-breakers alleged that they could not pay the toll for crossing the bridge, and were therefore unable to go to church, and that they had nothing else to do but to amuse themselves. The worthy minister applied to the Magistrates, with the result, that no toll was thereafter exacted on Sundays. Between the second and third arches of the bridge was a miserable dungeon, about twelve feet square, in which prisoners were confined. It was entered by a flight of stairs, leading from a trap-door in the roadway, to a door of massive iron bars. The only other opening was a grated window looking towards the west. In this dismal hole, a poor unfortunate man was imprisoned about 1715, who, it is said, was finally devoured by rats, but this is questionable. The wretched man used in winter to cry out, "Casan fuara, casan fuara," cold feet, cold feet. For many years a toll of a bodle, or the sixth part of a penny, for each foot passenger with goods, a penny for a loaded horse, etc., was levied on the bridge on those who had not the privileges of the burgh. Many of those who came to the markets were unable to pay this toll, and in summer and autumn it was a common sight to see bands of men and women sitting on the west bank of the river, just opposite where the West Church is now, waiting until the state of the tide enabled them to ford the stream.

H. R. M.

(To be continued.)

THE GLASGOW SKYE ASSOCIATION.—The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Natives of the Isle of Skye, and their friends, residing in Glasgow, was held there in the Queen's Rooms, on Friday, the 5th of December—Reginald Macleod, second son of Macleod of Macleod, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. Dr Donald Macleod, and Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*—the latter in Gaelic. A very attractive musical programme, Gaelic and English, having been gone through, a grand assembly concluded one of the most successful meetings ever held under the auspices of the Association. The Gaelic singing was particularly good.

WHERE TO GET MONEY FOR THE STOCKING OF NEW AND ENLARGED CROFTS.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.

The Crofter Question has lately made great advance, for on 14th November last, friends pressed a motion which Government accepted, and there is recorded in the journals of the House of Commons these significant words—"Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, it is the duty of her Majesty's Government to give effect to the recommendations of the Royal Commission upon the condition of the crofters and cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, or to apply such other remedies as they deem advisable, and that this House concurs in the opinion expressed by the Royal Commission at page 110 of its report, 'that the mere vindication of authority, and repression of resistance, would not establish the relations of mutual confidence between landlord and tenant, in the absence of which the country would not be truly at peace, and all our inquiries and counsels would be expended in vain.'"

Legislation is now certain, and though the Home Secretary desiderated voluntary action, and fair landlords, like Lochiel, may be willing to make concessions even to their loss, it is idle to look for satisfactory remedies in this form, particularly if views, such as those promulgated by the Marquis of Lorne, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, are to be considered as those of the landlord class generally.

The opponents of the crofters having been driven back, chiefly by the report and evidence of the Royal Commissioners, from the position first taken up, and so long and strenuously defended by them, viz.—that there was no cause or necessity for amelioration—have now taken up a second line of defence. Granted, they say, that the crofters' position should be improved, how is this to be done? From whence is the money to come? It may be taken for certain that this line of argument will be defended with equal obstinacy, and supported by as many doubts and misrepresentations as the former.

To answer such queries is the object of this paper, and while in one sense it is premature to discuss what ought to follow on a position not yet legally assured, it is not so in another sense, were it merely to satisfy fossil Whigs of the member for Bedford type, who, in the debate on 14th November, specially challenged the writer on the point; also a cynical individual, signing himself "C," who wrote to the *Times* on this subject, making invidious references by name.

Let us suppose the Legislature has sanctioned what the crofters desire—more land, fair rent fixed by a Land Court, security of tenure against eviction at any time, except for non-payment of rent, and option of purchase, all which must be very clearly stipulated, and nothing short of which should be listened to, then the question of stocking naturally and legitimately comes up. Now, it may at once be said, that any attempt to saddle crofters, with valuations of existing stocks, under the present iniquitous system of arbitration, cannot be permitted. The crofter must be allowed to purchase what stock he needs in the best and cheapest market.

Those who read the evidence laid before the Commissioners must be struck with the pathetic manner in which the crofters themselves dealt with the subject. The burden of the story was generally this, that they were now so reduced, so low, by hard times, high rents, etc., that they could not at once stock larger holdings; but many said they could get on in a short time, while others said they looked for Government aid. All sturdily, and manfully, declined gifts; no, they would repay what might be advanced to them with moderate interest. Cash alone is not the only desideratum. The writer brought out in many cases that a man's labour stood for his capital, and that a strong active young man, able and willing to work, might be said to be really possessed of as much capital as say a widow with £100, burdened with a young family.

We now indicate some of the sources from which the money for stocking and other purposes may be reasonably looked for.—

I. *From Deposits in the Savings and other Banks in the Highlands.*—To those familiar with these banks, it is well known that much of their permanent deposits comes from the crofter class, and

from single women connected with them. These monies are at present diverted from their legitimate channels, in the case of the Highland Bank, to other objects within its local range of operations; in the case of the others, to objects outside the districts, and too often outside Scotland, and in the case of the Savings' Banks entirely furth of the Kingdom. These depositors do not lend their savings and earnings now among their own class, because they know well that if devoted to improving the crofts, houses, or stocks, it simply means ultimate but certain confiscation by the landowners. But if these people saw that they could lend safely to their friends, it is inconceivable that they would not do so, when it would be to their own advantage, to the certain increase of the prosperity of the tiller of the soil, and to the permanent wealth of the country. There is no bank, it has been said, equal to, or so safe as land, but the land must be unfettered, free from increment confiscation, and where in any way practicable the tiller should be owner. Sites for building houses, and for garden and potato ground for fishing communities, cottars, and labourers, would be eagerly taken up and paid for by these bank depositors, if suitable and convenient land could be had. At present there is a perverse locking up of land in the Highlands and Islands, and the most grudging system of dealing with any permanent right. The now almost extinct system of Entail proved so derogatory to improvement, that nearly a century ago, it was modified to the extent of permitting ninety-nine years' building leases. Yet, the late proprietor of North Harris, a banker, and presumably of liberal education, actually introduced a rule of thirty-eight years' building leases, on an estate held in fee-simple, and in that part of it which ought to be a flourishing and progressive locality, viz., East Loch Tarbert. It is difficult to fix on the amount which would become available from this source, but it is modeately estimated at £250,000.

II. *A considerable increase might be looked for under the new state of things in the way of direct contributions by relatives in domestic service, or other employments at a distance.*—At present there is a good deal sent home, but it is done as a matter of necessity to help to pay the rent, to prevent eviction, or to pay for food and clothing, to prevent starvation. Nothing is sent for perman-

ent improvement of the croft, or houses, for the reason before mentioned—that confiscation ever stands in the path, a spectre deterrent and fatal—and thus no lasting benefit accrues to the people. But if it were certain that the home were permanent, then surely money would be sent cheerfully and in larger volume, not only from those in service and employment in this country, but also from abroad, to meliorate the croft and make it self-supporting; to rebuild the houses, add to the fences, and improve the stock. Persons so lending would know that their money was well applied, and when they revisited the home of their childhood, they would find it lasting and secure, with surroundings of which they had no cause to be ashamed. The sums from these sources would be of very considerable annual amount.

III. *From Private Benefactors.*—Much sympathy is expressed in various influential quarters with the crofters, and in our rich country it is not at all too much to expect that hundreds will be found ready to advance the £50 or £100 necessary, being first satisfied that the person to receive the advance is entitled to confidence, and that his subject may, with diligence, enable him to wipe off his debt within the time bargained. An appeal in this form could hereafter be made, and it will be, indeed, disappointing if not handsomely responded to. The backing up of one deserving crofter would be no great burden to a person of ordinary means, and it would be heavily to his or her credit here and hereafter.

IV. *Through Guaranteeing or Lending Companies to be formed for the purpose.*—The worthy Provost of Inverness some time ago proposed a scheme to help the crofters in stocking and purchasing lands, but it was extinguished on its appearance by an excellent man, who has done well in his day and generation for the Highlands, but, alas, from the unhappy views prevalent in his youth, abhors Gaelic, and does not look with favour on the crofting system. But, undaunted, the Provost has lately revived his scheme, and we wish it all success. The objects may be briefly stated to consist of lending cheaply to small owners and tenants, and guaranteeing advances by capitalists willing to lend. Provision for affecting stock with a lien, for certain purposes, must be enacted, which would materially help crofters,

and increase the work of such companies. Costs of transfers, bonds, searches, stamps, etc., must be reduced to a minimum, and if so, such companies might do a safe, remunerative, and patriotic business.

V. *Government Loans.*—We place these last, and after exhausting private sources. There is no reason to startle at the suggestion. Municipalities, wealthy beyond computation, as compared with crofters, get these loans, and there is no breach of principle in widening the allocation. Government aid could best be given, perhaps, through the agency of companies, as in No. 4. We do not indicate how it ought to be done, but do say that a million in this way advanced would do immense good; it would be spent in permanent and returning improvements, and not lost or thrown away in costly and useless wars, such as even the present Government, pledged to peace, find themselves engaged in.

For these and other causes which might be adduced, no fear need be entertained that money can be got for purchasing, stocking, and for improving crofts and houses. It must be kept in view that these schemes deal with, and include the poorer class of cottars, labourers, and squatters, whose condition is worse than that of the crofters. Two things should not be lost sight of, viz., that these benefits are intended for the industrious and well behaved only, who will have much to do in the form of personal labour and exertion—not for loafers, idlers, and men of unsteady and vicious habits; and that neither during life nor at death, shall the croft be divisible, if under a certain fixed annual value to be settled by Parliament.

C. F. M.

SPEECH BY THE REV. ANGUS MACIVER.

The following is the speech delivered by the Chairman—The Rev. Angus Maciver, minister of the Established Church, Uig, Lewis—at the Crofter Demonstration held in Stornoway on the 16th of October last, and referred to in our last issue at page 89. It seems harmless enough. He said—

I have to thank you for the great honour you have conferred upon me by asking me to preside over this great meeting, and for giving me this opportunity of once more publicly expressing some views in connection with the important matters which are agitating the Highlands at present, and our own Island in particular. I fully realise

THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION

And the responsibility resting on every one residing in these parts of Her Majesty's dominions. No one need think that he can now escape taking some share of that responsibility, whatever share he may choose to take, whether of a more public or private character. It would be well for all that they should immediately realise this fact and act accordingly. As to the political aspect of the great question now before the country at large, I mean the extension of the franchise, I do not mean to occupy much of your time. I agree with the view which is common and which is agreed upon by the two great parties in the state, viz.—That the franchise should be extended to the people, that they should have the power of voting for members of Parliament. As to how this is to be arranged and carried out it is not for me to say. The country at large, through its representatives in Parliament, will have to decide that question. I trust, however, that the decision of that question will be arrived at without disturbing any of our old and time-honoured institutions, which, in the past, have stood many a shock, and which for many centuries have shed lustre and glory on our country. When the din and heat of parties will have subsided, we expect to apply the language of Scripture to our venerable institutions, "To walk about them and go round them, telling the towers thereof, marking our bulwarks, considering our palaces, that we may tell it to the generation following. For God is our God for ever and ever." That this may be true with respect to all the great institutions of our country in the future as in the past, whatever changes they may have to undergo, so as to adapt them to the particular requirements of our time, is, I am sure, the sincere desire and prayer of all present. We have no desire or wish to have them removed. As there are, however, men beside me on the platform who are more competent to deal with those questions, I do not wish to say more about them. I simply wish to touch upon two other points. The first is that which goes now under the name of

THE CROFTER QUESTION.

It has now assumed such dimensions that it must be faced and settled, and with as little delay as possible. It looks as if it would soon be in a complicated state. The agitation and irritation will extend more and more unless something is done by Parliament in the matter. This is now so patent to all who can think that almost every one takes it for granted. To my mind there are very valid reasons both on the part of the crofters and of the country at large, why the question should be dealt with. The crofters are by far too confined in their holdings, and have had in the past very little encouragement given them to improve their circumstances. If anything like justice is to be done to them, the present Land Laws must be changed—more land granted to them, as well as security of tenure Large farms and deer forests must be broken up and the people supplied with what of these will enable them to live with some comfort. No one with half an eye in his head will deny the necessity of something like this being done. The crofters have suffered too much in the past for the gratification and indulgence of others, and they ought now to be indulged a little themselves and to secure their liberty; and I hope the time is near at hand when this will be their happy lot. I beg to say for my native island, that there is no use, with its present population, to speak foolishly, as some have done, of graduating farms, or of large and small farms; but if the people are to be extricated from their present depressed and dangerous state, they must get all the lands therein divided into crofts, with the moorlands, on easy and equitable terms. My firm conviction is that nothing less will make the crofters of this island comfortable. Other parts of the Highlands may afford those graduating farms, but not

this poor populous island of ours. In any case the people should get of the land a sufficiency to make them comfortable, as far as it can do so, and the surplus population who are in quest of land should go where there is plenty of it to be had. I hold these views very strongly and decidedly, and would do all in my power to have them realised in fact. The other point to which I want to direct your attention for two or three minutes, is

THE COUNTER DEMONSTRATION

held here a fortnight ago, by members of the Association which has its head-quarters in Edinburgh. They called it a demonstration, but it seems to have been only the shadow of one. They should come here and see what a demonstration is, that they may remember in future to call things by their proper names. We are well aware what they had in view for some time past who made that attempt at a demonstration. They want to show themselves as the men and guides of the people here; but unfortunately for them the people don't listen to them; and they will more and more stop their ears against them, especially when they find out what they have in view. The sum and substance of it is this, that the Stornoway gentlemen want to show the Lews people that they are not to do anything without consulting them as to what they are to do, and how they are to do it. We in the country beg very respectfully, but very firmly, to decline their leadership and dictation. In future, I have no doubt, you will mark their movements and steer clear of them.

THE RIVAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Attach yourselves to the Highland Land Law Reform Association in London of which there are branches in this town, in Uig, and in other parishes through the island. The Association in Edinburgh to which they want you to attach yourselves has a very different object in view from the one in London. The Edinburgh Association asks for something, but it may be next to nothing, it is so meagre and compromising. What you want is the land and all the land on equitable terms, and that you may live with some ease and comfort. These are the broad, clear grounds, on which the London Association stands, and you are on that account fairly bound to support it. Many, if not the majority, of those of the Edinburgh Association have in view the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, and to deprive you of the patrimony which is yours by right, and to put it into the pockets of the landlords, or some such purpose. They managed, at any rate, to put the endowments of the schools into their pockets. I trust my countrymen will never be so foolish as to consent to such a transaction as that. Although the most of you don't avail yourselves at present of the benefits of these endowments, the day may be at hand when you will do so willingly. In the mean time, at any rate, the present Establishment is no burden upon you. It costs you nothing. In proof of my contention, that this is one main cause for the existence of the Edinburgh Association, Who were the most of those who took part in the meeting here a fortnight ago? You will find Dr Rainy, Edinburgh. Mr Lee, of Nairn, and others of similar views—men who have been for years running counter to your most cherished views, and who have at heart especially to sever the Church from the State, and to bring you ultimately completely under their power. They are using every effort to bring about this end. I trust my countrymen will not allow themselves to be misled by such men, and that you will keep firm hold of what you have got, and if there be things needing to be rectified in connection with Church and State, ask and ask again, until your petitions are granted. Raise your voices to this effect. Don't imagine that I am pleading with you to come to the Church of Scotland. That is a matter you have to choose deliberately for yourselves.

You will get plenty to dissuade you against such a step. I won't condescend to retaliate on those who do so, whenever they find opportunity. I have too much respect for your freedom and liberty to treat you in any such way. They should feel perfectly at ease now that you are almost all with them. What I ask you is to preserve the endowments, and not to allow any set of men to deprive you of them; for if you do so, you are doing an irreparable injury to the cause of God in the land. You would need more endowments than you have. I strongly and earnestly warn you against those men who are quietly but surely misleading you. I have no other object in view than your highest good, both for this life and that which is to come. No one in this island can in fairness say that I have not taken a deep interest in the temporal well-being of the people of my native island, and I feel equally interested in their spiritual well-being. And when I have the opportuntiy I must speak plainly to you. I feel confident that you will accept of my statements in that light, and that you wil put no other construction upon them.

"PUNCH" ON HIGHLAND LAND LAW REFORM.—To the simple unofficial mind it would seem that the case of the "crofters and cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland" is about ripe for settlement. But as *Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs* observed, "there is a form in these things—there is a form." To examine an alleged grievance carefully, and deal with it equitably and promptly, may commend itself to the ordinary, but not to the official or Skeggsian judgment. The "form" must be observed. And what *is* the "form?" Well, it is usually so complex and prolix as to be difficult of full analysis. But given a grievance—like that of the Irish tenants any time within the last century, or the Scotch crofters now—there are heaps of things to be done before it can be righted. In the first place it must be ignored altogether until its assertion becomes too palpable to overlook. Then it must be pooh-poohed. When it enlists public sympathy as well as attracts public notice, it must be "inquired into"—by the long drawn process of a Commission, for choice. Whilst the Commission is sitting—or standing, or travelling, or whatever it chooses to do—things of course must be kept in abeyance, inopportune inquiry snubbed, friendly urgency denounced, protest protested against, any impatient action on the part of the sufferers sharply put down, in the interest of "law and order." The Commission takes its time—all Commissions do. Ultimately, however, it issues its "Report." And there matters stop, until the sufferers, or their advocates, make another stir. If that stir is mild, it is not noticed; if it is vigorous, it is denounced as violent; if it *is* violent, the Law is down upon it, unless—well, unless it is very, *very* violent, largely and formidably so, and *then* the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to beat the dog, the dog to bite the pig, the pig to get over the stile, and the Old Woman gets home, or, in other words, the grievances get redressed. This—very briefly summarised indeed—is the official Skeggsian "form." It is open to some objection, such as waste of time, prolongation of suffering, provocation of crime, engendering of hatred, killing of gratitude in the bud, and final compulsory pushing off reform till it savours of revolution, redress until it shows like surrender. Without prejudging the case of these poor Crofters, it is too much to hope that, in dealing with it, the Skeggsian "form," of which we have already had so many disastrous and expensive examples, will *not* be adopted!—*Punch*.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE LAND AGITATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WHETHER the Duke of Argyll's published references to the Land Question in the Highlands carry conviction to the minds of his readers, or whatever opinions may be held among the well-informed as to the nett results on his own estates of the more or less rigorous application of the principles of political economy according to his Grace, all must be impressed with a sense of his scholarship, his wide knowledge of the subject, and the ability with which he presents his case. If the article on "Highland Land Agitation" in the *Contemporary Review* for December is to be taken as a criterion, we are afraid the Marquis of Lorne is likely to do little to uphold the literary character which his father has so successfully established for himself. The article in question is one tissue of pert puerilities, very deficient in good taste, and betraying lamentable ignorance of the present position and tendencies of events in the Highlands.

That the future MacCailean Mor should interest himself in the condition of the Highland people is most befitting, but we fear the spirit in which his Lordship approaches the subject is not one which will either conduce to his own proper understanding of it, or tend to excite in the minds of his countrymen very exalted notions of his present fitness to undertake the responsibilities attaching to his ancestral estates.

At the very outset he misstates the character of the Land Acts which were passed for Ireland in the years 1870 and 1881, describing the former as a measure of "charitable protection," and the latter as an "Act making all Irish cultivators part-owners of their farms." Honest Irish reformers, and the chiefs of the Liberal Government who passed those Acts, described them both as instalments of justice, not mere charitable doles, and as to some extent recognising not exactly "ownership in the farms," but a right of property in the improvements effected in their holdings by the ill-requited toils of the struggling and starving peasantry. Until his Lordship is prepared to acknowledge similar justice in the claims of his countrymen in the

Highlands, and their property in their own improvements, as well as their *natural* right of settlement on their native soil so long as they fulfil the duties of their position, his contributions to the solution of the Highland difficulty will only be effective to that end in a sense very different to that which his Lordship intended. Nero was fiddling when Rome was in flames, and the Marquis of Lorne is trifling when the Highland people are clamouring in a very significant, and, we believe, effective manner for the redress of their grievances, and when the artillery of the Restoration of the Rights of the people is being forced up to the gates of landlord citadels. Such lispings as this article are no better than so many cobwebs spread over the cannon's mouth in the vain hope of obstructing the deadly shot. Let us quote a few of his Lordship's choicest flippancies. He finds special delight in making sport of the Royal Commission, and its warm-hearted, fair, and able Chairman, whose recommendation of a compulsory division of large farms the Marquis adduces as "a curious instance of the sympathy in predatory instinct between the Borderer and the Highlander," and which, he says, "has already produced lawlessness in the Islanders in certain districts." A little further on his Lordship repeats a similar sneer at Lord Napier in the following terms:—

"We may, I believe, be excused the consideration of the predatory recommendation of the compulsory taking of other men's land for the enlargement of crofts. This out-Herods anything ever proposed in Indian or Irish legislation, and the majority of any legislature may be trusted to suppose that a long course of sea-sickness had made the estimable and amiable chief of the Commission giddy when he penned it."

At page 83, we are informed that—

"A hundred years ago, war and small-pox, and other causes, made the Highland population a comparatively scanty one. . . There are careful returns of many estates showing that a century ago the number of people was not nearly so large as it now is on properties such as those of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Macdonald, Macleod of Macleod, and the Duke of Argyll."

We do not know on what authority Lord Lorne makes this statement, but, taking his own County of Argyle as a test, we are disposed to question its accuracy. In the period between

1790 and 1798, according to the figures supplied in the Old "Statistical Account," the total population of Argyleshire was 76,101, while, notwithstanding that the town population of the county has more than doubled even during the past fifty years—from about 12,000 in 1831 to 30,387 according to the census of 1881—the population of Argyleshire at the census of 1881 was only 80,761. To go more into detail, at the time stated above—1790-98—the population of the Islands of Coll and Tyree was 3457; it is now 3376. The County of Sutherland at the first-named date had a population of 22,961, against 22,376 at the time of the last census. These figures should prove interesting to his Lordship.

Referring to evictions, he finds that "the Commissioners who lately took all evidence, with scarcely any sifting of the same, came across no cases of eviction carried out for the purpose of 'land clearance for sport.'" The Report of the Commission mentions one case; we could mention others, and have no doubt his Lordship could also furnish a few. He will find plenty instances of clearances to make room for sheep farms, and these are fast being turned into deer forests.

Here are one or two more of Lord Lorne's puerile deliverances on this important question.—

"The furnishing of men for the service of the State is good but the argument may be over-driven. City slums, and the poorest Irish, have furnished most soldiers; but none agree that slums should be kept, and Irish poverty encouraged, that the army ranks may be filled."

"There is no sufficient ground for taking the ownership from the present proprietors, for they have, according to the evidence given by the people, *not used their powers unjustly*."

Lord Lorne says again—

"Lord Napier appears to have such a horror of Irish land legislation that he has endeavoured to steer clear of anything like it." And yet the Commission is elsewhere charged by his Lordship with claiming legal sanction for one of the leading principles of the last Irish Land Acts, namely, fixity of tenure, as well as with compulsory division of large holdings. Here are the words—

"This has led him (Lord Napier) to try to make a special case of the Highlander by an attempt to revive the 'township' or village community. . . . . He might as well propose that

all the people who still profess the old Highland second sight should receive pensions at the hand of the State, or that exceptional privileges should be conferred on all who can be proved to have had belief in the Evil Eye. . . . . It will not do to let men call themselves a crowded community, and get enlargements at the expense of a thrifty and hard working farmer who happens to be nearest to them."

It is interesting to contrast with these inanities of the Marquis the large-hearted and manly speech delivered by Lochiel in the House of Commons on the 14th of November, in connection with Mr Macfarlane's motion calling upon the Government to take action without delay in the interests of the Highland crofters. The Marquis of Lorne and Lochiel, in their social relation to the question, may be regarded as in almost identical positions, yet the former seems to have nothing to present more pertinent to the subject than this article, which, did it not bear the signature of the Marquis of Lorne, an ex-Governor General of Canada, and the heir-apparent to the Dukedom of Argyll, would have been refused insertion by any publication of literary reputation in the kingdom. Apart even from its inanity as the result of the cogitations and inquiries of a would-be statesman, its very grammar is something to wonder at. In one sentence the Marquis writes of the Commission which "*has been* appointed," and *has* gone the round," and of "the report *they have* issued." In another sentence there is a similar departure from the canons of Lindley Murray, when we are exhorted not to be afraid in "doing what we can for the Highlanders to spread the benefit *he* may receive, and do not suppose, because Lord Napier has sometimes found something like the Russian 'mir' to exist with *them*, that this constitutes them privileged beings," etc. Much worse, however, is the *non possumus* attitude which his Lordship takes up in relation to the chief recommendations of the Royal Commission; and it is here that the utterances of Lochiel—himself an extensive Highland landlord—shine in conspicuous contrast. He is quite prepared, notwithstanding that he expressed very strong dissent from the principal recommendations of the Commission, to "do all in his power to assist the Government in passing a measure even though its provisions should run counter to what he thought expedient," and he expresses the hope, though it might involve "some sacrifice on the part of the land-

lords, a solution might be arrived at which would confer benefit upon and bring contentment to the crofters, would satisfy their sympathisers, and would promote the welfare of the whole country."

If the landlords of the Highlands would only approach the question in this spirit, we would not despair of very soon seeing a measure passed, and other steps taken supplementary to mere legislation, which would restore peace and comparative prosperity among the Highland peasantry.

TWO STRATHGLASS PRIESTS.

To the Editor of the Celtic Magazine.

Sir,—I am much pleased to find in the *Celtic Magazine* for this month an extract in reference to Father Alexander Cameron of Lochiel and the Rev. John Farquharson, Priests in Strathglass, from the Dingwall Presbytery records, dated 27th April 1743. As the readers of your Magazine are already familiar with the contents of this curious extract, I need not repeat them. Suffice it to say that they do not breathe much charity towards my co-religionists and fellow-countrymen in Strathglass. But narrow-minded as the aim, scope, and tendency of the Dingwall extract unquestionably is, let me repeat that I feel obliged to the party who brought it to light. Independently of the flood of light it throws on old clerical proceedings at Dingwall, it enables one to trace the persecution of the two Priests, named in the extracts alluded to, clearly to its fountain head.

Briefly stated, it was thus :—The Rev. Alexander Cameron was apprehended, and sent off to a penal settlement, but was taken seriously ill, on the passage, and died in the hulks below London. The Rev. John Farquharson was apprehended twice; on both occasions he was sent out of Strathglass. The last time he was transported to Hanover. For a full account of these cases see *Celtic Magazine*, vol. vii., pp. 141-146. Here, I may add, on the authority of Bishop John Chisholm's letter to Sir John Sinclair, during the Ossianic controversy, that the Rev. John Farquharson was a Priest in Strathglass for the long space of thirty years. We know that he left Strathglass in obedience to the dignitaries of his order, when they selected him as Prefect of Studies for the Catholic College of Douay. The following is a slip which I have cut out of the *Inverness Courier*, 8th January 1884. It may well pass as a companion picture to the Dingwall extract :—

"In 1704 the General Assembly appointed Presbyteries to send in lists to the Clerks of her Majesty's Privy Council of all Papists within their bounds, the lists to contain the names and designations of the persons who entertain the Papists, and the names of the places where they are entertained, and so forth. In response to this, reports were sent in from a considerable number of Presbyteries, which, according to Dr Cunningham, who refers to the matter, brought out the fact that, while in some districts of the country Popery had been clean blotted out; in others, more remote from central influences, it remained almost entire. In the county of Selkirk there was not one Papist. In Athole there was only one and he a blind fiddler. But in South Uist and Barra, out of seventeen hundred examinable persons, only about seventeen were Protestants. In the islands of Canna, Rum, and Muck, out of five hundred examinable persons, only forty were Protestants. In Knoydart and Morar, out of seven hundred, all were Popish but four. In Arisaig, Moydart, and Glengarry, there was a population of fifteen hundred, and all were Papists but one man. In these districts there was no distinction between Saturday and Sabbath: the thick darkness of a state not much above heathenism was unbroken."

If I were a native of any of the above-mentioned islands or districts, alleged to have been without any "distinction between Saturday and Sabbath," I would endeavour to ascertain whether the statement was founded on facts, or was the mere outcome of a fertile imagination.—I am, &c.,

COLIN CHISHOLM.

Inverness, December 10, 1884.

ST KILDA OR HIRTA.

AT the December monthly meeting of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, Mr Alexander Ross, Architect, F.G.S., read an interesting paper descriptive of a recent visit to St Kilda. Mr Ross dealt more at length with the geological aspect of the island than with the history or social condition of its people; but the following notes on the latter will, we think, prove interesting to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*:—

On our arrival in the bay we observed a slight commotion amongst the people, and one or two neighbours evidently began to talk over our appearance in the bay. Some began to move along the main thoroughfare, or High Street as it is called, which passes along the fronts of the houses, and by the time they reached the north end of the village, nearest the landing place, the procession, increased by the minister and schoolmaster, amounted to some 18 or 20 people. They immediately ran out a boat, and four men came off to us. They seemed active, healthy fellows, and shook hands with us all.

Till the time of Captain Otter the dwelling-houses seemed to have been entirely constructed of stone, with thatched roofs. On the occasion of one of his visits a storm arose, when he had to put to sea. He returned after some three days, and found the houses unroofed. He immediately steamed away to the mainland, and got subscriptions for iron and zinc roofs, which remain till this day an eyesore and a disfigurement to the island. Mr Mackenzie, Fort-William, whose father was minister, told me of the first proposal for improved houses, from the stone roof and wall beds to modern life, was made in the year 1830, at the instigation of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. On that occasion, Sir Thomas offered a premium for each man who would build a house with chimneys and other improvements, and entrusted the Rev. Mr Mackenzie with the money to pay the man who should move first. Mr Mackenzie found the money of little use, and not coveted, and he resolved to try tobacco. At that time the total currency of the island was only 17s. 6d., so that money was of little value. He offered the first man who should lay in foundations one pound of tobacco, and so a beginning was made. One man built a house, and won the prize; next year three more began, and the premium had to be reduced to a ¼ of a lb.

The original houses, of which only one specimen, I believe,

now remains, were built of stone throughout, and the beds were mere recesses in the walls, almost level with the floor. The cattle lodged in the same apartment.

The houses were only cleaned out once a year, and the result was that the accumulation of straw and turf so raised the floors that the people had to roll down into their beds or sleeping berths. In the new houses there were to be a but and a ben and a closet, and the cattle were to be put outside. Since these times the people have learned the value of money, and to enjoy much of the luxuries of civilised life. Indeed, they run a great risk of being spoiled by the visitors who go there in considerable numbers annually.

I may here give one or two anecdotes of the older times, for, though banished out into mid-ocean and away from the busy throng of business, yet they have their social and economic troubles, and caste and set prevails as elsewhere, and lovers quarrel too. During the time that Mr Mackenzie was minister—1830 to 1840—there was only one breach of promise case, and it was tried in open court, at the end of the church, before the ministers and elders. The lady proved her case against the truant, and he was fined, and ordered to pay, not a £100, but a 100 full-grown fulmars, 50 googs (or young solan geese), and a hair rope, as a solatium and a tocher in the next matrimonial venture. This latter article was by far the most important part of the fine, as the hair rope was necessary for carrying on the bird-catching, etc., and gave great importance to its possessor. By the frequent visits of tourists and yachtsmen, and the liberal gifts of wine, and clothes of the latest fashion, the St Kildean has ceased to be the simple unsophisticated mortal he was 30 years ago, and though by no means spoiled nor importunate in his demands, he is, I believe, degenerating like some other of the Highlanders, and is not ashamed to accept any gift, if not to beg them. I fancy the St Kildean by this time is a better judge of port wine than the following story would indicate:—On one occasion, during the time of Mr Mackenzie above referred to, a cask of curious stuff came ashore on the west side, and after careful assaye and trial it was pronounced good stuff. The report spread, and amongst others, the minister went to see the stuff. He found the cask half empty, and, on enquiring, ascertained that the people had filled the skins and intestines of the fulmars with it, and hung them up to the roofs of the houses, and that they were using what turned out to be very good port wine with their porridge, instead of milk. What flavour the fulmar gave it is not recorded. But I don't believe the native of to-day would make such a mistake.

Another anecdote illustrates the simplicity of the islander:—

Mr Mackenzie had been lecturing to the people on geography, and trying to make them understand that there were other people than those of St Kilda in the world, and they were much interested in his account of the South Sea Islanders. Shortly after, a number of shipwrecked seamen found their way into a cave on the west side, and being discovered by the natives, they were hailed in English and Gaelic, and getting no response, they were reported as being an entirely new race, and probably a party of South Sea Islanders. The Minister hailed them in German and French without results, till his Latin, "Ini Genti," brought out the response "Hispania." These men were cared for, and lived five months on the island.

The schoolmaster told me how difficult it was for him to make the children realise what a tree was, and, by means of drawings, he tried to let them know that there was variety amongst the trees, and held up a drawing in the hope of it being identified. After a time the class came to the conclusion that it was the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil." There is no tree or bush on the island, nettles being, perhaps, the highest form of vegetation growing on it. They never whistle, and their only instrument is the Jews harp.

The inhabitants are strict observers of the Sabbath, and will not even carry their milk home on that day, but leave it in the ground over Sunday, taking it home on Monday.

In a small glen there is a sacred well, Tober-nam-buadh; it is said to have many virtues, and in former times the people drank its water, and placed offerings into it. This glen is dotted over with little stone huts or claitans, and is beautifully green with short sweet grass. In this glen there is the remains "of a curious dome-shaped building, nine feet diameter, with three beds in it. It was said to have been occupied by an Amazon, who used to hunt all the way to Harris before St Kilda was an island. Externally, it resembles a little green hill."

I shall now briefly notice the people. Though the island is mentioned by Boethius and Buchanan, the first account is that of Dean Munro of the Isles, who visited and described the Western Isles in 1594. His description is, however, short, and contains no very interesting fact. He says "Macleod of Herray, or his steward, arrived in a boat there at midsummer, with some chaplaine to baptize their bairnes, and if they want a chaplain they baptize them themselves;" and further, that "the inhabitants are a simple and poor people, scarce learnt in any religion;" and, he says, "the steward receives their duties in miell and reistit mutton, wyld fowles reistit, and selchis."

The next to notice the island is Martin, who visited it in 1697, and from then till now various writers have described it, and have given the statistics of the population.—

Thus Martin, in 1697, gives 27 families — total, 180
„ Macaulay, in 1758, 27 „ — „ 88

This difference is accounted for by a disease which in 1724 swept away more than half the inhabitants. It was supposed to have been small-pox.

The population continued low till 1799, when it is set down at 100. In 1822, according to Macdonald, the population was 108. In 1851, according to the Government Census, the number was 110. Since then it has diminished to 76 in 1877. There were 19 families at this latter date.

This diminution was caused by emigration in 1856, when 36 of the inhabitants went to Australia. Most of them, however, died, and in 1861 only about 13 survived. They were then doing well.

The present inhabitants are good-looking, healthy, and intelligent, and the children are active and healthy. I had the pleasure of seeing them at their lessons in school, and out of the number attending, there were eight boys and nine girls. The names of the people are :—

Gillies, of which there were			27	in 1871.
Macdonald	„	„	16	„
Ferguson	„	„	10	„
Mackinnon	„	„	8	„
Macqueen	„	„	8	„
And Mackay, minister and registrar			2	„
		Total—	71	

In former years there were Macleods and Morrisons, but these have apparently died out. It is curious that the island has been in possession of the Macleods for 300 years, and that there is now none of that name now on the island.

The expression and general character of the people reminded me of Shetlanders or Scandinavian much more than the Celtic Highlanders. They had a rather long aquiline and pensive cast of feature, with well marked eyebrows. They are well made, and about middle size ; the men being more graceful in their movements than the women, besides being more stylish in their dress.

The women's dress struck me as being clumsy and ill made. This may be accounted for by the fact that the men do the sewing, and make the ladies' dresses, in addition to their own shoes and clothing. The personal ornaments seemed few, I mean of native manufacture, but they hammer out pennies and half-pennies into brooches and pins. Beyond these I saw little ornament other than common wooden Birmingham goods. Of curiosities there were few.

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THE MUNROS OF MILNTOWN.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

III.

IV. GEORGE MUNRO OF MILNTOWN AND DOCHCARTY, to whom Thomas Dingwall of Kildun, by deed, dated at Inveran, 20th April 1541, sold his half of the lands of Ferncosky in Brachat, parish of Creich; and on the 22nd of June following James V. granted to George Munro a crown charter of the same. In 1542 James V. granted to George a crown charter of a fourth of the lands of Easter Aird, in the parish of Tarbat, called the Intown of Tarbat, and sold to him by his cousin, James Dunbar of Tarbat. In 1543 John Bisset, Chaplain of Newmore in the College Church of St Duthus in Tain, with the consent of Queen Mary, the Earl of Arran, and Robert Cairncross, Bishop of Ross, granted to George Munro the kirklands of the Chaplainry, namely, the lands of Newmore, with the alehouse, Inchendown, Badachonacher, Rhicorrach, and Strathrory, "which the tenants used to have for the annual rent of 7 merks Scots, 40s. grassum, 30 bolls victual, 4 muttons, 4 dozen poultry, 4 marts, and 12 capons—the grantee paying accordingly, the victual to be half oatmeal, half bear by Leith measure."* In 1552 Queen Mary granted to George Munro and Janet Fraser, his wife, a crown charter of the lands of Easter Aird and others in Ross-shire,

* Reg. Sec. Sig. Vol. xvii., folio 14-15.

sold to George in 1542 by James Dunbar, to whom she, at the same time, granted the right of reversion. On the 4th of March 1544, Mary granted to Thomas Dingwall the dues of the half lands of Ferncosky since his redemption of the same from George Munro; and on the 5th of March she granted to Thomas a letter of regress of the same lands, sold by him to George Munro in 1541. In the year 1559 Sir Robert Melville, Chaplain of Tarlogie, granted to George Munro and his third son, Donald, and his heirs male, with remainder to George's male heirs, and to the eldest of his female heirs, the lands of Tarlogie, for the yearly payment to the Chaplain of 29 merks, 4s. 6d., with two dozen capons, 2s. 10d., in augmentation of the rental: Queen Mary confirmed the grant in the same year.

George Munro appears first on record in 1541 as "George Munro of Davochgartie." Between 1561 and 1566 he was feuar of Tarlogie. In 1553 he sold part of the estate of Dochcarty to Duncan Bain of Tulloch, to whom Queen Mary in the same year granted a crown charter of the same, and a letter of reversion to George. In 1555 he (George) sold the fourth part of the lands of Dochcarty to Donald Mac-Ian-Roy, who in 1556 received a crown charter for the same from Queen Mary.

In 1561 Queen Mary appointed George Munro bailie and chamberlain of her lands and lordships of Ross and Ardmeanach, the appointment to continue during her pleasure; and in 1567 she exempted him for life, on account of his age, from all service as a soldier, from sitting on assizes, and from appearing as a witness in any court. His appointment of bailie and chamberlain was renewed in 1568 by James VI., to continue during the pleasure of James and his Regent. In the same year (1568) George sold to Donald Mac-Ian-Roy the half of the east quarter of the lands of Dochcarty, namely, an oxgang, then occupied by Murdoch Macdonald and William Mackay, and an oxgang of the west quarter of the same lands, then occupied by Patrick Macdonald Roy. James in the same year granted to Donald and his heirs a crown charter of the same lands, and to George a letter of reversion.* Dochcarty is in the parish of Dingwall.

George Munro was a member of an inquest held at Inverness, on the 15th of October 1563, when John Campbell of Caw-

* Orig. Par. Scot., vol. ii., pp. 493-4.

dor was served heir to his father in the Barony of Strathnairn, before the Sheriff-Principal, James, Earl of Moray. In 1565 George Munro held the Castle of Inverness for the Earl of Moray, and the King and Queen issued the following order requesting him to deliver up the fortress :—

"At Edinburgh, 22nd September, A.D. 1565.—The King and Queen's Majesties, for certain occasions moving them, ordain an officer of arms to pass, and in their Highnesses' name and authority, command and charge George Munro of Davochcarty, and Andrew Munro, his son, and all others, havers and withholders of the Castle of Inverness, to deliver the same to Hugh Rose of Kilravock, whom their Majesties have recommended to receive the same within six hours next after they be charged thereto, under pain of treason.

"MARIE R., HENRY R."

Among the documents in the charter chest of Innes is a charter by Sir Alexander Innes of Plaids and Cadboll "to George Munroe of Dawachcartie, of the lands of Petkandie and Glaktamalenye in Ross," granted at Elgin on the 15th November 1573, and confirmed by Sir William Douglas, Chaplain of St Lawrence, and Thomas Brabener, Chaplain of St Mary Magdalene, in the Cathedral Church of Moray, "superiors of the said lands." George possessed considerable literary attainments, and wrote a life of Farquhar Mackintosh, X. of Mackintosh.

George Munro IV. of Milntown, married Janet, daughter of Hugh Fraser of Phopachy, by whom he had three sons and three daughters :—

1. Andrew, his heir.

2. Donald, who received from his father the estate of Tarlogie. He married twice, his first wife being Christian, daughter of Donald Ross of Nonikiln, by whom he had two sons :—(1) George, his successor, and (2) Hugh, to whom in 1580, James V. granted, for seven years, for his maintenance at school, the Chaplainry of Tarlogie, "not exceeding £20 yearly; and in 1586 James renewed the grant."* He married Catherine, daughter of John Ross of Ballochskead, by whom he had two sons, John and Donald, both of whom settled in Sutherlandshire, where they married and had issue of whom there is no record. By his second wife—whose name is not recorded—Donald of Tarlogie had one

* Orig. Par. Scot., vol. ii., p. 423.

son, David, who studied for the church at St Andrew's University, where he obtained his M.A. degree on the 21st of July 1621. Having been duly licenced, he was appointed minister of Tarbat in 1628, and translated to the parish of Kiltearn, prior to 8th February 1630. He was a member of the General Assembly of 1638, and also of that of 1639. He was deposed in 1648 by the Presbytery of Dingwall—for what cause it is not known—and his deposition was approved of by the Assembly in July 1649. He married Florence, daughter of Andrew Munro, I. of Dààn, by whom he had four sons and several daughters—(1) Donald, (2) Robert, (3) John, (4) Hugh, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. They all died unmarried. The names of the Rev. David Munro's daughters have not been recorded.

Donald Munro, I. of Tarlogie, was succeeded by his eldest son, II. George, to whom in 1574 James VI. granted for seven years, "for his education at school," the Chaplainry of Tarlogie, and which was subsequently granted to his brother, "vacant by the demission of Master George Munro (his uncle), who was promoted to the Chancellary of Ross."* He married Isabel, daughter of William Innes of Calrossie, by whom he had two sons and one daughter:—(1) Donald, his heir. (2) Gordon, who became a writer. He married Catherine Hunter, without issue, and died at Chanonry in 1650. (3) Jane, who married Hector Munro of Nonikiln, with issue. III. Donald Munro succeeded as third of Tarlogie. He studied for the legal profession, was for several years practising in Edinburgh as a writer, and died, apparently unmarried, there. He was in 1628 served heir-portioner, together with his aunts, Beatrix, Margaret, and Agnes Innes, to his maternal grandfather, William Innes, in the lands of Kinrive and Strathrory, in the parish of Kilmuir-Easter.† He appears to have sold the estate of Tarlogie to David Ross of Balnagown, as it was in the possession of that family before the middle of the seventeenth century.

* Orig. Par. Scot., vol. ii., p. 423.

† William Innes was son of Walter Innes of Inverbreakie, in the parish of Rosskeen, son of Sir Robert Innes of Invermarkie, in Moray. Walter obtained by grant from Queen Mary the lands of Kinrive and Strathrory. His wife was Margaret, eldest daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh, X. of Mackintosh, and that of his son, William, was Catherine, sixth daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, X. of Kintail. She received a charter of certain lands on her marriage on 19th January 1556. In sheet I. of Sir James D. Mackenzie of Findon's Genealogies of the Mackenzies, she is stated to have been the wife of Walter, but the Reg. Sec. Sig. makes her William's wife.

3. George, Chancellor of Ross, and from whom are descended the Munros of Achenbowie, Argaty, Edmondsham, and others, all of whom shall be given in their order.

4. Janet, who married John Murray of Pulrossie, to whom she bore, among others, two sons—(1) George, and (2) John. In 1579, or previously, John Murray granted to "his wife, Janet Munro, the daughter of the deceased George Munro of Daucharty, and in heritage to the heirs got between them, with reversion to John himself and his heirs, the lands of Pulrossie and the lands of Floid, lying in the Earldom of Sutherland and Sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1579 James VI. confirmed the grant. John Murray died in 1599, when his son George was served his heir in the lands of Spiningdale, with the mill, Achany, Floid, and Pulrossie, "in the lordship of Sutherland, of the old extent of £14. 13s. 4d."* George Murray appears on record in 1613 "as having, or pretending to have, a right to the lands of Farr; and on the 4th of June 1616 he was a member of the Assize which served John, XVIII. Earl of Sutherland, heir to his father, John.

5. Margaret, who married Hugh Fraser of Culbokie before 1563, for in that year Queen Mary granted to "Hugh Fraser and Margaret Munro, his wife, the western half of Easter Culbokie, and eastern half of Wester Culbokie, with the houses and gardens made and to be made near the shore, in the place called Querrell, in the Lordship of Ardmanach, resigned by Hugh."† Hugh Fraser was one of the gentlemen who sat at the inquest held at Inverness on 15th October 1563, when John Campbell of Cawdor was served heir in the Barony of Strathnairn. He appears on record in 1581, when James VI. granted to him and his heirs male the mill of Culbokie, etc.

6. Anne, who married Hugh Ross of Achnacloich, in the parish of Rosskeen, with issue.

George had also an illegitimate son named John, I. of Pittonachy (now Rosehaugh), and ancestor of the Munros of Novar, of which family R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P. for Rossshire, is the present representative.

George Munro, IV. of Milntown, died on the 1st of Novem-

*Orig. Par. Scot., Vol. ii., pp. 187-8.
† Orig. Par. Scot., vol. ii. p. 550.

ber 1576 at Milntown Castle, and was buried in Kilmuir-Easter Church-yard. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. ANDREW MUNRO OF MILNTOWN AND DOCHCARTY, who embraced the Protestant religion, and became a rigid Presbyterian. His father apparently, some time before his decease, gave him possession of Newmore, for, anterior to that event, he is frequently mentioned as "Andrew Munro of Newmore."

In 1568, James VI. granted to "Andrew Munro of Newmore," the son and heir-apparent of George Munro of Dochcarty, and to Catherine Urquhart, his wife, and to their male heirs, the town and lands of Castletown, with the fishing, croft, and its pertinents; the town and lands of Belmaduthy; the town and lands of Suddie, with the brewhouse *(bruerium)*, croft, and mill; the town and lands of Achterflow, with all the pendicles and pertinents of these towns and lands lying in the Earldom of Ross, Lordship of Ardmanoch, and Sheriffdom of Inverness, belonging in heritage to David Chalmers, formerly Chancellor of Ross, held by him of the King, and forfeited on account of treason and lese-majesty — united *in unam integram et liberam particulam et partem terre consolidate vocatam vulgo Casteltown;* the grantee paying yearly the old fermes, victual, grassum, and dues, namely:—For Castletown, £11. 10s. 6d. in money, 1 chalder 4 bolls of bear, 4 bolls of oats, 1 mart, 1 mutton, with the bondages *(bondagia)*, or £1 in lieu of them, 4 dozen poultry, and 11 hens, commonly called "reek hens"; for the croft commonly called Castletown croft, 19s. 8d., and 1 boll of bear; for Belmaduthy, £10. 16s. in money, 1 chalder and 1 boll of bear, 1 mart, 1 mutton, and 4 dozen poultry, with the usual bondages of the same, or in lieu of them £1; for Suddie, 13s. 4d., 1 chalder, 5 bolls and 1 firlot of bear, 1 mart, 1 mutton, and 4 dozen poultry, with the bondages, or £1; for the brew-house of Suddie and its croft, £1. 12s.; for the mill of Suddie, 18 bolls of victuals, half meal, half bear, with 1 boll 2 pecks for "the charity," and 8 capons; for Achterflow, £15. 4s. 9½d. Scots, 2 chalders bear, 8 bolls oats, 2 marts, 2 muttons, with the bondages, or £2, 8 dozen poultry, and 14 reek hens, with £1. 6s. 8d. Scots in augmentation of the rental.*

* Reg. Sec. Sig., Vol. xxxviii, folios 16, 109, and 110.

The "treason and lese-majesty" committed by David Chalmers, and for which he was denounced a rebel and put to the horn, besides having all his lands and goods forfeited, was his not finding surety to appear and answer for the slaughter of James Balvany in Preston, and other persons slain at the battle of Langside. Among the other lands so forfeited and granted to Andrew Munro by James VI., in 1568, were the escheat of the grant of Meikle Tarrel, which the same monarch confirmed in 1571; and the lands of Easter Airds, in the parish of Tarbat, also confirmed in 1571.

In 1569 King James granted to Andrew Munro the escheat of all the goods upon the quarter lands of Meikle Allan, with the crops of that year, which was forfeited by John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, for treason and lese-majesty. In the same year James granted to him the escheat of all the goods, cattle, and corn upon the piece of land called "Bishop's Shed," in the Chanonry of Ross, which belonged formerly to Bishop Leslie, "of this instant crop and yeir of God 1569 yeiris, and sawin to his behoof," and which were forfeited by Leslie for treason and lese-majesty. The treason committed by Bishop Leslie was his being engaged in the attempt to get Queen Mary married to the Duke of Norfolk. He was imprisoned in the Tower in May 1571, where he remained till January 1574. It should have been noticed, however, that he was banished from Scotland in 1568 "for certane crymes of treasonn and lesemaiestie committit be him," and it was while in exile in England he engaged in the projected marriage of the Duke of Norfolk with Queen Mary, then a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth, Queen of England.

By a deed dated at Stirling, 10th February, and at the Chanonry of Ross, 28th February 1571, George Munro, Prebendary and Chaplain of Newmore, in the Collegiate Church of St Duthus in Tain, with the consent of James VI., the Regent, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, Kintigern Monypenny, Dean and Vicar-General of Ross, Thomas Ross, Abbot of Fearn, and Provost of the Church of Tain, and the Prebendaries of that Church, for the augmentation of his rental by the sum of six merks Scots, granted to Andrew Munro, the son and heir apparent of George Munro of Dochcarty, and his male heirs, with remainder to his heirs whatsomever, bearing the surname and arms of Munro, the

churchlands of the Chaplainry—namely, the lands of Newmore, with the alehouse; the lands of Inchendown, with the mill, and Strath of the same; the lands of Badachonacher, Coilmore, Rhicullen, Rawnvick, Newmore, with the "Straythis of Aldnafrankach, Aldnaquheriloch, and Rewthlasnabaa, in Strathrory, in the Earldom of Ross and Sheriffdome of Inverness," which were formerly held by the same George, and resigned by him on account that owing to the dearness of the lands, he had reaped no profit from them, but had sustained loss by the payment of the dues, and because the whole yearly revenue of the lands amounted only to the sum of £30 Scots, to be held by Andrew Munro for the yearly payment of 7 merks Scots in name of feuferm, £2 grassum, 30 bolls victual, or 8s. 4d. Scots for each boll, 4 muttons, or 3s. 4d. Scots for each; 12 capons, or 6s.; 4 dozen poultry, or 12s.; together with the sum of £4 Scots for heirages, carriages, bondages, and every other burden, and for the augmentation of the rental beyond what the lands ever before yielded, amounting in all in money to the sum of £30. 14s. 8d. Scots for feuferm and customs.*

Andrew Munro of Milntown was a member of the Assize, held at Golspie in 1591, to serve Alexander, XV. Earl of Sutherland, heir to his great-grandfather, Adam, XIII. Earl, who died in 1538, and to his great-grandmother, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, who died in 1535.

(To be continued.)

OLD INVERNESS.

II.

THE Invernessians were strong Episcopalians, and continued faithful to that form of worship long after the Revolution, in 1688. So strong was their attachment to it, that, in 1691, when the first Presbyterian minister was to be inducted, the Magistrates would not allow him to enter the church, but actually employed armed men to prevent his entrance, and he was only at length able to install himself by the assistance of a regiment of soldiers, sent by

* Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xxxix., folios 69-71, and Orig. Par. Scot., p. 420.

the Government for the purpose. About this time, and until 1746, the malt trade of the town began to decrease, in consequence of the duties imposed on corn, and the town itself was rapidly falling into decay. In the beginning of the 17th century, the ground behind Church Street and Academy Street was nearly covered with malt kilns, but after the Revolution these gradually became a mass of ruins.

A curious instance of the common belief in witchcraft occurred in 1601, when nine members of the Town Council were ordered to meet the minister, to examine the Session Register, for delations given in against witches, to take information of suspected persons, to meet in the clerk's chamber, and to make their adjournment. In 1675 the old quay at Portland Place was built, and the new one in 1738. It is a fact that until far on in last century, fishing boats sailed up on the east side of the Maggot to the foot of Chapel Street, thus making the Maggot almost an island. In 1698 the Town Council resolved to procure "two able shoemakers to come from the south." The first regular service of letters between Edinburgh and Inverness was established in 1669, when letters were carried by foot-runners once a week, wind and weather permitting; but some years later an enterprising carrier advertised that his waggon would leave the Grassmarket for Inverness every Tuesday, God willing, and on Wednesday whether or no! The first coach ever seen in Inverness was one belonging to the Earl of Seaforth, in 1715, and it caused great astonishment to the inhabitants, who made low bows to the driver, thinking he must be the principal personage.

There is a letter given in *The Culloden Papers*, which is a good example of the small respect the Magistrates of Inverness had for the House of Hanover in 1714. The scene occurred at the proclamation of George I.—

"The Shirriff-Depute and his Clerk came to the Cross when all the honest people in the town were at church att the weekly sermon. The Shirriff caused his Clerk read the proclamation, and one of his officers repeated the words after him. Some of the Magistrates were present mocking the Shirriff; and when the Clerk ended the reading, and cryed God save the King, the magistrates, and some they had present for that purpose, cryed, God damne them and their King. When the Whiggs came from church, and heard the news, they came to the magistrates and expostulate with them, for not having the usual solemnity on this occasion. Att which the magistrates were much offended, and bid some of them goe hang themselves; but, notwithstanding of this, the Whiggs, in the afternoon, put on their boonfyres,

illuminate their windows, caused ring the bells, in spight of what the magistrates could doe to the contrary, and were solemnising the occasion with all possible joy, till about nyne at night, that the magistrates thought fitt to stirre up a mob and rabble them, by breaking their windows, scatering their boonfires, and allmost burning their houses; and further, when young Castlehill and some others went to complain of this abuse to the magistrates, they thought fitting, by way of redress, to send him to prison. And as (if) this were not enough, they themselves went with some of the custom-house officers, such as collector and surveyors, and drunk avowedly King James's health; and, as some say, confusion to King George and all his adherents. This is a true coppy of ye account given ye Regents.

(Signed) "ROBERT MUNRO."

Burt, who wrote in the early part of the 18th century, gives a very minute description of Inverness at that period. The town was then chiefly formed of four streets, three of which centred at the cross, and the other was rather irregular. These were, doubtless, Kirk Street, now Church Street, Bridge Street, High Street, including East or Petty Street, and Castle Street, anciently called Domesdale Street. The Castle was built of unhewn stone, and consisted of twelve apartments for officers' lodgings, offices, and a gallery. From the bridge, seals were often seen pursuing the salmon; they were sometimes within fifty yards of the onlookers. The town hall was a plain building of rubble, and, to use Burt's own words, "there is one room in it, where the Magistrates meet upon the Town business, which would be tolerably handsome, but the walls are rough, not white-washed, or so much as plastered; and no furniture in it but a table, some bad chairs, and altogether immoderately dirty." The market cross was the business centre of the town, and was surrounded by the merchants and others, who were continually being disturbed and separated from each other by the passage of horses and carts. Opposite the cross was the coffee-house. The room appeared, according to Burt, as if it had never been cleaned since the building of the house, and in winter the peat fire might have been covered with one's hands. The houses were mostly built with their backs or gables to the street, separated from one another by little closes and court-yards, whence the inhabited portion was reached by a turnpike or square stair. The ground floor was generally used as a shop, and had a door towards the street, but no connection with any other part of the building. The houses were usually low, so as to present less resistance to the wind which rushed down the

glen in winter, and were all built of rubble, *i.e.*, stones of different shapes and sizes, compacted together, and harled over with mortar. Window sashes and slated roofs were unknown in the town before the Union, and in Burt's time the ceilings were seldom plastered; the bare planks serving for the ceiling of the lower and the floor of the upper room. The partitions were similar, and when the planks shrunk, the occupants of one room could both see and hear what was going on in the next.

The foregoing applies principally to the better class houses in town. The middle sort had generally a closed, wooden staircase in front, with small, round, or oval holes, just big enough for a man's head to pass through, bored in the roof. When anything extraordinary occurred in the street, out popped a number of heads from these holes, producing the curious effect of a lot of people in the pillory. The low part of the town was made up of dirty wretched hovels, faced and covered with turf, and having an inverted tub or basket with the end knocked out for a chimney. The streets of the town were usually very dirty. Burt relates an amusing anecdote in this connection. He says, "I asked the Magistrates one day, when the dirt was almost above one's shoes, why they suffered the town to be so excessively dirty, and did not employ people to cleanse the street? The answer was "It will not be long before we have a shower." The same writer also states that at that time, beef and mutton sold in Inverness for about one penny per pound, salmon for twopence, which was thought exorbitant, the former price per pound being one penny; fowls, twopence or twopence halfpenny each, and partridges one penny. The Invernessians of that day were a canny race, as appears from the followiug extract from Burt, who gives the story as "a notable instance of precaution:"—"This is to buy everything that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the staytape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are, all together, weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer to the original weight."

It used to be the custom in Burt's time for the Magistrates to take the Lords of Justiciary, when visiting Inverness on Circuit, to the Islands, where they were feasted with fresh

salmon, taken out of the cruives and boiled immediately on the spot. He was told that "there was formerly a fine planted Avenue from the town to this Island; but one of the Magistrates, in his solitary walk, being shot by a Highlander from behind the trees, upon some clan quarrel, they were soon after cut down."

In 1740 the Magistrates advertised for "a saddler to come and settle in the town." In 1746 the Castle of Inverness was besieged and taken by the army of Prince Charles, who blew it up before leaving, in order to make it untenable by the Government troops. It is said that the fuse which fired the train was rather long of taking effect, and that the engineer approached to see what was the matter with it, when the powder suddenly exploded, blowing him and the fragments of the Castle into space together. His body was blown right across the river, by the force of the explosion, and fell upon the Green of Muirtown. It is said that a little dog belonging to him was also blown over along with its master, and alighted on the same spot unhurt!

The night before the Battle of Culloden, Prince Charles slept in the town-house of Lady Drummuir, in Church Street. While in Inverness, he completely charmed the inhabitants, especially the fairer portion, by his amiable and gracious bearing. After the blighting of the Stuart cause next day, the "Royal Butcher" occupied the same house, and slept in the same bed which had contained Prince Charles the night before. The high-spirited Lady Drummuir, on being told by Cumberland that he intended lodging in the house, replied, with true Highland warmth, "Very well, your cousin slept in that bed last night, and you can sleep in it to-night." The house enjoyed the distinction of being the only one in Inverness at the time which had a reception room without a bed in it! The English officers held their mess in the old Commercial Hotel, then called the Horns, which stood beside the old Town Hall, and was demolished with that building three or four years ago. On the Provost, a gentleman named Hossack, going to the Horns a day or two after the battle, to expostulate with Cumberland about the treatment of some of the ill-fated prisoners, the unfeeling general ordered him, with an oath, to be kicked down stairs, a command which was promptly executed by the officious subordinates who received it.

The day after the Battle of Culloden, an incident occurred in Inverness which very nearly caused a serious breach in the Royal army. It was reported to Cumberland that a Highlander, named Murdoch Macrae, had been employed as a spy by Prince Charles. The victorious general, insatiable in his greed for blood, immediately ordered the poor man to be hung upon an apple tree which stood upon the Exchange, overshadowing Clachnacudain. This inhuman order was carried out to the letter, and not content with the poor wretch's death, the English soldiery kept piercing his lifeless body with their bayonets, and shouting, "Hack the Highland rascal into inches: his countrymen are all rebellious traitors like himself." These expressions fired the Highland blood of some of the Argyleshire Campbells, who, although in the Royal ranks, could not submit to be gratuitously insulted, and, accordingly, were about to fight the English soldiers. They were speedily joined by nearly all the Scotch regiments in the army, and as the English soldiery came to the aid of their countrymen, a bloody struggle was imminent, and such a result was only prevented by the exertions of Cumberland himself, who arrived on the scene just as the hostile parties were coming to close quarters. It is said that from that day the apple tree ceased to bear fruit, and gradually withered away.

In this connection, "Nonagenarian" tells a curious anecdote of the Rev. Mr Thompson, who was minister of Kirkhill in 1746. On the 12th of April, in that year, a serjeant of the Prince's army went to the manse, and ordered the minister to pray for Prince Charles next Sunday, as the lawful King of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr Thompson, who was a staunch partisan of the Government, replied, "I will pray for him and you as fellow-sinners, but I will not pray for him as my Sovereign." The serjeant drew his sword in a fury, and threatened to run the minister through, unless he would do as he asked him, upon which the undaunted divine said, "You may run me through if you please; my Master has suffered much more for me." This somewhat quieted the irate serjeant, who said that if he would not pray for the Prince next Sunday, they would make a stable of his church. "Well, well," replied Mr Thompson, "you may make a stable of it next Sabbath, but the following one it will be the temple of the living God, who will

then be worshipped there without molestation." Next Sunday, accordingly, being the 14th of April, the church was occupied by the horses of the Highlanders, as the serjeant had threatened. On the following Tuesday, the Battle of Culloden was fought, and on Sunday, the 21st of April, the pulpit was again occupied by the minister, who conducted the ordinary services as usual. The settlement of this gentleman in his parish in 1722, was a most difficult task, and cannot be better described than in "Nonagenarian's" own words:—

"The populace turned out *en masse*, the women under the leadership of Muckle Kate Macphail, a person of masculine stature, being particularly active. Having filled the creels they carried on their backs with stones, they commenced such an attack upon Mr Thompson, that he precipitately retreated to Inverness, closely followed by his persecutors, who kept up a brisk running fire at him with stones from the church till he reached King Street, near the Central School, a distance of about eight miles. His appearance, on passing the Green of Muirtown, was painfully ludicrous in the extreme. Mr Thompson was a remarkably little man; under his arm he carried what was then termed a brown *polonie*, or greatcoat, a huge wig reached half down his back, while his broad skirted and long flapped coat sorely oppressed and encumbered him, as, with his cocked hat in one hand, and perspiring at every pore, he trotted on; a stone or two from his enraged pursuers, under their generalissimo, Muckle Kate, ever and anon counselling him to quicken his pace. The very children accompanied their mothers and supplied ammunition for their creels, by picking up stones and putting them into them. Such an exhibition attracted numerous females to the doors of their cottages at the Green of Muirtown, to whom he said as he ran by, 'Oh, women, is not this hard?' His brother being master gunner at the Castle, and expecting the reverend gentleman would have to make a quick retreat from Kirkhill, was looking from the Castle Hill in that direction, and seeing his brother hard pressed by the foe, he sent a few soldiers out to cover and make good his retreat; and, at sight of an *t-arm dearg*, or the 'red sodgers,' Muckle Kate and her 'irregulars' in turn 'faced about' in double-quick time. A whole year elapsed before Mr Thompson attempted again to appear at the church of Kirkhill. In the meantime, the feelings of the parishioners were softened down, and being an excellent man, and as 'a continual dropping wears the rock,' so in process of time the parishioners of Kirkhill became quite reconciled to his ministrations, Muckle Kate, among others of her allies, being indebted in after life to him for assistance."

By Cumberland's orders, the streets of Inverness were cleaned at the public expense for the first time, in 1746. Before that year the sea frequently came up close to the town, and the lands between the sea and the town were described in certain contemporary documents as having been "a salt marsh." The Lochgorm, or "Blue Loch," was partly formed by the salt water, and partly by ineffective drainage. For many years there existed along the upper and middle part of Academy Street, a large ditch, called the Fossee or Foul Pool, from the accumulation of refuse and garbage with which it was filled. Mr Alex. Ross, architect, in a paper read before the Inverness Field Club two or three years ago, gives some valuable information regarding the old town. He mentions that Inverness at one time had five gates, the East Gate at Petty Street, the Scatt Gate at the east end of Rose Street, the gate erected at the top of Castle Street by the Covenanters in 1644, and the Kaner and Rice or Ryke Gates on the west side of the river. Mr Ross takes the Scatt Gate to have reference to the Norwegian word *scatt*, meaning a land tax, but Mr Fraser-Mackintosh holds it to mean the Herring Gate, from the number of that fish which were at one time caught in the Firth and brought into the town through this port. The Rice or Ryke Gate probably referred to the tax on fuel, and the Kaner Gate to that on poultry.

Hats were almost unknown in Inverness, until Lord President Forbes generously presented one to each member of the Town Council. Previous to that, the only gentlemen in town who wore hats were the Sheriff, the Provost, and the minister of the first charge. The Councillors greatly prized their hats, and wore them only on Sundays and Council days, when their appearance caused quite a great sensation among the town's folk. The first tradesman of Inverness who wore his hat daily was Deacon Young of the weavers, and his appearance in the streets caused crowds of people to follow him about. The audible and not over-complimentary remarks which some of the younger persons indulged in on these occasions caused great annoyance to the poor deacon, who would turn round and testily exclaim, "What do you see about me, sirs? Am I not a mortal man like yourselves?" This was about 1760, and in the same year the first umbrella made its appearance in Inverness, being carried in the Shoemakers' Procession on St Crispin's day.

At this period all public executions took place at Campfield, then called the Gallows-muir. While Cumberland's army occupied Inverness, a soldier named Shearfield murdered his wife, with circumstances of extreme atrocity, in the Castle Wynd. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged. A few days after the execution, while his body was yet hanging, a Highlandman, from the country, tried to pull off Shearfield's shoes, but failing in that, he actually cut off the feet at the ancles, and decamped with both feet and shoes. "Mac Ian Ruaidh," a noted Black Isle cateran, was executed at Campfield. "Nonagenarian" relates an amusing anecdote in connection with his execution. A few days after the sentence had been carried out, a young man named Rose, a son of one of the Bailies of the town, with a few other kindred spirits, went during the night to the gibbet and took down the freebooter's body. Bearing some ill-will to the Provost, they carried the corpse to his door, and laid it there. It was discovered in the morning, and the matter taken before the Town Council. Somehow it became known that young Rose had the principal part in the prank, and the Provost only refrained from taking legal proceedings against him on his father promising to take it well out of him with a stout stick when he was in bed. The Bailie's wife, however, gave her son timely notice of what was in store for him, and the wily youth accordingly ensconced himself beneath the bedstead, having placed a good sized log of wood beneath the blankets, and arranged it to resemble his own body as near as possible. The Bailie on coming home took a good jorum of ale to steady his nerves, and going up to his son's bedroom with a stout staff in his hand, he commenced to belabour what he took to be his son's body in a most vigorous manner. The culprit, safely concealed beneath, emitted the most dismal groans, and these at last ceased altogether. This sudden cessation rather frightened the Bailie, who began to think he had gone too far, and descending the stairs in haste, he said to his wife, "Woman, I fear yon foolish lad is no more." His fears were not ended until Mrs Rose went up stairs to see her son, and, on coming down, assured the remorseful parent that the lad was not seriously injured.

H. R. M.

(To be continued.)

TOLQUHON.*

To Robt. Garden, Esq., North Ythsie, Tarves.

'Tis the Castle of Tolquhon,
Silent, ruined, ghostly, lone;
Riven towers and crumbling walls,
Mouldy chambers, slimy halls,
Reft of windows, reft of doors,
Saplings growing on the floors,
Saplings on the toppling edges,
Saplings on the buttressed ledges;
Weeds within and weeds without,
Weeds are everywhere about;
While the rooks rejoicing caw
The inexorable law—
That Decay is lord of all,
Be it palace, hut, or hall;
'Bove the gate quaint heraldries,
Carved by Art's rude devotees,
Here a warrior fierce and grim,
There a knight devoid of limb,
While a stone bereft of charms
Bears the owner's coat of arms,
And another, placed for fame,
Tells in language old his name,—
Where the garden once had been,
Nettles rank are only seen,
Ne'er a pathway, ne'er a flower,
Points now to "my ladye's" bower,
But the rugged, ancient trees
Sigh and sway to every breeze,
As they did in times of old,
When fair dames and barons bold
Played and sang or danced and walked,
Or of future pleasures talked
In the hey-day of their being,
Love and hope their only seeing;
Now the eye the lakelet scans,
Once the home of snow-white swans,
All o'ergrown with slimy weeds,

* Tolquhon (pronounced To-hon) lies about a couple of miles from the village of Tarves, in Aberdeenshire. It was once the seat of the Forbeses of Tolquhon, a branch of the great Clan Forbes. Sir Alexander Forbes of Tolquhon was one of the three fighting colonels in the Scots army of Charles the Second, and is said to have rendered important services at the Battle of Worcester, in 1651. The ruins are in a remarkably good state of preservation, and present the appearance of once having been a place of great beauty and strength.

Intertwined with spiry reeds,
Which upon its bosom spread
As a covering of the dead.—
This the ruins of Tolquhon,
All of life and beauty gone.

What of those who lived and died
When the place was in its pride?
When it rang with mirth and glee
Or high-sounding revelry,
When fair maidens skipped and danced
Or with lovers gaily pranced;
Where the barons? Where the dames?
What their story? What their names?
Answer me ye crumbling stones,
Tell me even where their bones?
But the drooping grasses wave,
Answering—The grave! The grave!
All to nothingness consigned,
Leaving nothingness behind.
Yet in Fancy's sportive train
Men and women live again;
Here of old the armèd knight
Proud of his ancestral might,
O'er the courtyard clanking strides,
And to battle forthward rides,
Followed by a warrior band,
Spear or sword in every hand;
Ere his home is lost to view,
See! he waves his last adieu!
While upon the tower high
Stands his dame with anxious eye,
Weeping as the cavalcade
Disappears by Ythsie's glade;
Then, in sorrow and despair,
Softly falls her anguished prayer:
"Lord of All! in Heaven above,
Send him back to home and love!"
And her lovely daughter then
Clasps her hands, and sighs Amen!
Now night's sombre shadows fall,
All is silent in the hall,
All is hushed in Haddo woods
And the Ythan solitudes,
Save some distant watch-dog's howl,
Or a staghound's angry growl,
Or a night-bird's eerie cry
Rising far and fitfully.
Is the gate securely barred?

Is the warder keeping guard?
Ah! a traitor's watch he keeps,
See! the scullion soundly sleeps,
While a wild, barbarian band,
From the western mountain land,
Comes to harry keep and tower
In the silent midnight hour.
Hark! a thundering at the gate,
Warder, wake! It is too late;
Loud their blows and savage cries,
Louder yet their yells arise,
See! the iron bolts are bending,
See! the oaken timbers rending,
While, above the outward din,
Helpless women shriek within.
Where the arms to help them now?
Where the men with spear and bow?
Where Fair Haddo's Fighting Knight?*
Where his Methlic men of might?
Where his sturdy Tarves yeomen,
And Formartine's dauntless bowmen?
All to battle forth have gone,
Fighting for King Charles' throne,
None, alas! are nigh at hand,
To repel the plundering band;
None, alas! are nigh to save,
Rank and Beauty from the grave;
Now the rude and kilted horde,
Armed with thirsty dirk and sword,
Burst the gate with mighty push
And across the courtyard rush,
While a swift-descending blow,
Lays the faithless warder low;
Then concentred is their powers,
'Gainst the door between the towers,
Soon the bolts and hinges yield,
To the battering beam they wield,
O'er the fragments rushing in,
Then the murderous scenes begin;
Vain, Oh! vain, the women cry,

* The knight alluded to here was the daring and chivalrous warrior, Sir John Gordon of Haddo, ancestor of the present Lord Aberdeen. He was second in command to the Marquis of Huntly in the forces raised against the Covenanters. In the Battle of Turriff—known as "The Trot o' Turrie"—he behaved with great courage. Inspired by his ardour, the Gordons were victorious in this fight, which was distinguished as being the first occasion on which blood was shed in the civil wars. He was captured by the Marquis of Argyll, then in command of the forces appointed to quell the insurrection, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was imprisoned in a portion of the Cathedral of St Giles; in consequence of this it was called "Haddo's Hole." He was afterwards beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh.

Night's dark echoes give reply,
Vain they hide in nook and room,
To escape their nearing doom;
Soon the weak, affrighted maids,
Fall beneath the ruthless blades,
And the blood from bosoms fair,
Trickles down each stony stair,
While the loud, convulsive breath,
Truly tells the grasp of death;
Calm amid the scene of slaughter,
Stands the lady and her daughter,
By despair and frenzy filled,
By o'erpowering horror stilled,
Like the ghosts of those who lay
Bleeding wrecks of lifeless clay;
What avails their garb of night,
Or their faces yet more white?
What avails their fearful eyes
Or their silent agonies?
Naught! Oh, naught! The reeking dirk
Soon completes the awful work;
By their torches' lurid glare
Hall and room are pillaged bare,
Store and stable, chest and bed,
Everything is plundered,
Death and ruin now elate,
And Tolquhon made desolate.
Then the spoil-encumbered horde
Seek the paths for Ury's Ford,
O'er the valley, o'er the lea,
Past high-towering Benachie.
Ere the sun is westward lost
Don's far fords they safely crossed,
And when rose the evening star,
Reached the wilds of Lochnagar.

Home from Worcester's fatal day,*
Wounded in that fateful fray,
Came the knight to his domain
With the remnant of his train,
Gloomy and dejected now,
Ne'er a laurel on his brow;
In a summer evening's hours,
Slowly passing Udny's towers,
Steed aweary, rider ill,

* Sir Alexander Forbes of Tolquhon with his troopers rendered signal service on that day. The Scots army was totally overthrown, upwards of fourteen thousand being killed. Cromwell styles it—"As stiff a contest as ever I have seen." The battle was fought on the 3rd September 1651—the anniversary of that at Dunbar in the previous year, where Cromwell routed the Scots under Lesley.

Trudged across the wooded hill,
While beyond Tolquhon appeared
And his drooping heart was cheered ;
Thoughts of welcome in his breast,
Thoughts of coming peace and rest,
Pleasures old and dearly sweet
Surely his return would greet.
As he passed some children by,
Oft he fell a-wondering why
Every little eye seemed sad,
And no smile their faces had.
Women at each cottage door
Seemed as they ne'er seemed before,
Silently they on him gazed,
But nor voice nor shout was raised ;
Suddenly, forebodings dire
Filled him with suspicion's fire ;
Heedless though his wound should bleed,
Eagerly he spurred his steed ;
O'er the ground he forward flew,
As if home again he knew ;
Through the wood, and by the lake,
Onward for his master's sake,
Halting not till at the gate
Lying in its shivered state ;
From his horse he quickly leapt,
Then across the court-yard stept.
All was hushed, no loving voice
Bade his sinking soul rejoice ;
Like a nest of beauty shorn,
All lay scattered, wrecked, and torn :
In the chambers, in the hall,
Stains of blood on every wall,
Stains of blood on every floor,
Stains of blood on every door,
Through each room he madly sped,
Crying loudly for the dead ;
Crying ! crying ! none replied,
Death alone an answer sighed.
Faint and bleeding from his wound,
On the narrow stair he swooned ;
Gasping, reeling, down he fell,
Stricken by the fearful spell,
Dying on night's turning tide,
Where his wife and daughter died ;
Ere the blushing break of day,
Cold and stiff the warrior lay,
At the door his faithful horse,
Stood beside his silent corse,

Wondering why his master slept,
Neighing as his watch he kept,
Till some toiling passers by,
Heard and wondered at the cry,
And though filled with ghostly fear,
Cautiously they ventured near;
Then Tolquhon's dead knight was found,
Lifeless on the stony ground.
In the little church-yard green,
Which on Tarves' hill is seen,
There they laid him down to rest,
'Mid the dust he loved the best.

Fancy's pictures now have fled,
Lo! the sun has westward sped,
Gloaming's deepening shadows fall,
Over tower and crumbling wall,
Through the hoary, ancient trees,
Sadly moans the evening breeze,
Sweetly in the leafy dells
Birds pour forth their day farewells,
While the young moon gleams afar
Like a golden scimitar;
From the ruins now I part
With a melancholy heart,
And within the farm-house nigh*
Think on olden chivalry,
And the days when sturt and strife
Served to make a noble life;
Strange! the farmer's daughter there,
To the stranger will declare—
That she oft has seen at night
Beings three, arrayed in white,
Slowly gliding thro' the grounds,
Making not the faintest sounds
Till they pass the courtyard o'er,
When they vanish thro' the door;
Then one long, unearthly moan
Breaks the silence of Tolquhon.

Sunderland. WM. ALLAN.

MR CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P. for the Inverness District of Burghs, has declared his intention of contesting the County of Inverness at the next General Election.

* The farm adjoining Tolquhon is in possession of my friend, R. Garden, Esq. At his invitation I spent a couple of days in exploring the country around—Haddo House with its beautiful surroundings; Methlic and the lovely Vale of Ythan; the Braes o' Gight with the castle perched on the cliff, once the home of Byron's mother; the bonnie toon o' Tarves pleasantly situated on a hill; and the ruins of Tolquhon—the latter affording food for reflection and rhyme.

MAJOR JOHN MACDONALD.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

III.

THE Sergeant was now to appear in a new role—that of thief-catcher. The famous David Gauld was in the midst of his daring career in Braemar, and the authorities finding the civil power unable to cope with him, applied for military assistance; but Macdonald must be allowed to relate his adventures himself.

"In February 1755, the Captain had a warrant from the Lord Justice-Clerk to apprehend David Gauld, *alias* Auchlonie, reputed a notorious thief and robber in the neighbourhood, sent for me, and after reading the warrant, said, Macdonald, you must take this man. I made no difficulty, if there was a trusty guide to direct, as I did not know him, nor where he lived, though I had heard of such a man as being a favourite with the Mackenzies of Dalmore. The Captain observing this to be the first thing of the kind that came his way, he would not for any consideration but the fellow should be apprehended without giving his Lordship any further trouble. Therefore he trusted to my sagacity to supply the want of a guide, being pointed out in the warrant, and my vigilance in executing it, for which service I might depend on his remembering me in due time. Next morning having got a pass, fowling-piece, powder, and shot, I set out under pretence of shooting white hares for the skins' sake. Thus I continued, stretching from glen to glen, seven days, in the worst weather of all that year, and as wild a country as can well be conceived. I returned home, and finding the Captain rather impatient, set off again next morning; but the weather being tempestuous took a grenadier with me, who was a good marksman, still keeping up the farce of shooting white hares. The second day after, I wrote to the Captain for a Corporal and five picked men, who joined me at nine o'clock that evening at Mr Stewart's, a little above Abergeldie. I was now obliged to form a story of three men having deserted from Corpach, in order to engage the party to pursue them instantly, which being agreed to cheerfully, the difficulty of a guide through eight miles of dreadful mountains was removed by Mr Stewart allowing me hire his servant lad to Spittall in Glenmuick, where I alleged the deserters would be probably found that night. Accordingly we set out; the guide was seldom called to the front, as we found that post fit for men only, the snow being so deep, and the heath so high, that it took every step

to the fork; but to make short, we invested the house of Spittall, belonging to Mr Lewis Mackenzie, took the prisoner, and arrived at Braemar Castle next evening, where I found my Captain not only well pleased, but much diverted at the farce of white hares, which I was obliged to diversify in order to obtain the intelligence necessary for finding the thief, as I durst not communicate my real design to any person lest it transpired, and he leave the country or conceal himself. On the 1st of April 1755, the grenadiers being relieved, marched for Aberdeen, and I had charge of David Gauld, till I delivered him there to the gaol."

Captain Macdowall having got leave of absence, the Company was left in charge of the Lieutenant, with whom Macdonald could not get on very well, and he became unpopular with his comrades, and, insisting on maintaining his authority, he was the means of a court-martial being held on one of his companions.

"The regiment being reviewed, my Captain got leave of absence, and ordered the paymaster to give me the Company's money as I called for it. This brought on me the displeasure of the Lieutenant who commanded it. Indeed, my patience was so much exercised by that gentleman, that I begged he would give the halbert to whom he pleased, and allow me peacefully serve as a private. This happened at Banff where the Company then quartered. My officer making no secret of his displeasure, the most licentious of the men availing themselves of the officers' countenance took unusual freedom with me. This is always the case when they find an inferior in disgrace with a superior, but I was determined to be sergeant altogether or not at all, therefore maintaining dignity with proper spirit, I was forced to bring more to punishment than could have happened had my authority been supported as it ought. Partly from the same cause proceeded the last national quarrel I had in this respectable corps, which I beg leave to mention here as the proper place, viz., being sergeant of the guard, a public-house keeper complained that one of the grenadiers came drunk to his house and was abusing him and his family very ill. I went with the man, turned out the grenadier, ordered him to his quarters, threatening to confine him if he went anywhere else, or committed any more disorder. I hardly got to the guard when the publican came again begging my protection, as the grenadier had returned and was beating his people, and breaking everything he could come at. I brought him instantly to the guard; there he exclaimed in an audible voice what a hardship, and how ridiculous to hear tell, that a true-born Englishman should be beat, kicked, and imprisoned by the worst of Scots rebels, a Highland savage. This might have been borne if he had not made such a noise, with

repetitions of such approbrious language as brought a mob about the guard-house. I then ordered him to the black hole under the guard-room. He then extending his voice, I had no alternative but to gag him, which had the designed effect of silence. Next morning I found him sulky and determined to complain of ill-usage, but instead of giving that opportunity, I left him in the guard-house with a stout crime. This produced a court-martial, of which the majority were Englishmen. I prosecuted him, and he pleaded that I beat and kicked him to the guard-house and put him in the black hole, and there gagged and maltreated him in the most cruel manner, besides saying in an imperious tone that he would find me as capable of commanding that guard as any English sergeant in the regiment. This was his great gun, and I owned to have said so when highly provoked by his incessant clamour against me and my country, and as to ill-usage, I hoped the Court would allow my being forced to it, or shamefully abandon the command of my guard. The Court told him jocularly that I seemed to prove the assertion, and ordered him five hundred lashes, of which the commanding-officer so far approved that he ordered them to be well laid on. He could stand no more than three hundred at the first bout, and I begged off the other two hundred. This extinguished national reflection with respect to me, and confirmed my authority with the men; but possessing their money kept me still in hot water. In October the Company marched to Peterhead, and I was called by my Captain to Aberdeen to settle with him, as he had further leave of absence. When I came there I found orders for the regiment to march to the West Highland forts, and my commander at Peterhead was appointed Captain-Lieutenant. I brought this news home, and he was pleased to compliment me on my address and good management of the Company, promising future friendship, in which I found him very sincere."

Sergeant Macdonald now got a furlough, which he had well earned, and he visited his friends and relations in Sutherlandshire.

"From Fort-William I got a furlough in February 1756, and had a sincere welcome at my dear uncle's, Mr Hugh, where Mrs Sutherland and my young cousins made me extremely happy, whenever I appeared in that most hospitable house, from visiting my other friends and relations, among whom I went to see Alexander Macdonald, *alias* M'Tormaid, with whom I had left my effects when I engaged in the army. This poor man observed, justly, that he was frail in person and substance from what I had seen him, and if I brought him to account, as was alleged, he and his family would be reduced to begging. I desired him meet me

at the minister's two days after, with all papers relative to my affairs. He met accordingly, and all papers on both sides being put into Mr Sutherland's hands, I asked Macdonald if he would choose them to be burnt, as I freely forgave all claims for what passed. This was readily agreed to, and the poor man went home thankful, with comfortable news to his family. I beg leave to observe, that when on half-pay I gave this man a trifle yearly to support him; but he himself was the only person of his family worthy of such attention. They had sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, but they threw that on me because I ordered it to be decent."

The Sergeant now became ambitious, and anxious to obtain a commission. What steps he took to secure this, and with what success, we will allow himself to tell.

"Next summer, 1756, the Grenadiers marched to Inverness, and Macdowall being promoted, Captain Masline got that company. Though I did not depend on my interest with him, I was obliged to try his goodwill soon. In September I had a letter from my uncle, Mr Hugh, with one enclosed for the Earl of Sutherland. My own informed me that he had spoken to his lordship in my favour, and his lordship would be at Cradlehall next night, and desired to see me with a character from my officers in writing. My principal friend Macdowall being absent, I went directly to Captain Masline and gave him my uncle's letter. After reading it, he asked me what I would have him do. I told him that, next to Major Macdowall, he knew my behaviour the best of any officer in the regiment, therefore begged he would do what he thought proper, as he was a very good judge whether I merited a favourable recommendation or not, and begged him to be determined as I had no time to lose in waiting on his lordship, or dropping the cause altogether. He said that his opinion of me was such as made him assure me once for all that nothing in his power should be wanting to forward my interest, and therefore if I thought his application to Colonel Leighton better than my own he would wait on him immediately, which being done, and the Colonel pleading no personal acquaintance with me, the Captain got a furlough from him, with which, and the following certificate, I waited on his lordship and had a humane reception, with promise of his future patronage:—'This certificate in favour of Sergeant Macdonald, of Colonel Leighton's regiment, at his friend's desire and his own, is most cheerfully signed by his present Captain, who has been for over sixteen years an eye witness of his sobriety, courage, and honesty. He has been seventeen years in the regiment, and behaved to the satisfaction of his officers at the four battles during the last war, was twice

wounded at that of Fontenoy, and notwithstanding turned out volunteer, when the late Lord Crawford called for a platoon to cover the retreat of his troop of Life Guards. As this is due to his behaviour, it is wished it may prove beneficial to his interest. A true copy. (Signed), John Masline, Captain, 32nd Regiment.' With this I waited on his lordship, and had a promise of his future patronage. The latter end of this season I was ordered to recruit in the North with Captain (now Colonel) Ross. Here I had not only the good fortune to please the Captain but became such a favourite with his father, David Ross of Inverchasly, that he interceded with the Hon. Captain Mackay of Skibo, then a member of Parliament, to get me a commission. Mr Mackay said that being so long in the army, from whence my pretensions sprung, my own officers should recommend me, and if that was warm, there remained little difficulty in getting me a commission."

But Macdonald did not succeed in getting a commission until three years afterwards, and then only got an Ensigncy in a regiment of volunteers raised by the Earl of Sutherland. He, however, never lost heart, and promotion came, slow but sure, at last.

"Inverchasly took it for granted that if I got a sufficient character from my own officers, he and another gentleman in the neighbourhood would prevail with the member to get me advanced. Had they been equally keen, that might have happened. Next year Colonel Webb sent me word to recruit at my own hand, that is, without a superior. I waited on Inverchasly, and he, in great earnest, insisting on my getting the recommendation mentioned by Mr Mackay, I wrote to Major Macdowall that a friend had interceded with Mr Mackay to recommend me for a commission, that Mr Mackay said a character from my officers was requisite, therefore begged he would be pleased to give me such as he thought proper, which would determine me to drop such ideas altogether or pursue it with all the interest I could make. In course of post I received three letters from the Major. One for myself, concerning that for Mr Mackay, which was closed, as being an acquaintance. This might look like a favourable circumstance, although it produced nothing. The other letter was open, and I was to close and direct it, and it was composed in the following words :—

"INVERNESS, 19th October 1757.—SIR,—I have a letter from Sergeant Macdonald, who writes me that you have applied to Mr Mackay to recommend him for a commission. I had an opportunity to know him all the last war; he always behaved well. As he was long my Sergeant when I had the Grenadiers, made me

know him better than the rest of the officers. I wrote Mr Mackay in his favour, and hope he will recommend him, as in my opinion he is a very good man, knows his duty well, and a very proper man to be advanced; and what is done for him will greatly oblige, Sir, yours, &c. (Signed), William Macdowall."

"Without closing or directing it, I went to Inverchasly. He approved much of my confidence in him, and desired me close and direct it for the other gentleman, whose good offices I depended much on. This is done, and I gave him likewise Mr Mackay's, but never had a direct answer.

"In 1758, Macdowall purchased the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and Seton the Majority. They were my friends, and with Captain Masline did all in their power to get me advanced, but nothing took place till 1759, when the Earl of Sutherland got the raising of a battalion to serve in Britain during the war. The commissions had no exceptions in them, but by a previous agreement the officers had no title to half-pay or any other reward for their services. His Lordship promised me a lieutenancy in this corps, but at filling up the commissions the Duke of Argyle would allow me no more than an ensigncy, which my friends of the 32nd advised me to accept, as his Lordship gave reason to believe that he meant to get me into an established corps when his own was reduced. In consequence of this ensigncy, I appeared at Dornoch in kilt on the 30th November 1759, after being twenty years and three months in breeches, long cloak, and spatterdashes, etc., and no man in that corps used the native dress more than I did, notwithstanding my being early and late teaching the men, while drilling was necessary, but the trouble was uncommonly short, the men as well as officers striving who should exercise or perform any part of duty best, by which they soon became, not only an honour to their teacher, but to discipline itself. And I was exceedingly happy with them, and so far in his Lordship's favour, that he made strong application with the Secretary of War for my removal to an established corps. In May 1762 he joined at Aberdeen, and acquainted me that Mr Townshend, the Secretary, had assured him of a lieutenancy for me in a few weeks. The regiment marched to Edinburgh and made an excellent review.

"In August his Lordship went North. All parties seemed now tired of the war, and I longing for a bit of sure bread wrote to his Lordship for leave to go to London, which I got in course, with a letter to the Secretary, and went with the Hon. Captain Perigrine Barly, in the Dispatch Sloop of War, to Sheerness, from thence to Gravesend, and dressing myself in my Highland regimentals waited on Colonel Barré at Chatham. The Colonel did not choose to intercede for me, and seemed certain of my

being disappointed. However, as he was well acquainted with the ceremonies of that department his hints were of great use to me, in course of the eleven weeks that I attended the Secretary at the office as constant as his shadow, and I managed matters so with his attendants that I never missed audience at his levée. In short he was so tired of me that he began to think seriously of giving me something in order to be rid of my trouble. I always appeared in my full Highland dress—that is a bonnet with a large bunch of feathers, great kilt, broadsword, pistol, dirk, large badger skin purse, and a pair of locks as big as besoms, with an amazing strut, to set the whole off in the most marvellous manner, and though this was in a great measure forced work, I found my account in it; but 'tis too tedious to explain how.

"The guns fired in the Park at one o'clock in the morning for the preliminaries of peace being signed, this could not add to my diligence, but it augumented my concern. I attended at the War Office as usual, and the Secretary's patience being worn out, ordered his first clerk to set me down Ensign to Major Johnson's corps, or the 101st. I paraded his promise to the Earl of Sutherland of a lieutenancy; he in seeming friendship desired me take this in the meantime, and when a lieutenancy appeared vacant I should have it, perhaps to-morrow or next day. I answered that there were two vacant in that same corps; he observed that I was very intelligent, but that these two were promised. I found him now so far disposed to be rid of me that I had no doubt of getting the ensigncy, therefore with a little unusual freedom told him that the army looking on the Secretary of War as their common father, expected that he looking on them as his family would reward merit and long services liberally; instead of this old servants were glad to get anything, when every youth who had never served an hour, but had a friend in favour with the man in office, could get what commission they pleased, that I did not doubt but these lieutenancies would be disposed of in this manner, and therefore hoped he would pardon my disclosing my indignation at being put off with the lowest pittance given to any officer under his Majesty after twenty-four years constant service, a broken constitution, and a body hacked with wounds. He then, as if surprised, asked if I had been in any other than the present Sutherland regiment. I answered that I was upwards of twenty years in the 32nd in the whole of the last war, and in all the battles, and often wounded, which I could prove by general officers then in town. He then expressed his concern that he had not known this sooner. I observed that the Earl could not miss informing him of my services, as it was his Lordship's only argument for demanding such a commission for me. He then, with great grace said that he had no notion of

putting an old servant off with a trifle, and calling to the clerk ordered him to set me down Lieutenant to the 101st. This produced my best bows, scrapes, and acknowledgments of his goodness. Still, if I had not been attentive I have occasion to believe that I had got nothing. At least, this is certain, that the second day after stalking about the War Office, and going into a particular room, the same clerk who set me down as a lieutenant asked what I expected, and when I answered a lieutenancy, he said, "In Crawford's?" I replied, no, sir; Mr Townshend ordered you to set me down to Johnson's. This ignorance, whether pretended or not, made me uneasy, and still troublesome, till I found my name notified. Then your humble servant was an officer; and here I beg leave to confute, what was firmly alleged by a gentleman, and afterwards repeated and believed by many, that I had drawn my dirk on the Secretary in the levée room, and pent him up in a corner till I forced him to promise me a lieutenancy. Was I capable of such a desperate action, it would appear unnecessary at this time, having a memorial prepared, and one of the Lords-in-Waiting engaged to deliver it to his Majesty, in case my success at the War Office did not answer my expectations. Meantime, my commission being expected, I joined the 101st at Perth in January 1763, and on the 30th of March following was reduced with that corps. I went home to my native country, but was too late to get a farm that year. My uncle, Mr Hugh, and Mrs Sutherland insisted on my living with them at least until their sons came home—both being in the Queen's Highland Regiment in Ireland, which being likewise reduced, they soon arrived, and I was not allowed to think of quitting the family till I got a place of my own. There I lived with my family fifteen months, I may well say the happiest of my life, being esteemed as the eldest son or brother, and my wife as the only daughter or sister, by one of the most decent and sensible women existing, and three near relations of consummate sense and liberal education.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN CLAN NAMES.

To the Editor of the Celtic Magazine.

Sir,—In Gough's "Camden" (London, 1806) it is stated that in the parish of Duthil, in Strathspey, "there is a small grove of trees held in such veneration that nobody will cut a branch out of it."

This wood was undoubtedly sacred to Grian, from whom not only the Grampians derived their name, anciently Granzebene (Grian's hills), but also the Clan Grant, although there are still some who consider the latter a Norman name.

Can any of your readers inform me whether that wood is still held in such respect?

The Frasers have also been supposed to be of Norman origin; and a few years ago a foolish member of the clan in Lower Canada added "Berri" to his name — "Fraser de Berri" — as if the name of Fraser could be improved by any foreign addition; besides which, the fable of the arms having been granted in 916 by the King of France to a noble named Berri is absurd, as arms were not worn until long after that date; and when the Frasers adopted their arms they undoubtedly chose punning arms, which was done even by kings, as witness the arms of Spain: castles and lions for Castile and Leon, and a pomegranate for Granada.

Neither are they descended from the Frezeans, or Frezels de la Frezeliere. Burton was in error in throwing discredit upon the antiquity of this family, for Moreri shows there were Chevaliers Frezel in 1030, and both the Marquis Frezeldeler Frezeliere and Simon Lord Lovat, the last of the martyrs, undoubtedly believed in their common origin, for the Scotch name is written Frisel and Freshele, as well as Fraser, in Ragman Roll (1292-1297), one of them being then Lord Chancellor, and another Grand Chamberlain and brother-in-law of King Robert Bruce. But probably neither the Marquis nor Lovat understood old French, or Romance, in which language "fraysse" signifies not a strawberry, but an "ash tree," and the Marquis's title was Ash of the Place of Ash Trees, or Ash of the Ash Wood; and I believe Logan was right in calling the Clan Friosal the Frith Siol or Forest Clan, for although it may be said this could hardly be a distinctive name, as the country was then well-wooded, still there may have been a particular wood or forest, separated perhaps by barren moors, or even cultivated lands, from the surrounding country.

It was a strange fancy of the Senachies to endeavour to find foreign origins for the principal old Scottish families, as if it were not nobler far to be Scotsmen *ab origine*.

Perhaps no families in Europe are older than the Clann Diarmaid O'Duine or Campbells, who were petty kings or lords of Argyle in A.D. 420, and may have arrived there as early as 258, and who were, I believe, descended from a Druid priest who adopted the name of the god he served, as was the custom not only of the British Druids but also of the priests of Egypt and Delphi.

Diarmaid was another form of Grian, the Celtic Apollo, or Grannus, as he was called by the Romans, on the altar to Apollo Granno discovered at Musselburgh.

From time immemorial the race of Diarmaid have been known also as O'Duine and Campbell, and as a leader of the Gauls B.C. 279, bore the latter name (Cambaules), is it very wild to suggest that he may have been of the same family? The relations between Britain and the Continent in those days must have been more intimate than we have any idea of, for Cæsar tells us (B.C. 56) that the Gauls were accustomed to send their children to England for their education.

The name Cambel, without a *de*, showing that it was not a local name, appears in a charter of the year 1266, but Ossian, who was living one thousand years before (A.D. 286), says—"I have seen dermit doone," and why may not the third name be as old as the two others, and if so, the Cambauls may have been a family five hundred years old even in Ossian's time, and yet the Senachies bring them down to about the eleventh century, and call them *de Campo Bellos!*.

Toronto. B. H. D.

THE HOMOLOGY OF ECONOMIC JUSTICE: An Essay by an East India Merchant, showing that Political Economy is Sophistry, and Landlordism Usurpation and Illegality. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

A LATE eminent economist is reported to have said that it would be a long time before the last word had been written on the subject of political economy. Like the science of language it partakes of a two-fold character, due to its relations to mental phenomena on the one side, and to physical or material phenomena on the other. Such questions as these have recently been put—Can it ever become a science with unimpeachable conclusions? Are its leading principles so fixed, and outside the region of discussion, that a man may feel, in studying it, that he is treading on firm ground? To the latter question the late Professor Jevons, whose fresh and independent treatment of the science has as yet had bare recognition, gave a negative reply in his trenchant attacks on some of the economic doctrines of the school of Ricardo and Mill. The work now under review is a successful attempt towards clearing the science of many misconceptions and ambiguities that have been traditionally received as sound doctrine, because maintained by the authorities in economics. The author, while subjecting these views to a rigorous analysis, has gone to an earlier authority, "the incomparable Aristotle" (as, with a disciple's fondness, he calls him), whose sway over the world of mind is perhaps without parallel in the history of the world, and is apt to be somewhat ignored, in the hey-day of modern scientific swagger. Nor does the author undervalue the economic contributions of David Hume, who, take him all in all, is our greatest Scotch philosopher, and whose language in his Essay on Commerce, on the dependence of a state for its greatness and happiness on the operations of Commerce, might be said to give the key-note to the "Homology." The work is evidently the outcome of long and deep reflection after a close study of the greatest works bearing on the subject and the related sciences. A mere enumeration of the names of authors, quoted and referred to, from Newton to Buckle, from Montesquieu to Bastiat, and from Locke to Stuart Mill, to mention no others,

would establish the eclectic character of the work, which emphatically declines to range itself under any particular school of economics.

The title of the work is somewhat startling; but it is well calculated to attract attention to its subject matter, which is, just now, of urgent importance. "Homology" is a term of mathematical reference, and denotes a closer and stricter mode of relation (viz.—that of ratio and proportion), than is involved in the allied term of analogy. "The sophistry of Political Economy" must, of course, be held to relate to the hitherto received opinions, and does not imply that a Political Economy on a rational basis is unattainable. "The illegality of Landlordism" is an expression, no doubt, used from the point of view of Divine law, since the system is, as a matter of fact, legalised in nearly all existing communities, from the side of human law.

It is here proposed to give an analysis of the work, showing occasionally the points on which the author differs from the hitherto accepted authorities, and where he agrees with the conclusions of other independent investigators, leaving many parts of the subject on which the whole elucidation is due to himself. A very logical and convenient arrangement divides the treatise into four parts—I. Considerations on Land Nationalisation; II. Discussion of the Errors of Political Economists; III. What is Political Economy? and IV. on "Unproductive Labourers." At first sight it may appear that the subject of the third chapter should have been taken up first; but the order of treatment is justified on the ground of the propriety of clearing out of the way those incumbrances with which successive economists have improperly loaded the science, previous to undertaking the arduous task of determining the proper province of the science itself—a matter on which many conflicting opinions have prevailed.

The main object of the Essay appears to be two-fold, comprising (1) a solution of the question as to the abolition of landlordism; and (2) a statement of the proper objects and scope of political economy, with an exposure of the errors prevalent among the orthodox and university-taught economists, especially as to (*a*) the attribution of an economical value to the powers of nature, and (*b*) the supposition that rent is a necessary attribute of land.

The first chapter sets forth the design of the author in seeking for a higher sanction to the principles he maintains than are to be found in the works of the professed economists. Applying to the Land Question, in its most comprehensive sense, the principle of freedom and the moral law, to the violation of which nearly all human evils are traceable, an inquiry is instituted in order to discover whether there is not some "fundamental law" in the economy of nature intended for the regulation of land. It is observed that the variety of, and discordances in, the land-laws of the various countries of the world are *prima facie* evidence that there has either been an insurmountable difficulty in ascertaining what is the just and reasonable way of dealing with land, which might be, and ought to be applied everywhere, or that some antagonistic elements in human nature, through perverse development, have thwarted the Divine intention in regard to the land. A protest is entered that human society ought not to be regarded (as it is by the economists), as a mere congeries of beings bound together only by physical relations. The moral element—the distinctive glory of man—must have its full weight in any well-considered view of the functions of a community. There now emerges what the Germans would call the ground-idea of the work, that economical phenomena rest on a moral basis, and are not simply the outcome of material forces, as the economists would make men believe. The author maintains, with great force and earnestness, that no true economic conclusion can be reached while a large part of man's nature is deliberately kept out of sight, being a virtual exclusion from the field of social economics, of the sentiments and impulses that have to do with justice, virtue, and happiness, which Aristotle rightly declared to be "the ultimate end of human action." After a pertinent criticism of the expression, "Nationalisation of the Land," which is shown to be an illogical combination, the proposals of Dr A. R. Wallace and Mr Henry George are passed under review, most attention being given to the former. Dr Wallace's gigantic scheme for the valuation of all the ground in the kingdom, including every site and all mining property, is characterised as "a violent and vexatious interference with vested rights of the most intricate and extensive nature," although, on certainly a comparatively small scale, this has been done, under legislative enactment, in the case of land re-

quired for railways and other public purposes. His proposal to grant *terminable* annuities, as compensation to present landlords, is also condemned, as not giving a fair equivalent to *bona-fide* possessors, whose unborn posterity have rights, to ignore which would conflict with our sense of justice. The author approves of Dr Wallace's condemnation of the landlord and tenant system; and he recommends the issue of an edict declaring that "after seven years, or at the expiry of all existing leases, it shall be unlawful for all owners of lands, mines, lakes, and rivers to lend them out on rent; but that they shall be free to work them as industries, and to appropriate to the utmost of their power for their own good and for the good of society, or to sell and bequeath at pleasure in such occupying ownership." Landlords would thus have to sell all the land which they could not work on their own account. To this proposal, two objections, which might be guarded against, might be urged—(1) That it would, it is feared, lead to an enormous extension of the land-steward system, farmers becoming salaried land-stewards and dismissable at pleasure; and (2) that many nice questions for the tribunals would arise on the discordant objects embraced in the instruction to proprietors to work the lands, &c., for their own good and for the good of society—two distinct interests which might be expected to clash. In the next edition of the work, the mode of meeting these objections should be indicated. In passing, a hit is scored against Mr George's proposal of State-ownership of all land in these words:—"Landlordism of every kind is inconsistent with perfect freedom," since landlordism by the individual is bad; by the Church, worse; and by the State, worst of all, as being dangerous to public liberty, encouraging loose financial control, and outside the safe limits of governmental functions. The performance of these functions should be paid for by taxation drawn from the land. It is remarked that rent-exaction or increase is practically giving what should be taxing power lodged only in the State into the hands of the landlords, for what? —not for protection, as given in exchange by the State, but for the simple gratification of the landlord's appetite for reaping the benefit of the tenant's improvements. The author goes on to show that too little stress has been laid on the emancipation of industry which would follow the abolition of landlordism, and too

much weight has been given to the mere reduction of taxation that would result. The first part of the work closes with a criticism of the late Professor Fawcett's recent chapter on "Land Nationalisation," which attains a seeming triumph in argument by confounding the proposals of Wallace with those of George, the latter of whom overlooks the fact that the evil of the present system consists chiefly in lending and hiring land.

The second chapter is devoted to the exposures of "Current Fallacies and Sophisms." The Labour Fund Theory is rejected in favour of Mr George's most original and valuable contribution to political economy, the doctrine that labour is always antecedent to capital—both being really *instruments of exchange*, and not *funds* at all. Proceeding to inquire as to the cause of Rent, opposition is made to Ricardo's theory, which is thus formulated by Mill. "Rent is the difference between the return made to the more productive portions, and that which is made to the least productive portions of capital employed upon the land." The author observes that rent is not the cause, but is the effect of price, and then enunciates a wide-reaching economic law that escaped the keen vision of Adam Smith. "Agricultural land in the vicinity of populous places is more valuable than at greater distances, but not on account of any supposed inherent value. The value diminishes outward, as the squares of the distances increase." In this connection, it is worth noting as a coincidence, that this very principle of the retarding influence of increasing distance from the centre was, a few months ago, applied by Mr Gladstone, in speaking of the need for a proportionally larger Parliamentary representation for places distant from London, as compared with that due to places in closer proximity to that city. The author's application of this principle to political economy is one of the singular merits of his work. Striking confirmation of the working of the principle is found in a circular issued lately by the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, showing that prices of produce are 33 per cent. less than they were ten years ago, mainly attributed to the cheapness with which American produce is conveyed to our great centres, New York being now, for cheapness of transit, as near to London as Lancashire is. The concluding words of this section, as describing another distinctive feature of the author's system, may be quoted. "Rent is a dis-

tinct proportional designed for the revenue of the State, which is in ratio with wages and profits, and also with price, although the effect of price."

Adam Smith's inconsistency is next pointed out, in so far as he first states that labour is the foundation and measure of value, and then attributes some virtue to the soil in the production of rent, while he admits that rent is the effect of price. Even in the century preceding Smith's time, Locke wrote in his Essay on Civil Government—"Labour is the constituent principle of value." The author next discusses the question whether price is dependent on wages and profits, to which it is answered that wages and profits depend on price, which, in its turn, "depends upon the abundance or scarcity of any commodity in proportion to the consumption or demand for it, and not on 'cost of production.'" This is illustrated by the experience of miners, fishermen, farmers, &c., who, *cæteris paribus*, obtain smaller prices when their produce is more abundant, and larger prices when the supply is short, although the "cost of production" to all engaged in these industries may not have varied. Professor Fawcett's contention that "rent forms no part of the cost of production" is subjected to a severe handling, and his argument is shown to be a mere ingenious evasion of the point at issue; while Mill's analysis of "the cost of labour" into the "three variables" appears vitiated by the fallacy of confounding wages as "affecting the condition of the labourer with wages as affecting the profits of the capitalist." Mr Mill is also convicted of error in his assertion that profits depend on the efficiency of labour; for profits are lowest in England where labour is the most efficient in the world; while in India, where labour is very inefficient, profits are double. Coming to the topics of interest and capital, Mill is again subjected to a searching criticism, his definition of capital being dismissed as not answering to the facts, since he maintains that capital, in the course of use, is consumed, the truth being that it is only what capital, as an instrument, *produces*, that is consumed, *e.g.*, in the fisheries, not the fishing-boat and nets, but the fish are consumed. While on this topic the author pays a compliment to Mr George for his definition of capital, as "labour incorporated with materiality." Towards the close of this chapter a vigorous attack is made on the population theory of Malthus, as endorsed

by Mill, both of whom are confronted with the notorious fact that the most densely peopled countries are the richest, answering to the wise words of Paley, that "the decay of population is the greatest evil that a State can suffer." This part of the work concludes with the statement that "it is the force of *labour* and *capital* alone that creates wealth," in opposition to the orthodox addition of *land* to these two factors. An obvious commentary on this whole chapter, may be added from Hobbes—"Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." That this latter epithet may not appear on the sole authority of the reviewer, it may be stated that Professor Jevons freely adopted it when he wrote that "Our English economists have lived in a fool's paradise."

The third chapter is set apart for the discussion of the question—"What is political economy?" After adverting to Mill's admission that he was unable to give an adequate definition of the science, the author goes back to Aristotle, who based his political and economical science on morals, and introduced the doctrine of proportionals, which agrees with the latest generalisations of economic science. The author exhibits several illustrations of the working out of the doctrine which he has extended to many of the modern problems of the science. He thus shows the homologous relations of profits and wages, each expressed in four terms, the fourth being as to profits, depreciation of capital, and as to wages, provision for old age, &c. This fourth term is the author's own contribution, and supplies an unnoticed defect in the economist's account of the ingredients of profit. The following is an example of the economic proportionals :—

Labour, capital; wages, profits. The components of wages, profits, and price are shown in homologous relation by diagrams from Euclid. His observation in the series which includes rent, is that rent is really wages; but that at present it is the wages of idleness, and is a "transgression of the fundamental law of labour," since it should be devoted to the payment of the expenses of Government. This leads to the subject of taxation. Referring to Adam Smith's well-known canons, it is remarked that Professor Fawcett notices only the one regarding the duty of every person contributing to the support of the State according to his means. Paley, in a less advanced political society, had

more liberal ideas, for he said that the heaviest part of the burden of taxation should be borne by those who acquire wealth without industry, or who live in idleness. But the real state of matters now is that the Customs and Excise, which yield nearly two-thirds of the revenue of this country, press most severely on the working classes, whose only means is their labouring power. Adam Smith proposed that a part of the rents should be taken from landlords for the support of the State. The French economist, Quesnay, in his "Physiocratie," published in 1768, declared that *all* taxes should fall upon the land—the same view as propounded in the Homology. A word of criticism may be interposed here. At page 134, certain figures, 100, 80, &c., are selected for convenience, in order to illustrate the working of proportionals. These same figures, originally used for purposes of illustration, are transferred to page 147, where they are given as an actual quantitative statement of the problem on the proportion of taxes paid out of the produce of industry. The author thus infers that taxes amount to 25 per cent. cut out of that produce. The proportion may be actually greater or less, but it cannot be ascertained by assuming 100 as a standard for price and 25 as that for rent. A slight verbal alteration would, however, bring these statements into agreement with fact. It is next urged that rent instead of being a substitute for taxation goes to the support "of an idle and prodigal class," "who are *unconsciously* the cause of much wrong." The "Law Universal" is the title of the next section. Man is a microcosm in whom all the laws of the universe find illustration or are in operation within and upon him. Such considerations lead the author to apply the definitions, &c., of Newton's Principia to economic forces. The natural philosopher's elucidation of centripetal force and the three-fold nature of its quantity is, with great acuteness, applied to the doctrine of rent increasing according to proximity to centres of population and commerce. Intellect is, in economics, the efficacious power at work among masses of men, answering to Newton's cause, which propagates force from the centre through the regions of space all round it.

It has been said that it is the function of the philosopher to detect analogies and resemblances where hitherto they have not been observed: the author has abundantly vindicated his right to challenge the reasonings of previous writers by his exhibition

of the identity of physical and economic relations, expressed in proportional and geometrical forms, which would seem to be the full measure of precision attainable in economic science. In the course of making definitions, *utility* is defined as extending to objects of other than a material nature, such as teaching, governing, &c. All legitimate labour is usefully employed, so that utility is the result of all labour properly directed. This definition is held to cut at the root of the arguments used for bolstering up an idle landlord class; for "no provision has been made, in the scheme of Providence, for the idler," which the author shows by a mathematical formula, in which the terms "mankind" and "utility" are found to be co-extensive. The deduction follows that men are in every sense "fellow-workers with God."

The fourth and last chapter "Of Unproductive Labourers" is mainly occupied with the landlord class and their servants, and surplus military men. It also includes some just criticisms of the expressions "unearned increment," and "natural monopoly." The author's sense of humour appears in a note on the practice of economists forming a Mutual Admiration Society, and *clawing* one another, each calling the other "illustrious;" and in his reproduction of the scene in which General Burroughs was interrogated by the Chairman of the Crofters' Commission, to which is added a very appropriate short quotation from John Locke, in answer to the General Landlordism is finally declared "a cunning device for practising robbery," which would be checkmated by prohibiting landlords from letting their land, which should only be held in occupying freehold. "It ought to be a law of all nations—'Thou shalt not lend land nor charge usury on the gratuitous gifts of God for the oppression of thy brother.'" There follows a discussion on the immoral character of European National Debts, the interest of which should be paid by the landlords, whose ancestors contracted the debts, and who now hold the securities. By specially taxing ground-rents, mining royalties, and land reserved for sport, he estimates that the National Debt might be liquidated in forty years. He also makes proposals for the establishment of National Land Funds for the purpose of enabling the Government to advance money at low interest, by way of mortgage on land. The work concludes with a plea for agriculture, to be specially cared for by the State, since the land, by means "of trade and commerce, yields the

revenue of the State," in excess of wages and profits; and the benefits conferred on a nation by commerce are illustrated by a beautiful Eastern allegory.

The work, which is of comparatively small compass, contains matter which might have been expanded into a large volume. The author's intimate familiarity with all the workings of the commercial world, gives peculiar value to his observations on trade and commerce. He has command of a style at once clear, forcible, and elegant; and he possesses the rare power of relieving the close attention required for his arguments by apt quotations from the poets, and by convincing references to Scripture on the ethical aspects of his subject. Indeed, a spirit of earnestness and philanthropy animates the volume throughout, producing a bracing effect on the reader's mind. While the work is sure to excite the opposition of those who are hopelessly committed to the current doctrines of political economy, every one who professes to keep abreast of the progress of economic science, or of the various proposals for a radical reform of our land system, will find it necessary to adjust his views on consideration of the arguments in the Homology.

MEETING OF HIGHLAND PROPRIETORS AT INVERNESS.

The following resolutions, to which we shall refer at length by-and-bye, were passed unanimously at this meeting :—

I. "That this meeting, composed of proprietors in the Counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness, and Argyll, having in view certain complaints as to the insufficiency of holdings on the part of crofters, which were recently laid before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the crofters and cottars of the Highlands and Islands, and the recent appeal made to Highland proprietors by the Home Secretary in his place in the House of Commons, resolves severally to offer to crofters an undertaking to increase the size of their holdings as suitable opportunities offer, and where the crofters are in a position profitably to occupy and stock the same."

II. "That this meeting further resolves to offer the crofters—(1) To such as are not in arrears of rent, leases of 19 to 30 years, as may be arranged; (2) Revised rents; (3) Compensation for permanent improvements, regulated by a scale adapted to the nature and value of such improvements, and the duration of leases."

III. "That while this meeting of landowners has by the foregoing resolutions recognised the propriety of complying as far as possible with the reasonable wishes of their crofters, it would respectfully remind her Majesty's Government of certain other recommendations of the Royal Commission which can only be dealt with by them, especially those which relate to the development of the fishing industry, to the excessive burdens thrown upon ratepayers under the Education Act of 1872; and to the granting of assistance to those who may be anxious to emigrate. It desires therefore to express an earnest hope that these recommendations of the Royal Commission may receive the attention of her Majesty's Government."

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

IMPORTANT SPEECHES BY LOCHIEL, M.P., SIR KENNETH MACKENZIE AND OTHERS.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th of January, the thirteenth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness was held in the Station Hotel. The attendance was the largest ever seen at the dinner of the Society. Lochiel, M.P., Chief of the Society, presided, and was supported on the right by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Provost Macandrew, Rev. Dr Joass, Golspie, and Bailie Ross; and on the left by Mr Reginald Macleod of Macleod, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, and the Rev. A C. Macdonald. The croupiers were Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, and Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M P. Among the general company were—Major Grant, of Macdougall & Co.; Treasurer Jonathan Ross; Mr Cumming, Allanfearn; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Dr Macnee; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Bailie Mackay; Mr Machardy, chief-constable; Dr Aitken; Professor Heddle, St Andrews; Mr Macgillivray, solicitor; Mr Macfarlane, Caledonian Hotel; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Mr Maclean, factor for Ardross; Mr Horne, of H.M. Survey; Mr T. G. Henderson, Highland Club Buildings; Mr John Mackenzie, Greig Street; Mr Alex. Fraser, Balloch; Mr H. Macdonald, Ballifeary; Dr Chapman; Mr Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Captain Munro of Fowlis; Mr Chas. Macdonald Knocknageal; Mr Macbean, jeweller; Mr Alex. Maclennan, painter; Mr Macritchie, chemist; Mr Melven, bookseller; Councillor D. Munro; Mr Morrison, teacher, Dingwall; Mr Ellison (Morel Brothers); Mr Begg, coal merchant; Mr J. Mackay, solicitor; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr D. Campbell, Ballifeary; Councillor W. G. Stuart; Mr William Durie, H.M. Customs; Mr John Macdonald, Superintendent of Police; Bailie Macbean; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Couper, Huntly Street; Captain Beamount, R.N.; Mr R. Fraser, contractor; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street; Mr W. Gunn, draper; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr Smart, drawing-master; Mr Duncan Mactavish, High Street; Mr John Cran, Kirkton; Mr Hector Rose Mackenzie, Park House; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Andrew Macritchie, solicitor; Mr Macraild, messenger-at-arms; Mr Alex. Macbain, Raining's School; Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan; Councillor Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr John Fraser, Mauld; Rev. Mr Fraser, Erchless; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*; Mr Frank Grant, solicitor; Mr J. B. Innes, Church Street; Mr John Forsyth, wine merchant; Mr Bethune Seafield; Mr Duncan Macdonald, Union Street; Councillor James Macbean; Mr John Simpson, Highland Railway; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper; Mr Roberts, C.E., Kingussie; Mr Alex. Fraser, jun., Commercial Bank Buildings; Mr Munro, insurance agent; Mr Maclennan, factor, South Uist; Mr John Whyte, librarian; Mr Cameron, the Castle; Mr Fraser, Ballifeary; Mr A. Mactavish, of Messrs Mactavish and Mackintosh; Mr D. Macrae, teacher, Alness; Mr D. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Macgregor, do.; Mr Gillanders, grocer; Mr Macpherson, manager, Victoria Hotel; Mr D. Macpherson, coal merchant; Mr George Hamilton, of Hamilton & Co.; Mr Wm. Bain, of the *Scotsman*; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, of the *Aberdeen Free Press*; Mr D. K. Clark, of the *Inverness Courier*; Messrs D. Nairne, and Alexander Ross, of the *Chronicle*; Mr Mackenzie, of the *Morayshire News*.

The Secretary intimated apologies from the following gentlemen:—Mr Baillie of Dochfour; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr J. P. Grant, yr. of Rothiemurchus; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick; Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh; Mr A. Mackintosh-Shaw, London; Mr H. Morrison, Brechin; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Mr Alex. Macpherson, Kingussie; Mr D. Menzies, Blairich; Bailie Stewart, Dingwall; Mr P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit; Rev. J. Macpherson, Lairg; Mr Macrae, Ardintoul; Mr D. Cameron, late of Clunes, Nairn; Dr Stratton, Devonport; Mr Charles Innes, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, Gairloch; Mr Simon Chisholm, do.; Rev. R. Morison, Kintail; Mr Duncan Maclachlan, publisher, Edinburgh; Mr D. R. Ross, Glen-Urquhart; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie, of Inverewe; Mr John Mackay of Ben Reay; and Mr Charles Fergusson, Cally, Kirkcudbright.

Lochiel, who was received with loud and continued cheering, having proposed the loyal toasts in choice and patriotic terms, as also "The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," for which Novar, M.P., Captain Beaumont, R.N., Captain Munro of Fowlis, and Colonel Macandrew replied, proposed "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." Having referred in affecting terms to the recent lamented death of Cluny Macpherson, C.B., who, he said, would be mourned by the whole Highland people, and having stated he (Cluny) was the first Highland proprietor who joined the Gaelic Society, he adverted to the objects of the Society; its non-political and non-sectarian character; the good it has already done; was doing; and was expected to do in the future. Lochiel then proceeded

This Society has one peculiarity; it has never attempted—and maybe it has had some temptation to take any part in political or religious controversy. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If I on the present occasion depart to a certain extent from that practice, I feel, first of all, that the subject is only a semi-political one, and, next, that in the critical state of the times in the Highlands, not only is it not necessary that I should offer an apology for so doing, but I am rather inclined to think that if I abstain from alluding to the question of the crofters of the Highlands you will expect some apology from me for so doing. (Cheers.) Having then pointed out that the agitation has been a short one, and how it has received more prominent notice through the appointment of the Royal Commission, he continued—But after the report of that Commission was issued, then I think we may say the troubles only began, because then the remedy had to be found. Now, gentlemen, what I want to take for my text to-night is this, "That the question is now ripe for settlement." I do not think that there is anyone who will deny that proposition. (Cheers.) But I am afraid there are some people who would appear to deny that this question is ripe for settlement, and I will tell you why. I have noticed and I read everything in the papers connected with this subject—that at many of the meetings which have been held by what are called, and what I believe really are, the leaders of the crofters, the speeches there delivered have undoubtedly been of a more violent character than they were before the appointment of the Royal Commission. You would think from reading some of these speeches that there had been no agitation in the Highlands at all, that there had been no Royal Commission, that no debates had taken place in Parliament, that apathy reigned throughout the Highlands, and that the people wanted rousing from it. (Cheers.) I have read those speeches by the leaders of the crofters, and I cannot hide from myself that whether they may be called violent or not, the effect of them now must be not to accelerate, but to retard legislation; and I consider that legislation is the one thing that we want, and it is the one thing that ought to come soon. (Cheers.) I propose to-night to show you how this is the case. For any satisfactory solution of the crofter question there must, in my opinion, be three parties. You must have, as I have just mentioned, the Government and Parliament as one, and the first party; you must have the co-operation of the proprietors on the other part, for without that the great demand of the crofters—namely, that of extending their holdings—would, I fear, be very difficult to attain; and, third, you must have the sanction and the approbation of the crofters themselves, either expressed by themselves or through their recognised leaders. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, the Government are ready. (Cheers.) The Home Secretary has already declared that the Government are ready and willing to legislate. The proprietors, as the second party, as you may have seen by the newspapers, have determined that they will make an attempt. It may succeed. I pray from the bottom of my heart that it may succeed. It may succeed, as I have said, or it may fail; but at anyrate the proprietors will make an attempt—an honest attempt—to meet the complaints of their crofting tenants, to strengthen the hands of the Government, and, if possible, to bring about some satisfactory legislation on this grave and important question. (Loud cheers.) I want to ask you now this question: Have the leaders of the crofters shown any disposition as yet to meet the question? Have they shown that in their opinion the question is ripe for solution? Have they made any suggestion or any offer as to the mode in which the question may be settled? Well, I know that we can hardly take up a newspaper without reading over and over again what they say the crofters want, but I have never seen any indication on the part of the leaders of the crofters as to how the want can be met. On the contrary, many of these leaders seem to be at issue amongst themselves, and in some cases, I think, they recommend courses which, in my humble opinion, are absolutely fatal to the crofters themselves. I propose to refer to three points to

which I wish to direct your special attention, and I wish to explain what I mean by the fatal courses which I think some of those people are taking. Now, there was a meeting of the Highland Land Law Reform Association of London a short time ago; and in reading a report of the speeches delivered in the meeting, I find that Mr Duncan Cameron, who, I believe, is a candidate for the representation of this county, made use of the following expressions:—"Some landlords were willing to give land on condition that the Government would grant loans to the crofters to buy cattle. That was a matter for the taxpayers to consider, and it seemed very impudent on the part of the men who had impoverished the crofters." Gentlemen, that comes from Mr Duncan Cameron. I don't wish to say a word against Mr Duncan Cameron, and on this occasion less than any, because in meetings of this kind one does not wish to say anything against one's own kinsman—(Laughter)—but I think that Mr Duncan Cameron is a gentleman who requires some experience, and a little more knowledge of the crofters than he seems to possess, and I think that when he has completed his canvass in Skye, and in the other islands, he will find that the rejection of a proposal that the crofters should receive some State aid, which was recommended by Lord Napier, and by the whole of the Royal Commission, will find scant favour or support at the hands of his may-be future constituents. (Cheers.) But it is not so much what Mr Cameron said himself that attention may be directed to, as the reception which his utterances met with in the meeting at which he spoke, and by the gentlemen who composed the meeting. That remark of Mr Cameron's was met with applause. Now, how was the meeting composed, and what did his sentiments mean? The meeting, I find, was composed of the recognised leaders of the crofters—those who belong to the Highland Land Law Reform Association. There were present Dr Cameron, M.P., Mr Macfarlane, M.P., Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., and Mr Macpherson of Glendale. (A laugh.) Not one word of protest was uttered against what Mr Cameron had said by any of these gentlemen or the subsequent speakers. Now, what did it mean? It meant that the crofters were to be left to their own resources in stocking additional land, for fear that the landlords would be the gainers. It meant, if it meant anything, that no relief was to be given to the education rates which pressed so hardly upon the crofters, and that because thereby the landlords' pockets might be relieved. This is really what the sentiments I have quoted mean. But not only so; if the loans are to be made by the State, how can Mr Cameron, and how can those members of the Highland Land Law Reform Association who applauded him—how can they approve of a far more difficult matter—namely, the spending of the unproductive money of the State in creating or improving harbours and piers for the development of the fisheries? Those State loans for the crofter population of the Highlands and Islands are subjects which we find it very hard to fight for. In urging that these matters should receive consideration, we have to fight the arguments of stern political economists, and their arguments are hard to answer; and while we have to fight against those arguments, it is surely hard that we should have to fight also against weapons forged in the armoury of our so-called friends. (Cheers.) You must remember that this Association is the one, of all others, to which the crofters are invited to contribute their shillings, and of which they are invited to become members; and if these sentiments—the sentiments I have quoted—express the true feelings of the crofters, then I say that there is very little hope that they will be raised from their position, that poverty which they are now in, or that they will in any way be raised to the condition which we all here would wish to see them occupying. (Loud cheers.) There is another point on which I think a mistake has been made, and it is in regard to a bill proposed to be introduced by Dr Cameron, called the Suspensory Bill. It is, I confess, difficult to understand why a bill should have been introduced into Parliament intended to suspend evictions except for the non-payment of rent, when, so far as I can judge - and I have read every newspaper—there are no evictions pending at all, from one end of the Highlands to the other, except those the summonses in which have been served for non-payment of rent, and which, accordingly, are excepted by the Suspensory Bill to which I have referred. But Mr Macfarlane the other day let the cat out of the bag, for he made a speech at Paisley in which he said that the real object of this bill was to endeavour to put off the time when remedial legislation for the crofters should be introduced. I happened to notice—and I mention it in connection with this statement of Mr Macfarlane's—a letter from the London correspondent of the *Glasgow Mail*, in which he very inaccurately describes a meeting of Tory lairds, of which my friend Novar was one—(Laughter)—and if he

meant the word Tory as a reproach, I did not feel it myself as such—I happened, I said, to see a letter in which a correspondent describes this London meeting of Highland proprietors as one intended to hurry—to hustle, if I may say so—through legislation for the crofters, for fear that the Tory lairds, by postponement of such legislation, should get something worse than they would get now. Gentlemen, that correspondent's account is an absolutely inaccurate description of what took place. (Cheers.) In the first place, the meeting to which this correspondent refers was not summoned by Mr Balfour, as he says. It was summoned by myself. A preliminary meeting was held at Mr Balfour's residence, but the real meeting was held at the Home Office; and not one word was spoken by any of the lairds, Whig or Tory, except for the object, except for the sole endeavour of getting our brother proprietors to co-operate with us in doing something that might satisfy our crofter tenants. (Cheers.) We never had the faintest intention, we never uttered a word, of premature legislation for any fear such as that which was indicated in the letter of this correspondent. (Renewed cheers.) Well, gentlemen, I myself think that there are very strong objections to postponing legislation, but certainly not those which are suggested by Mr Macfarlane, or by the person to whom I have just alluded. Is there, I ask, anyone in this room who thinks that it is a good thing to postpone legislation that we are all ripe for? (Cheers.) Is there any one who thinks that it is a good thing to leave the Highlands in the present state of agitation? Is there anyone here who thinks it is a good thing to still further embitter the feeling that exists in many parts of the country; that it is wise to give room for further provocations, for more marines and gunboats, for more newspaper correspondents and sensational accounts of interviews with all sorts of people, to keep alive that spirit which, if it is allowed to go on, must embitter the feelings of the people, and render more and more difficult the task which is before us—the great task of improving the condition of the mass of the Highland people—(Cheers)—is it, I again ask, wise to leave all these poor people in such a state that they cannot follow their ordinary vocations—in such a state that they cannot fail to get worse and worse—to encourage them, instead of attending to their ordinary vocations, to wander about on the hills blowing horns—(Laughter)—and doing other such like actions—(Laughter)—and to keep up in this fashion agitation which four or five years ago they would not have thought of entering upon? (Cheers.) Is it wise to allow all that to go on without once making an attempt to bring about a settlement of the great question as speedily as possible? (Cheers.) But there is yet a stronger objection to any delay in legislation. Do you think, gentlemen, that the Government are very anxious to find in those days money—the money of the British taxpayer—to build harbours or to stock lands in the Highlands? No, they will be only too glad to catch at any straw that they may see in order to avoid this novel proposition, and if, then, the Government saw that the leaders, the recognised leaders of the crofters are holding out the right hand of fellowship to the stern and practical political economists who will certainly oppose the proposed grants, will not the Government turn to us—the few of us who are not stern political economists, but who wish to do what is right and reasonable by the people of the Highlands—and refuse that aid? The people of the Highlands, who have had to suffer the high rates under the Education Act, and who are at present living on lands which will not support them—people also who are very poor—are surely entitled to some degree of State aid; entitled, I say, not to eleemosynary aid, but as a matter of justice—aid not as gifts but as loans, aid to enable them to earn a livelihood. (Cheers.) Since, then, this is the case, how are we to fight their battle if the Government, the political economists, and the Radicals endeavour to stave off all legislation or to divide us on this question? (Cheers.) And so it is with the other question. Do you suppose that a Government will undertake the decision of a difficult and delicate question such as this—one which they would willingly shirk—if they saw an opportunity of avoiding it? Is there not in all this the risk that if legislation do not take place now, a measure, such as we all desire may be deferred till it is too late. The third point on which I think a mistake has been made is one which I am happy to say has not been made by the bulk of the leaders of the crofters. I allude to the recommendation to pay no rent. I am glad to see that my friend over there, Mr Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*, who certainly is an enthusiastic crofter's friend, who goes a great deal further than I go—I am glad to see that while he was strongly advocating the crofters' cause, he took the opportunity lately of denouncing this most fatal policy. (Applause.) Now, I am not standing here, gentlemen, to lecture the crofters. I am not to say here, therefore, that the policy of no-rent is a dishonest policy.

Others may say so, but I have no right or wish to say so. But what I do say is that it is a fatal policy for the crofters themselves. I say, and I suppose every one here will admit, that a crofter who is able to pay his rent, who has his money in his pocket and refuses to pay his rent, such a man is not very likely to go to the bank with his money, and keep his money in the bank until legislation shall have taken place. (Hear, hear.) He is certain to spend that money, and the money will be gone when the next term comes round. He will then find himself in the position of having two years' rent to pay, and only the amount of one year's rent to pay it with. (Hear, hear.) If such a man imagines for a moment that the millstone of debt which has thus accumulated, and is hanging round his neck, is to be recovered by any such Act as was passed in the case of Ireland, I fear he will be deceived. The Irish Arrears Act was passed for a population steeped in poverty, whose arrears were of slow growth, and were not created by any sudden impulse. In the case of the Highland crofters Parliament will consider, and will consider carefully, before any such Act is passed for them. (Hear, hear.) Whence arose, Parliament will ask, this non-payment of rent? And if they find that in some districts of Skye, for instance, people equally poor, equally in difficulties, paid their rents up to the last shilling, while people in other districts, similarly situated, have ceased to pay, I fear that the crofter who depends upon an Arrears Act will find that he is depending upon a broken reed. Now these, gentlemen, are the three points upon which I think the leaders of the crofters are making grave and serious mistakes. I earnestly hope that, before long, the crofters themselves will have discovered through other influences, what is best for them to do. (Applause.) I have done what lies in my power, and I will still endeavour to do what I can, and use any influence I may possess, where it can be best exercised. (Applause.) But you, gentlemen, members of this Gaelic Society of Inverness, have, so far as the crofters are concerned, far greater influence with them than I can pretend to have. Many of you are known, some of you are well known as warm well-wishers of the crofters; you have shown both by your acts and by your words how deeply you sympathise with their misfortunes, and how anxious and ready you are to relieve them, and to do what you can to improve their condition. Is it too much to ask the members of this Gaelic Society of Inverness that they will endeavour to the best of their ability to explain to these people how they can best find a solution for their difficulties, and especially how they can learn to distinguish between their true friends and their false friends? I should like to look upon this Gaelic Society, not so much in the light of an association, as in the light of a brotherhood. (Applause.) Why should we not be a sort of freemasonry of Highlanders, in which each member has pledged himself to do his best to aid his brother in difficulties?—(Applause)—and in pledging this toast, I would ask each and all, as you raise your glasses to your lips, to come to the resolution, each within the sphere of his influence, and within the compass of his ability, to exert himself to the utmost to rescue his brethren from the influences of evil counsellors—(Applause)—and also to assist in removing the grievances under which they have so long suffered. (Applause.)

Mr Fraser, Mauld, in a neat speech, proposed "The Members of Parliament for the North" to which

Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P., responded in a happy vein, humourously stating that the Highland representatives were a very contented body of men, because at a time when so many—almost everybody—now including factors—were demanding security of tenure and compensation, they submitted to summary eviction without even so much as receiving notice to quit. He would not allude to the question upon which Lochiel had dwelt so ably that evening, but he might say one word in support of his remarks as to the endeavours of certain Highland proprietors to do what they could in the way of obtaining beneficial legislation for their crofters. In fact, for the last twenty-four hours he (Novar) had spoken about nothing else with various proprietors, and to show how closely they had adhered to business, he had not heard the word "Emigration" once mentioned in the whole course of their discussions. (Applause.) The Highland representatives in Parliament, whatever views they might entertain individually upon the question, would, he thought, leave no stone unturned to promote in this matter the welfare of their Highland constituencies. (Applause.)

Mr D. Campbell, of the *Chronicle*, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael," coupled with the name of Rev. A. C. Sutherland, one of their best students of Gaelic subjects, whose merits, he was glad to say, for Mr Sutherland's sake, and he regretted to say for themselves, were recognised by a distant colony, to which, per-

haps, he might migrate; and with the name of Mr A. Mackenzie, who bulked so largely amongst them as to need no introduction. (Cheers.) What did the Society do for promoting the "Language and the Literature of the Gael?" Something more, no doubt, than the kindred societies in the South, which bottled up their enthusiasm for a periodical champagne or soda water demonstration, but much less than they could. He felt pleased now that their language was not a dead body ready for philological dissection, but the living medium of living thoughts. What had that and kindred societies done for Gaelic literature? Very little. The cost of a few dinners and demonstrations would have given the Gaelic speaking people their own elevating and grand ballads, which were holier than the pernicious teaching, subversive of morals and society, which were being taught to them now in another language by outsiders. In Inverness large numbers, both young and old, spoke Gaelic and clung to it with affection, but in Inverness it was only taught in Raining's School. Was that right? He hoped that this and the kindred societies would take this question up. (Applause.)

Rev. A. C. Sutherland, in his reply, said there were some things in the Chairman's speech which, in his opinion, required modification, but, on the whole, he was pleased with its tone. There were two things he wished for Highland proprietors—more Gaelic and more money. (Laughter and applause.) It was remarkable the changes time brought about. Fifteen or twenty years ago, they would have been laughed at had they talked so much about Gaelic and crofters as they had done that evening. When Burns had the honour of dining with Lord Glencairn, his gratification found vent in the words, "Up higher yet, my bonnet," but now-a-days if every crofter did not dine with a lord, they met these distinguished beings often enough, and yet they did not seem to be either very elated or very contented. (Laughter.)

Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, also replied, and in the course of his remarks said—While I differ in many respects from the remarks made by Lochiel this evening, the speech just delivered by him is perhaps the most important yet delivered in connection with the Land Question in the Highlands at any of our meetings—(Hear, hear)—and when looked at in connection with the meeting of proprietors called for to-morrow to consider the relationship of landlord and tenant in the Highlands, I rather think it will prove a turning-point in the history of the Highlands. (Cheers.) The other day a gentleman, who had been on intimate terms with O'Connell, told me that whenever that great orator found the newspapers omitting to abuse him the next morning after the delivery of a speech on the condition of his country, he always felt that he had done something wrong, and failed seriously in his duty. (Loud laughter.) I must confess that I felt somewhat similarly when I found Lochiel referring to myself in such complimentary terms as he did on this occasion. (Renewed laughter.) But having mentioned my name as he did, and in such a connection, I am obliged to refer briefly to his remarks. (Cheers.) I am not, however, going to talk politics, for it is only big guns—(Laughter) - who are allowed to do that here, and I am not a big gun. ("Oh! oh!" and renewed laughter.) I am not surprised that Lochiel should make the reference he did to my opinion on the recently developed No-Rent policy in the Western Isles. That declaration is only one specimen of the good sense that I usually talk on this subject—(Laughter)—although I do not always get reported when I speak words of wisdom as he does. (Laughter.) I will, however, by-and-bye—(Renewed laughter)—but now that he has referred to it you will perhaps allow me to emphasise what I stated on that occasion, and say that the declaration of a No-Rent movement is in my opinion a great blunder on the part of the people. (Applause.) And I confess that Lochiel has made a good hit, from his point of view, in his reference to that subject and in relation to the Suspensory Bill to be introduced next session in the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) Those who refuse to pay rent are only placing themselves in a position to call for eviction, and in the opinion of many, to some extent justifying it, even if the bill passed into law; and it appears to me that those who encourage them by appearing to sympathise with that movement, by hesitating to condemn it, are encouraging the crofters to place themselves in a false and dangerous position. (Hear, hear.) No doubt many of them are quite unable at present to pay their rents, but they should say so, and when they cannot pay the whole, they should offer landlords a part, while they also gave a share to the merchant who has been keeping themselves and their families alive, and, if the landlord refuses to take what he can get in these circumstances, let him just go without. (Laughter and cheers.) The speech of Mr Duncan Cameron, Oban, so severely criticised by Lochiel, may have contained bad advice, but it was only the speech of a young man of limited knowledge

and experience. (Hear, hear.) If he had my experience of the people—born and brought up as I was on a small croft—he would never have made such a foolish and short-sighted speech. (Hear, hear.) The people must get advances from Government on such security as they shall under new laws be able to offer. (Cheers.) Permit me also to say that I am decidedly against the plausible theory of Nationalisation of the Land so far as it would affect the Highlanders. (Hear, hear.) For the crofters, it would be simply jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Bad as many of the present landlords are, Government would be infinitely worse; for those who have any dealings with Government officials in connection with the payment of taxes find that they are the most hard-hearted and exacting class one can have any dealings with; and were the Highlanders to prefer the Government to their present proprietors, subject to a reformed system of land tenure, they would prove themselves the greatest fools in the world. (Hear, hear.) I would strongly urge upon them rather to insist upon getting security of tenure and full rights to their own improvements on the land, and then it will be time enough to consider the question of land nationalisation, which is, no doubt, a very attractive theory to those who have now no connection with land, but one which would prove suicidal to the Highland crofters —(Cheers)—in whom we are more especially interested. I was not a little amused by Novar's reference to the probable eviction of some of our Northern Members of Parliament on an early date. (Laughter.) I think I may say for him that when any attempt is made to remove him from his position. that he will make a very good fight to keep it—(Cheers)—but if any one suggested that the crofters should act in a similar manner against their evictors, I rather fear that neither Novar nor his friends would support them in their efforts. (Laughter.) It was complained by Lochiel that the leaders of the crofter agitation had never yet indicated the remedies they required from the Government or the proprietors. When we commenced this agitation a few years ago, not a single proprietor in the Highlands or elsewhere, and scarcely a newspaper in the country, would admit that any grievances existed which required remedies—(Hear, hear)—but Lochiel has to-night admitted the existence of these grievances to the full, not only for himself, but for all the Highland proprietors with whom he has been in such close communication for the last few days on the subject. In these circumstances, it appears to me that the proprietors who are now confessedly responsible—(Hear, hear)—for what they themselves admit to be grievous wrongs, should make the first advance by declaring what amends they propose to make for the past—(Cheers)—and I do trust that Lochiel will be able to imbue his brother proprietors, at the important meeting which takes place to-morrow, with his own spirit and opinions. (Applause.) The proprietors of the North have not yet made one single step in that direction—(Hear, hear)—and until they do, the crofters or their representatives cannot fairly be expected to state their demands more distinctly than they have already done —(Hear, hear)—but so soon as we hear what he and his landlord friends propose to do, depend upon it we shall not be behind—(Cheers)—at least I speak for myself, though I am not a leader—(Oh, and laughter)—in declaring whether we think the people should be satisfied with what is offered to them or not. And if we think they ought not, we shall not fail to state, in unmistakeable terms, what we consider necessary in their interests. (Cheers.) It is a sign of the times that we should now be asked; for a year or two ago we were not only not listened to, but laughed at. (Hear, hear.) Now, a few words on what I had alone intended to be the subject of my remarks this evening. Mr Campbell expressed himself to the effect that little was being done in the Celtic field. When I first proposed, at a meeting of the Inverness Literary Institute in November 1870, that a Gaelic Society should be formed in the Capital of the Highlands, no one could anticipate that considerably over one hundred volumes, many of them extensive and valuable, should be published by the members of such a Gaelic Society and their friends throughout the country on Celtic Literature and Highland history in fourteen years. (Applause.) You will probably be surprised to hear that a sum of over £6000 passed through my own hands within the last few years in connection with this subject in a small town like Inverness—(Cheers)—and that no less than £2400 was paid by me for printing alone in the same short period, while I have received the sum of £2500 as the result of works actually written by myself. (Loud applause.) Mr Campbell himself is doing good work in connection with this subject in the columns of the *Chronicle*—(Hear, hear)—in which we have two or three columns of excellent Celtic matter every week, and, diametrically opposed as I am to the political principles

of that paper, Mr Campbell compels me to read it by the excellence of his own contributions to it in connection with Celtic literature. (Cheers.) I have therefore no sympathy with him and others when they say that no real work is being done in this field. (Hear, hear.) I now beg to thank you for the manner in which you have received these rambling remarks—remarks which I had not the slightest intention of making when I entered the room—and for connecting my name with this toast. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who was warmly received, proposed "Highland Education," and after a few preliminary remarks, said—Since you met here last year two official reports on Highland Education have been issued. Of the first of these, for which your Chairman and I must take a share of responsibility—(Applause)—I need only say whatever its merits or defects, it has served its purpose in directing the attention of the Scotch Education Department to the circumstances under which education in the Highlands has to be conducted, and in eliciting within the last few weeks the report by Dr Craik, one of the Department's most trusted officers. (Applause.) I have no doubt that that report has been carefully read by all of you who are interested in the education question, and I think it will be admitted by most who have done so that while there are passages here and there to which we might take exception (such as that, for instance, where "the varieties of dialect" in Gaelic are catalogued among the difficulties in the way of teaching it) it is, in the main, a fair and able, and in its conclusion a very satisfactory report. As regards the use of Gaelic in schools, it recommends just what this Society has always contended for, viz., that in Gaelic-speaking districts the teacher should have the power of interpreting to his pupil the lessons they learn in English, and that Gaelic literary knowledge should be paid for as a specific subject. (Applause.) Dr Craik further makes a proposal for increasing the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers; but, with the weakness of a man of office for a system, he declines to recommend provisions for attracting these teachers to Highland schools, because such attraction would have to consist in personal payments, and not in that payment for results to which the Education Department has pinned its faith. I myself share that faith, but every rule has its exception. There is no use in spending money in educating Gaelic teachers if they are to be employed in England. (Applause.) I think that all the schools where the School Boards and H.M. Inspectors consider a knowledge of Gaelic desirable in the teacher, should be scheduled, and a Gaelic-speaking teacher employed in one of them should be entitled to a personal payment of £10 or £12 a-year. (Applause.) In reference to the use of Gaelic in Schools, this seems to me to be almost the only point left for this Society to press, unless it be that Gaelic-speaking Inspectors should have to do with the scheduled schools. The question of secondary education is of immense importance for the Highlands, and it is dealt with very sensibly by Dr Craik. He points out how, in the present state of communications, it is almost as easy, if a child in the Islands has to be boarded away from home, to send it to Inverness or Glasgow, as to Stornoway or Portree, and instead, therefore, of proposing to establish a few secondary schools at wide intervals, he suggests the grading of schools under each School Board. A higher salary being given to the principal teacher at a central school, with some more assistance for elementary work, there would be in each parish an accomplished teacher with time at his disposal to teach the higher branches. I may mention that in the parish of Ferrintosh we have to some extent adopted this system, and its merits do not seem to be appreciated by the people. For my own part, I am strongly in favour of Dr Craik's plan for facilitating secondary education—a plan which, after all, is but a development of our old Scottish Parochial system. One of the points on which the Royal Commission dwelt most strongly was the burden imposed by the education rate, especially in the islands. That burden was so extraordinary that extraordinary measures seemed required to meet it. The information we received, however, does not seem always to have been understood correctly by us, and Dr Craik makes out that the high education rate in the Lewis is due very much to the non-attendance of the children at school, and to their failure to earn the grant which might be gained under the existing Code. With a reasonably good attendance, he held that the average education rate of the Lewis might be reduced from 2s. 2½d. to 9d. in the £. Now, I confess, I should have doubted the accuracy of this computation were it not that in the evidence taken before the Royal Commissioners at Barvas (where the school rate was at one time as high as 6s. 8d., and at the time in question was 3s. 8d. in the £), the Rev. Mr Strachan stated that he had made

minute calculations in connection with this point, and had found that there (in the most heavily burdened parish in Scotland) a good attendance would secure a grant which, supplemented by that under Lochiel's 7s. 6d. clause, would leave the rate at about 1s. in the £—a heavy, but not an intolerable burden. Whether these calculations are absolutely correct or not, they bring before us, in an emphatic way, the irregularity of school attendance in the west. It is the bane of the teachers there, and it is the greatest hindrance to the progress of education. It must, indeed, be admitted that there are excuses, more valid than can be offered elsewhere, for irregularity of attendance in the Lewis and the other islands and coasts of the north-west of Scotland. (Hear, hear.) The weather is often rude and boisterous, and the schools are frequently not connected by roads with the surrounding townships. But these are not new difficulties. The schools are more numerous and more accessible than they were when I was young, and the children are certainly better clad, and, I believe, better fed, and therefore fully as well able to resist the weather; and in the days I speak of, greater difficulties than beset school attendance now were overcome by those who had ambition and energy, and whose parents saw the value of education. Unfortunately, it is just where education is most required that it is least valued, and there it is most difficult to inspire parents with any hearty desire for the education of their children. If not actually opposed to it, they are careless about it, and indifferent to it; and while this state of feeling prevails among them, little faith need be placed in the power of any compulsory system to improve school attendance in the Lewis, or anywhere else. (Hear, hear.) This feeling of indifference has to be met and combated and overcome; and here there is a grand field for the efforts of all who have the opportunity of exerting themselves in it. The objects with which this Society was founded included "The furtherance of the social and material interests of the Gaelic people." I know of no way in which this can be more effectually done than by seeing that the children get good schooling. (Applause.) I trust that they are in a fair way of getting this, but in pledging the cause of Highland education, as we are about to do, we must regard the pledge as no mere idle one, but as entailing action, when required, on us all. It is in that spirit that I offer you the toast, and beg of you to join heartily in drinking Success to Highland Education. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Rector of Raining's School, in responding, cordially concurred with Sir Kenneth's praises of Dr Craik's report. The pupil-teacher system would wed the Highland people to the Education Act, for it would open a source of enployment for their sons and daughters. The idea of giving a personal grant to Gaelic-speaking teachers was an excellent one. He thought the building debt should be cancelled, and the Lochiel clause raised 2s. 6d., while the benefits of the change must not be restricted to the insular parts of the Highlands. (Applause.)

Mr William Morrison, M.A., Dingwall Academy, whose name was also associated with the toast, said that he anticipated from the prominence the subject of Highland education has received at this crisis in the history of the North, that their legislators would give effect to the recommendations of men who had made that subject one of careful and intelligent study, and so would hasten the operation of an agency which, of all human means, was most calculated to promote the best interests of a noble people. (Cheers.)

Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, younger of Kintail, in proposing "The Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the Highlands," said that he for one was convinced, from his experience of farmers, that it was the smaller occupiers of land who could and who did pay their rents with greater ease than their larger neighbours, and he was certain that it would be a great advantage to the country if there were more of these small farms. (Cheers.)

Provost Macandrew, in reply, referred briefly to the recent proceedings in Skye, and expressed the hope that everyone who had any influence with the crofters would endeavour to persuade them that nothing would be done for them, and that they would lose the sympathy of every right-minded person, so long as they acted in open defiance of the law. They were all accustomed to be proud of the Highlanders. When they defied the law for the sake of an idea of the restoration of a Prince, and came out like men to fight against great odds, their conduct and loyalty evoked admiration; but when the descendants of these chivalrous people turned out in hundreds to beat a poor, defenceless sheriff officer, who could offer no resistance, he actually felt ashamed of his fellow-countrymen. He was also ashamed to find that at some meetings held in Edinburgh and London, these things were made light of, and hoped the voice of the Gaelic Society would go forth strongly reprobating such actions. (Applause.)

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, in proposing the toast of "Kindred Societies," said it would be interesting to know how it was that such a small community as the Highlanders of Scotland, living in such a rugged country, had produced so many societies all over the world. (Applause.) He thought there were at least two things which conduced to that state of matters—very strong love of country and the patriotism of Highlanders, as well as their very strong love of migrating all over the world.

Bailie Alex. Ross responded in suitable terms.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed "The Non-Resident Members." Speaking for the most part in Gaelic, and having expatiated on their attachment to the old country, he called them the backbone of the Gaelic Society. In a few pointed sentences he took occasion to deplore that the greater part of the Highland proprietors were unable to speak to their tenants in the language best calculated to touch their hearts. (Hear hear.) If they were only able to speak Gaelic, in his opinion there would be no grievances to complain of between proprietors and crofters. (Cheers.) Strange as this might appear, during the inquiry by the Royal Commission there were very few complaints brought against landlords who were able to speak to their people in their own language. (Cheers.) He was happy to hear from Lochiel that a move was about to take place among the proprietors with the view of bettering the condition of their crofters and cottars. This ought to have been done long ago. (Hear, hear.) We all knew that the proprietors, their fathers, and predecessors were altogether instrumental, though often out of sight behind their factors or law agents, in depopulating the Highlands, and turning the country into the barren, cheerless, and inhospitable deserts that they now were. (Applause.)

Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, in acknowledging the toast, said Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, at an earlier part of the meeting, had asked proprietors to say what they were going to do. He was not going to disclose what the proprietors intended doing, but if he interpreted the sentiment he had heard expressed within the last few days by many influential proprietors, he ventured to prophesy that on Wednesday peace would be restored to the Highlands—(Cheers)—and that the members of the Land Law Reform Association might henceforth turn their attention to some other occupation. (Cheers.) Alluding to the remarks of Provost Macandrew as to the conduct of the people of Skye in turning back the sheriff-officers, he said, while he did not entirely uphold the people, he could not condemn them. He thought it was most injudicious to send these sheriff-officers in the way they were sent—(Hear, hear)—because the very presence of a sheriff-officer imbued in the minds of these poor people the thought that some of their ancestors had been driven from their home by those the officers represented. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

Mr Reginald Macleod, whose name was also coupled with the toast, said it had been stated that they ought not to go a-begging to the Home Secretary or Parliament for money for crofters in the Highlands. Mr Macleod detested as much as anyone the system of begging on behalf of the crofters, but he thought that when they went to Parliament and said to them that the landlords of the Highlands were ready to do all that they possibly could for their people in the way of giving more land, provided Government would do as they had done in other places—grant money for the making of breakwaters or harbours, and thus enable them to make use of these, he thought this was not begging, but making a legitimate appeal for assistance for people who were in a peculiar state of distress and difficulty. (Applause.)

Mr Barron, Ness Bank, gave "The Provost and Magistrates," and the toast was responded to by Bailie Macbean.

Mr William Mackay proposed "The Clergy of all Denominations," and in the course of his remarks, said that it would be unpardonable were the Gaelic Society to ignore a profession which nourished such workers in the Celtic field as the Dean of Lismore, the Rev. Robert Kirke, the Rev. A. Pope, the Stewarts, Dr Irvine, Dr John Smith, Dr Macpherson of Sleat, and Dr Norman Macleod the elder—not to mention the eminent Celtic scholars who at the present moment flourish within the sacred pale. (Applause.) The Highland clergy of the past did good too often in spite of the greatest discouragements, and when we considered the difficulties they had to contend with, and the discomforts they had to endure, we could not but marvel at the great work done by them among the people, and the zeal and success with which many of them kept themselves abreast of their times in literature and general culture. (Applause.) For instance, in 1649, the Rev. Farquhar Macrae of Kintail—a powerful preacher, whom Bishop Maxwell pronounced "a man of great gifts, but unfortu-

nately lost in the Highlands"—had neither manse nor glebe; his church was a mere hovel, with holes through the thatched roof, and without glass in the windows; and it was adorned with neither pulpit nor desks, with neither stool of repentence nor sackcloth to cover the penitent. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the worthy pastor earnestly served the parish for 44 years; and he not only passed rich on £8. 6s. 8d a-year—(Laughter)—and a free farm, worth £25 a-year, but he was able to give a good education to a large family, two of whom adopted his own profession. The churches in which these clergy of the past preached must have been horrible places. In 1684 the minister of Boleskine complained "that all persons of all ranks indifferently buried their dead within his church, not only his own parishioners but some others of the neighbouring parishes, so that several coffins were hardly under ground;" and as late as 1758 the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, great grandfather of Lord Macaulay, was at his own request buried within his church in Harris, and so near the surface was the body placed that, twenty years later, the sexton's besom came in contact with the head and sent it spinning over the earthen floor. (Laughter.)

The Rev. A. C. Macdonald replied. Considering the present disturbed state of the country, there never was a time, he said, when it was more necessary that the press and the pulpit should exercise a healthful influence upon the public mind. He regretted the attitude taken up by certain clergymen in this country – an attitude far from Christian, if not altogether inconsistent – ("Oh, oh")—with their vocation. It was lamentable to see gentlemen, whether lay or cleric, stooping to be wild agitators in the present disturbed state of the country, when the great difficulty the nation experienced was to suppress agitation—("Oh")—and to keep it within proper limits. He fully admitted the necessity of agitation for reform, when carried on constitutionally, but it was a most cruel thing on the part of ministers connected with powerful churches to encourage the people to an agitation which, in the absence of proper guidance, was sure to resolve itself into lawlessness and disorder—and this cruelty was enhanced by the fact that when the people carried their agitation beyond legitimate bounds they were abandoned by those who incited them to that extreme, and left to battle with and get out of their difficulties the best way they could. ("Oh, oh.") He felt the deepest interest in, and sympathy for, these people, and his only fear was that they should alienate themselves from the sympathy of all right minded men. This must be the result if they took up an untenable position and continued to accept the guidance of outside agitators of the wildest revolutionary and socialistic type – (Uproar) —whose object was to destroy all existing institutions, both civil and sacred, and constitute themselves leaders and rulers—men who had no real sympathy with the people, and would not lift their little finger to help or relieve them. (Cries of "Bosh," "Undiluted bosh," and other signs of disapproval, among which the reverend gentleman resumed his seat.)

Mr E. H. Macmillan, Manager of the Caledonian Bank, in proposing "The Health of the Chairman," said that Lochiel, as they all knew, worthily followed the traditions of his house. (Applause.) In the scroll of fame few names were more frequently and more honourably inscribed than that of Cameron, and although Lochiel had not been called on to lead his clansmen amid the turmoil of battle, he had the satisfaction of knowing that peace has its victories, no less renowned than war—(Applause)—and that he enjoyed the reputation of being a kind and considerate landlord to his teuantry, not by occupancy merely, but by the bonds of Chiefship—(Hear, hear, and applause)—and that to an extent of which few Highland estates could boast. (Applause.) If anything was wanting to enhance their admiration of Lochiel's attitude in this most difficult crisis, it had been supplied by the speech to which they had been privileged to listen that evening. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman, having replied, proposed "The Health of the Secretary," who duly responded, when Mr G. J. Campbell gave the toast of "The Croupiers," and both these gentlemen replied.

During the evening several songs were sung, and Pipe-Major Mackenzie, 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, contributed very much to the evening's enjoyment by admirable selections on the bag-pipes.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S "THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS AND THE LAND LAWS" received. It will be noticed at length in an early issue.

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TERRORISM IN SKYE.
SHERIFF IVORY'S LATEST FOLLY.

GLENDALE in the west of Skye, and Valtos in the north of the same Island, have again been honoured with special police and military expeditions, headed by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness—Mr William Ivory. Judging from what has taken place within the past few months, that gentleman would appear to be very fond of figuring at the head of military expeditions in the County which has the misfortune to be subject to his jurisdiction. For a long time the Home Secretary wisely refused to sanction the employment of an armed force in the Island of Skye, but latterly the representations of the Police Sub-Committee of the County of Inverness (a body which consists of three or four individuals, one of them being Mr William Ivory), induced Sir William Harcourt to sanction the employment of a force of marines in aid of the police of Skye; and now it seems as if this force could not be too frequently used to gratify what seems to be the vanity of the Sheriff of the County. Why that gentleman should insist on insulting the people under his jurisdiction, and holding the County of Inverness, or detached parts of it, up to the world as lawless and disorderly, unless it be from a diseased craving after notoriety and sham importance, it is impossible to say. It is, however, becoming a serious question for the public, and a particularly

serious one for the ratepayers of the County of Inverness, who are being put to thousands of pounds of absolutely unnecessary expense to gratify the ever-changing whims of this eccentric judicial officer.

This latest expedition to Skye is, if possible, even more unnecessary than the one which preceded it. To take the case of Valtos first. The crime with which the Valtos men are said to be charged, is that of preventing a sheriff-officer executing his duty in the month of December last. If this charge is well-founded, it is no doubt a serious one; but, in other parts of the County persons charged with the crime of deforcement are apprehended and brought to trial in the same way as persons charged with other offences A police constable is sent to apprehend them, and they are brought before a judge, tried, and sentenced, without any unnecessary fuss. Why was this not done in Valtos? Police officers were stationed there in December last, and have been stationed there since, and nobody has ever heard that the ordinary police of the district were in any way interfered with in the performance of their duties. It is only when the landlords, at whose hands the people have suffered enough already, persist in insulting them by thrusting among them an additional and unnecessary force of police, that even the police are interfered with. But if something more than a mere police force was required to vindicate the law in Valtos, there has been a force of marines stationed at Staffin, in the immediate neighbourhood of Valtos, ever since the offence charged was committed, and for some time before it. The services of these men have never been required in any more serious duty than mounting sentry over the house where they are quartered; but if the police of the district were unable to cope with the crime of the district, it was surely very obvious that the marines, already on the spot, might be used to protect and assist them. This was far too simple a method, however, of dealing with an offence committed by crofters in the Isle of Skye. To dispose of the offence in this way would never sufficiently call the attention of the country to the fact that Skye was lawless and dangerous. A military expedition was therefore sent with a special and strong force of police to arrest the six men who were wanted by the authorities.

The case of Glendale is, in a manner, worse. A finer body of men than the Glendale people does not exist in the Island of Skye. In December last, a sheriff-officer, named Grant, from Inverness, went to Glendale to serve summonses. Grant himself, the people say, would have been permitted to go on his way unmolested, but he had the misfortune to have with him as a concurrent, a man belonging to the district, who had given the people some cause of offence, and whom they have had, they say, just cause to dislike for many years past. Mr Grant was also accompanied by a big and savage-looking dog, which, in no way, tended to conciliate the people among whom he went, on an unpopular errand—a people who were already irritated by the presence among them of a garrison of marines, and a force of police. In course of his journey through the Glen, the story of the people is, that Mr Grant got into a verbal altercation with some boys; this led to the gathering of a crowd, which, formed of an excited people—with what they believed just cause of resentment against his companion—apparently frightened Mr Grant and he left the glen. What amount of violence, if any, was used to him and his companion, it is impossible to say until the trial brings it to light. Mr Grant's story and that of the people are entirely at variance on this subject. If Mr Grant's story is true, a criminal offence was committed, and if a criminal offence had been committed, the criminals were liable to arrest. There was a force of police and military in the glen who might have made the necessary arrest, but this method was not attempted. A still simpler method, it is no secret, was suggested, both to the Lord Advocate and to Sheriff Ivory, by the authorities in Portree, namely, that a single police officer should be sent to arrest the people charged, and to bring them to Portree, and it was stated, by the authorities at Portree, who have, and have had, the best opportunities for knowing the temper of the people they have to deal with, that all the arrests could have been made by a single police officer, though not by a larger number. This would, however, be letting the people of Glendale off far too easily, and it would besides be losing Mr Sheriff Ivory an opportunity, which might not recur again, for marching through Skye at the head of a force of marines—an amusement which he seems to enjoy.

None of the ordinary methods of enforcing the law having

commended themselves to its administrators, the people of Glendale themselves came forward to prevent the country being misled as to their character and disposition. At a meeting held at Glendale the day before the expedition landed at Colbost Bay, and when it was believed by the people that the expedition was still some days off, Messrs Alexander Mackenzie and Kenneth Macdonald, who were present at the meeting, were asked to inform the Home Secretary that the expedition was unnecessary, that no attempt had been made to carry out the ordinary course of law, and that any persons wanted by the authorities, provided their names were made known, would go at once to Portree or Inverness, and give themselves up. That night a telegram was sent to the Home Secretary, intimating the opinion and resolution of the people, and undertaking that the alleged offenders would give themselves up. The telegram was repeated to the Sheriff Clerk of the County for the information of the Sheriff, and also to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., in order that he might communicate with the Home Secretary on the subject. Within a few hours after these telegrams were sent away from Dunvegan, the "Lochiel," with a body of police on board, (the troopship "Assistance" with a force of marines having preceeded her), steamed into Loch-Dunvegan, and early on the following morning the expedition landed, and arrested six men and boys. On the same day Messrs Mackenzie and Macdonald wrote the following letter to the Home Secretary, confirming their telegram:—

"PORTREE HOTEL, SKYE, 29th January 1885.

"*The Right Honourable Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Whitehall, London, S.W.*

"SIR,—We had occasion to be in Glendale yesterday in connection with the Parliamentary representation of the County of Inverness, when a very large meeting of the people of the district united in asking us to communicate with you on the subject of a proposed police and military expedition to Glendale, having for its object the arrest of certain persons charged, it is understood, with the crime of deforcement. The people stated that there was no necessity for an expedition to arrest any of their number, because any of them who were wanted by the authorities would, if their names were communicated, go to Portree or to Inverness, and surrender themselves there. We accordingly, on our arrival in Dunvegan last night, sent you a telegram

in the following terms:—'From Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and Kenneth Macdonald, solicitor, Inverness, Dunvegan, to the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Home Office, Whitehall, London. The people of Glendale have been informed that a police and military expedition is in preparation to arrest some of their number on a criminal charge. We were authorised, at a large public meeting held in Glendale to-day, to say to you and the criminal authorities—1st, That none of the people have been asked to give themselves up; and, 2nd, That if the criminal authorities name the persons wanted, they will go voluntarily to Portree or Inverness and give themselves up. We undertake this on their behalf. No expedition is therefore necessary, and to send one would cause needless irritation.' We also telegraphed to the Sheriff-Clerk of the County repeating the telegram for the information of the Sheriff. It was too late last night to write you from Dunvegan confirming the telegram, and this letter follows by the first possible mail for London. Since we telegraphed you, however, we have learned that early next morning, within about twelve hours of the transmission of our telegram, a force of marines and police landed in Glendale, and arrested six persons, all of whom, we believe, were parties to the resolutions transmitted to you last night. In the circumstances, it is almost needless to do more than confirm our telegram. We may add, however, that we are satisfied that had a single police constable been sent to Glendale, he could have arrested everyone of the persons in the district required by the authorities, and brought them to Portree. It seems, therefore, a pity that it should have been thought necessary to send such an expedition against a peaceable and well-disposed community; and they themselves complain, with apparent justice, that an exceptional method has been adopted for enforcing the law amongst them, without any attempt being made to enforce it in the ordinary way.—We are, sir, your most obedient servants,

(Signed) "A. MACKENZIE.
"KENNETH MACDONALD."

Of course, as things turned out, the telegram was too late to stop the expedition, but it was not too late to show that the expedition was unnecessary and foolish.

The dignity of the law in the largest county in Scotland is in danger of being sacrificed, by such proceedings as we have criticised, to the vanity and the supposed dignity of the chief judicial officer of the county, and the public interest requires that in such circumstances we should not make use of uncertain language or honeyed phrases.

The County of Inverness, so long as its affairs are managed by a close conclave of lawyers, landlords, and factors, may submit to the payment of the cost of periodical excursions by Mr Sheriff Ivory and his "tail," in specially hired steamboats on the West Coast; but the amusement is a dangerous as well as an expensive one, and those who are responsible for this second excursion of the chief judicial officer of the County of Inverness to the Island of Skye, may, and probably will, find ere long that, of all possible methods of pacifying Skye, the attempt to accomplish this by terrorism is the most suicidal.

DEATH OF CLUNY MACPHERSON, C.B.

WE regret to have to record the death of Colonel Cluny Macpherson, C.B., in his 81st year, on the 11th of January last. He was universally allowed, taking him altogether, to be the most popular Highland chief, and deservedly so, of his time. He succeeded to the property in 1817, and, at his death, was longer in possession of his estates than any of his contemporary chiefs in the Highlands. A biographical sketch of him appeared in No. XXX., Vol. IV., of the *Celtic Magazine*, and it is therefore unnecessary to give any lengthened notice of him here. It may, however, be safely stated that in his person disappeared "The Last of the Chiefs," in the sense in which that designation has been applied and understood in Highland clan history; for the commercial system, and the doctrines of so-called political economy, have turned the great majority of our so-called Highland chiefs into mere land merchants. His funeral, which was a truly Highland one, was attended by nearly all the proprietors and representative men in the North, and the Highland Capital, of which Cluny was a Burgess, was represented by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council in their official capacity.

The second part of "The Celtic Lyre," a neat and interesting collection of Highland music and songs, compiled by "Fionn" (Mr Henry Whyte, Glasgow) has just been issued. The publishers are Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart.

OLD INVERNESS.

III.

THE erection of the present High Church, which took two years to build, was commenced in 1770. During the excavations made prior to its erection, the workmen came upon a strange find. Upon opening an old tomb, which was discovered upon the site, a female arm, with flesh and nails entire, and covered from the second joint of the fingers to the elbow with a white glove, was found among a heap of rubbish. The relic was an object of much speculation among the town's people, who assigned various reasons for its strange preservation, but the mystery was never satisfactorily cleared up.

The High Church bell-ringer, Lody Ross, was a very eccentric character, and particularly fond of his glass, when he got it for nothing. He used to rise pretty early in the morning and parade the town, on the lookout for some friend to stand treat. Several humorously inclined people used to take advantage of his failing for liquor, and on his coming out of a public-house, one of them would say to him, "Well, Lody, did you get your morning to-day." The reply was invariably, "Time enough, time enough; we got and we'll get, we got and we'll get." Upon this Lody would be treated to a glass, and, on his coming out, the same dialogue would take place with somebody else, and with the same result. In the course of two or three hours the drouthy bell-ringer would be in a maudlin condition, requiring to be helped home. He had two manifestations of a supernatural kind during his lifetime. The first occurred one night when going to ring the ten o'clock bell. On entering the steeple of the High Church he distinctly heard a voice, accompanied by music, singing the 19th verse of the 118th Psalm :—

"O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless."

Finding the church to be empty, and being aware that the minister, the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, was unwell, Lody quickly repaired to that gentleman's house in Bridge Street, when he found that he was just on the point of death.

The next occurrence of this kind had a serious effect upon the bell-ringer himself. On a dark winter morning, when performing his customary duty in the steeple, some practical jokers concealed themselves behind a tombstone, and on his coming out, one of them said in a solemn sepulchral voice, "Lody Ross, that rings the bell, prepare for death!" These words put him in the greatest terror, and he took to his heels at once. Rushing into his house, he jumped into bed, and covered his head with the clothes, firmly believing that the ghost was pursuing him; and the unfeeling joke had such an effect upon his mind that he died soon after, although assured by his friends of its harmless intention.

Allusion has already been made to the belief in witchcraft in Inverness. A few years prior to 1745, two sisters, upon whom the suspicion of dabbling in the black art had fallen, were tortured and burnt to death on Barn Hill. These poor women, one of whom was known as the "Creibh Mhor," lived in a bothy at Millburn. One day, it is said, some children who were playing by the side of the burn noticed a little clay figure, stuck all over with pins, among the pebbles in the bed of the stream. The children took the figure out of the water, and one of them, a grandchild of the "Creibh Mhor," remarked that she had often seen her granny make such things. This remark, and the circumstance of the effigy being found, got abroad, and were thought sufficient grounds for the apprehension of the "Creibh Mhor" on a charge of witchcraft. The application of torture failed to extract any confession from the unfortunate woman, but her sister was not of so strong a mould, and, to get relief from her torments, the latter declared that both she and the "Creibh Mhor" were guilty of what was charged against them, and that the figure was meant to represent Cuthbert of Castle Hill. The two women were at once sentenced to death, and a stake erected upon Barn Hill. The "Creibh Mhor" was the first to suffer, her sister being compelled to witness the appalling spectacle before being burnt herself. The last words of "Creibh Mhor's" sister were, "Well, well; if I thought it would have come to this, there would have been many who wore scarlet cloaks here to-day! All I now say is, that a Cuthbert never will comb a grey hair at Drakies, and as for you, Bailie David, all I can say is, that you will never sell another article from your

shop." If we believe tradition, these prophecies were literally fulfilled.

In 1763, there was but one baker in the town, and he was sent to Edinburgh at the public expense to improve in his trade. A white and coloured thread factory was established in Inverness in 1783, which at one time gave employment to a thousand men, women, and children; but it was discontinued in 1813, and the buildings, in Albert Place, converted into dwelling-houses. There was also a hemp factory, at Cromwell's Fort, which employed a thousand workers. The first chaise kept for hire in the town made its appearance about 1760, being the property of Mr Duncan Robertson, farmer, Beauly. His stable was in an old barn behind the West Church, called *Sabhal Daraich*, or the oak barn, which was said to have been erected by the fairies of Tomnahurich in one night.

In 1779, at the time of the Circuit Court, the Judge, Lord Gardenstone, lodged in a house which stood upon the site of the present Northern Meeting Rooms. During the night the house took fire, and the Judge was in imminent peril, when the cook burst into his chamber, rolled the majesty of the law in the bedclothes, and bore him safely into the street, at the risk of her own life, for which she was afterwards pensioned for life. All his Lordship's clothes were destroyed, and as the fire happened on a Saturday night, a tailor had to be employed all Sunday to make new ones.

The old Tolbooth in Bridge Street was demolished about 1791. It consisted only of two small cells for criminals, and one miserable room for civil debtors, none of these apartments being over thirteen feet square. At times as many as thirty prisoners were confined in these cells at once. In Burt's time most of the prisoners confined in the building managed to escape, not so much, he thinks, from the weakness of the prison, as by the connivance of the keepers and the influence of clanship. The following is from an account of the escape of Roderick Mackay, who was imprisoned in the Old Tolbooth many years ago for smuggling, given by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, in the second of his Canadian articles, which appeared in Volume v. of this periodical:—"His free-born spirit naturally chafed under such indignities and restraints, especially in such a good cause as

the hero considered himself engaged in, protecting his own property, and he at once set about concocting means of exit. He soon ingratiated himself with his gaoler, and one day managed to send him out for a supply of ale and whisky, such things being freely admitted into such places in the good old days—and the gaoler could take his glass, too, from all accounts. The latter returning with the ale in one hand and the whisky in the other, Rory discovered his opportunity, slipped out smartly behind him, closing the door after him, locking it outside, at the same time carrying off the key, which is still preserved by his descendants in Pictou," to which place he escaped. The prison appears to have been in a most filthy condition, for it is recorded that in 1709 the Town-Clerk "paid an officer 4s. 6d. Scots to buy a cart of peats to be burnt in the Tolbooth to remove the bad scent," and in 1737 the Magistrates ordered the purchase of 'an iron spade to be given to the hangman for cleansing the Tolbooth."

The Royal Academy was opened in 1792, and in the same year the present Gaelic Church was built. The old one was built in 1649, and after the battle of Culloden was converted into an hospital and prison for the followers of Prince Charles. The Gaelic Church congregation were strongly opposed to the introduction of the Geneva pulpit gown, and an amusing scene occurred one Sunday when the minister, Mr Watson, entered the pulpit wearing one. No sooner did the congregation observe the innovation than they rushed pell-mell from their pews with one accord, shouting "Popery! Popery!" and in a wonderfully short time the astonished pastor and his precentor were the only inmates of the building. The pulpit and desk in this church are marvels of the carver's art, and are said to have been the work of a herd-boy at Culloden, and to have all been carved with one knife and put together with one pin.

In the month of March 1801, the peaceful inhabitants of Inverness were startled by a terrific explosion, which shook the town like an earthquake. The accident occurred in this way. A number of casks of gunpowder were stored in the upper flat of a building in Baron Taylor's Lane, the lower part of the house being occupied by a candle-maker's. One day, this man went out on some errand, leaving a pot of liquid tallow upon the fire

During his absence the pot boiled over, and in a few moments the room was a mass of flames. The careless manufacturer returned too late to do anything to arrest the progress of the fire, and, anticipating the consequences to the gunpowder above, he ran away as hard as he could, never halting until he reached Culloden, three miles east of the town. The flames had by this time reached the gunpowder, and a fearful explosion took place, destroying a great amount of property, killing four people on the spot, and injuring many more. The report having been heard by the fugitive candle-maker at Culloden, had the effect of making him run faster than ever. He stopped for a few hours at a small village east of Elgin, but took the road at midnight for Aberdeen, thence left the country altogether, and was never again heard of.

The palladium of Inverness is Clachnacudain, a large stone which, from time immemorial, lay in front of the Exchange. On the erection of the Forbes Fountain, two or three years ago, the stone was placed beneath it, where it now remains. Its name signifies Stone of the Tubs, from the fact that, in days gone by, the women returning from the river with their water-tubs, used to rest them upon this stone. It gradually became the centre round which the inhabitants of the town used to congregate for conversation, and they regarded it with great veneration. Young men, on leaving the town for other places, were in the habit of chipping off bits of the stone and carrying them away as mementoes. "Nonogenarian" relates that a gentleman from India once visited Inverness, and while there enquired if there was such a *place* as "Clachnacudain." To his great astonishment, a stone was pointed out to him as the place he asked about. "Is it this stone that they call Clachnacudain?" he exclaimed; "Well, it has cost me many a bottle of wine to drink to Clachnacudain, but little did I think it was only this stone that gave rise to a toast of such evident interest and endearing associations!" Many years ago a man of great strength called Jock of the Maggot, lifted Clachnacudain in his arms, and carried it from its place on the Exchange to the top of the Old Tolbooth stairs. He was unable, however, to carry it back, when another townsman, named Maclean, volunteered to do so, and was successful. In August 1837, the Magistrates caused the stone to be sunk to the level of the pavement on the Exchange. This occasioned great indignation

among a considerable section of the inhabitants, and a handbill was issued, calling upon every true "Clachnacudain Boy" to assemble on a certain day, and, unless the stone were by that time raised to its former position, to raise it themselves in defiance of the authorities, and relay it with masonic honours. The Magistrates, however, seeing that the current of popular feeling was against them, wisely gave way, and before the appointed day the "Clach" was reinstated amidst the cheers of a large crowd of enthusiastic on-lookers. A lady of Inverness, Mrs Campbell, composed a song about it, which was very popular for a time. When a native was leaving the town, he would give a farewell party to his friends, who in the small hours of the morning would all proceed to Clachnacudain and dance round it, singing this song, some of the verses of which ran as follows :—

"Around the stone we'll dance and sing,
And round the stone we'll go!
We'll see the Clachnacudain boys
Dance round it in a row.

"I am a Clachnacudain man,
And very near it born;
I admire it as a diamond stone,
Though a pebble without form.
"Around, &c.

"If any one pollutes the stone,
Of high or low degree,
A galley slave in Africa,
We'll have him for to be.
"Around, &c.

"Here's a health to King and Queen,
And Royal Family;
To the Magistrates of Inverness,
And to its Ministry!
"Around, &c.

The cutting of the Caledonian Canal was commenced in 1803, but owing to the immense obstacles to be overcome the work was not completed until 1822, the total cost amounting to over one million sterling. The Northern Infirmary was opened in 1803. In 1807 the first Inverness newspaper was started, under the name of the *Inverness Journal;* the *Courier* following ten years later. From the former paper of 12th April 1816, we learn that in 1812 the Magistrates were informed that a gang of thieves and coiners was on its way from Aberdeen to

Inverness, and, as a precaution, all the publicans, licensed and unlicensed, in the burgh were ordered to appear before the Magistrates. One hundred and twenty-eight presented themselves, but as all the unlicensed publicans were liable to prosecution, it is probable that many of them evaded the order. Taking the approximate number of these to be thirty-two, as the *Journal* suggests, the total number of publicans in the town would be one hundred and sixty, a number which, considering that the population at that time was only 10,757, would horrify our teetotal friends of the present day, who complain that the present number—about one-half—is far too many.

The office of public executioner in Inverness was generally held by some criminal, who accepted it on condition that he would not be punished for the offence charged against him. We lately came across a document, dated the 22nd of April 1733, and endorsed on the back—"Enactment anent Thomas Robertson to be hangman," which is a good specimen of the form of bond entered into by these functionaries on their entry to their duties. This Thomas Robertson was charged with breaking into a merchant's cellar in town and stealing a quantity of goods therefrom, but as the town was at the time in want of a hangman, the prosecutor consented to forego criminal proceedings if Robertson would accept the vacant office. The document, after narrating these particulars, proceeds:—"Therefore I hereby become bound and enacted in the Borrow Court books of Inverness that I shall, from and after the date hereof, and during all the days of my life, execute the office of executioner or hangman of the said burgh, in all the parts and branches thereof; I being entitled by the good town to the fees, dues, and emoluments of the said office used and wont; and, in case of my withdrawing at any time from the said office or the execution of any part thereof, I hereby submit myself to the punishment due by law to the said crime of theft, which crime I hereby confess and acknowledge. In witness Qrof," etc.

On the 20th April 1812 a meeting of Town Council was held for the appointment of a hangman. The minute of that meeting stands in the Record as follows:—

"That day the Magistrates and Council nominated and appointed Donald Ross common executioner for the Burgh of In-

verness, in place of the deceast, William Taylor, with the whole powers and privileges belonging to the said office, and that during the pleasure of the Magistrates and Council ; they agreed to augment the salary to the executioner, or wages, to sixteen pounds sterling yearly, to be paid quarterly by the Town Treasurer at the expiry of each quarter ; and, having taken a view of the perquisites and emoluments of the office of hangman or executioner, they appointed and ordained the following to be given him :—(1) A house, with bed and bedding, and other necessary utensils ; (2) That he shall be entitled to the number of thirty-six peats weekly from the tacksman of the Petty Customs ; (3) a bushel of coals out of every cargo of English coals imported to this place ; (4) a piece as large as he can carry from on shipboard out of every cargo of Scotch coals ; (5) a peck of meal out of every hundred bolls landed at the shore ; (6) one fish from every creel or basket brought to the market for sale ; (7) one penny for every sack of meal sold at the meal-house or market of the burgh. And the above wages and perquisites to be given him besides the ordinary allowance for executing the different sentences. That he shall be provided with a suit of clothes, two shirts, two pair stockings, a hat, and two pair of shoes annually."

Besides the above he was paid £5 for every execution carried out by him ; and he also levied Christmas boxes upon the inhabitants, so that he was very comfortably off.

The individual who became the recipient of all these perquisites was a native of the Aird, and had been convicted before the High Court of Justiciary for sheep-stealing, and sentenced to transportation for life.

On one occasion the then hangman, William Taylor, went to Elgin to execute a serjeant for wife murder, but on his way home he was waylaid and stoned to death by a mob, when the Magistrates of Inverness offered the situation to Donald Ross, promising to give a remission of his sentence if he would accept. He, however, declined the offer until the last day he was to spend in his native land, when he accepted, and obtained his liberation. He retained the office until 1834, when the town dispensed with his services. By that time Donald had over £700 in bank, as the fruits of his profession, but he lost nearly all through the failure of the bank, and ultimately died a pauper.

Within the last sixty years the town has greatly improved. Gas was introduced in 1826, and three years afterwards the old

water works were erected. The streets were causewayed and paved, in 1831, at a cost of over £6000. In the following year the town was visited by cholera, and the Dispensary was instituted. In 1834 cholera again appeared, and between that year and the next the County Buildings were erected on the Castle Hill. The Roman Catholic Chapel was built in 1836, and towards the end of the same year the *Inverness Herald* appeared. This paper was afterwards called the *Northern Herald*, but it stopped in 1846. The West Church was erected in 1840, and the Post-office in 1843. The jail was built in 1846, and the Cathedral in 1866. The old stone bridge was carried away by the flood of 1849, after which the present handsome structure—suspension Bridge—was erected in its place.

"Old Inverness" may now be said to have almost disappeared. Every year sees the destruction of some relic of antiquity, and ere long the few remaining links between the past and the present will have given place to modern erections. One of the most venerable buildings now in existence in the town is Dunbar's Hospital, better known as the Old Academy, which stands on the east side of Church Street, at the corner of School Lane. This building is said to have been formed out of the materials of Cromwell's Fort, and was bequeathed to the town by Provost Alexander Dunbar, in 1668. For many years prior to the opening of the Royal Academy, it was used as a Grammar School. It afterwards served for a library, female school, and other purposes. When the cholera visited Inverness it was used as an hospital for the victims of that terrible disease. The building is still in fair preservation, and cannot fail to strike the eye of the passer-by. The exterior is adorned with inscriptions and dates. The only other antiquarian remains in Inverness are the old Cross, Clachnacudain, an old gate-way in Castle Street, Queen Mary's House, and some old tombs in the High Church, Greyfriar's, and Chapel Yard burying-grounds. It is to be hoped that these historic and interesting relics of the past will be preserved for many years to come, and that no Vandal touch will disturb them in their old age.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

ORAN
AIR EALASAID CHAIMBEUL.

LE MAIRI NICEALAIR.

A ribhinn òg is boidhche snuadh,
Mar ròs am bruaich 's a mhaduinn dhriuchd,
Is t'anail chaoin mar ghaoth a Mhàigh,
A' seideadh thar nam blàithean ùr.

Gur dualach bòidheach do dhonn-fhalt,
Na luban cas mu d' cheann a sniomh,
S do mhuineal tha cho bian-gheal àillt,
Ri eala bhàn is stàtail triàll.

Do shùilean mar lainnir nan séud,
No drillse ghloin nan reultan séimh,
'An guirmead, an tlaths, 'us an aoidh
Tha iad mar aghaidh chaomh nan neamh.

Do bhilean mar shirist nan craobh,
'Am milsead, an caoinead, 's an liomh,
'S do bhriathran tha cho sèimh a rùin,
Ri osag chiùin na gaoithe 'n iar.

Mar thorman alltain bhig a ruith
'S an t-sàmhradh theth 'am beinn an fhraoich,
Tha leadan àigh do mhànrainn ghrinn,
A' sileadh binn 'o d' bhilean gaoil.

O ainnir òg nam mile buadh,
Gur binn leam 'bhi ga d' luaidh 's an dàn ;
Is osag mi a bhean do 'n fhlùr,
'S bheirinn a chùbhraidheachd gu càch.

Dh'innsinn mu uaisle na séud,
Mu ghrinneas a bèus, 'us a gniomh,
A còmhradh mar smeòrach an coill,
'S a cridhe farsuing, caoimhneil, fial

O ribhinn òg nam mile buadh,
Ainglean ga d' chuartachadh gach ré
Ga d' chumail mar lili geal ùr,
Ri soills' fo'n driùchd 's a mhaduinn chéit

Is ged a thuiteadh neoil mu d' chéum,
Cumsa do réis mar a ghrian,
No ghealach chiùin an ciabh na h'oidhch,
Nach cuir an aois air chall 'na triall.

Biodh beannachd nam bochd air do cheann,
Is biodh ùrnaigh na 'm fann mu d' chéum,
An subhailc na d' bhean uasal àrd,
Is tu na d' bhàn-righinn ann am béus.

MAJOR JOHN MACDONALD.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN 1764 our hero took a seventeen years' lease of some land in Moy, and settled down, as he thought, to end his days in the peaceful occupation of a farmer. The Earl of Sutherland still continued his patronage towards him, and the county gentlemen treated him with great courtesy and respect. He thus describes his position, in a few words—

"While my noble friend lived, I was not only too happy in his favour, but found myself as easy with every gentleman of the county as if I had been their college companion, and when to my great grief I lost him, I did not feel their esteem abate in the least; but rather increase. This will appear evident from their calling me to their general meetings on different occasions, and particularly my being called to the Council of our Royal Burgh every second year, and I was included in the Commission of the Peace, and acted accordingly."

Macdonald was, however, destined to go through further adventures. The American War broke out, and in 1775 an intimation appeared from the War Office, to the effect that officers who had been reduced with their corps when peace was concluded, and who were willing to serve again in the same rank they formerly held, should send in their names at once to the Secretary of War. Macdonald pricked his ears at this notice, like an old war horse that smelled the battle from afar. He had also another reason for wishing to again take up a military life, besides his mere fondness for the profession. His son was now a strong promising lad of fifteen, who inherited his father's martial spirit; and Macdonald wished to get him into the service, although he was not able to purchase a commission for him. He says—

"I looked upon this as a decent call that merited an answer from every one in these circumstances, and without hesitation wrote that though I was then in my 56th year of age, and 36th year of service, still as stout and hearty as could be expected at such a time of life, I was as willing as ever to serve my King and country, though I could not expect to be better settled after a few years service than I was at present. From all this, I little expected to be called; but, behold! I am appointed to the 42nd or Royal Highland Regiment."

Taking his son along with him, he went to Fort-George, where a detachment of the 42nd was then stationed, under the command of Major Murray. By this officer he was sent with some recruits to join the regiment at Glasgow. Lord John Murray, who was in command, enrolled young Macdonald as a volunteer in the same company as his father. Their reception is thus described—

"I became rather a favourite with his lordship; but I had better be so with Colonel Stirling, who was to go with and command the corps; but I soon became well with Major Murray, who applied to have me in his company to take care and charge of the men and their money. My noble friend the Earl of Eglinton, being then in town, received me with his usual humanity, and spoke to Colonel Stirling in my favour; but the Colonel seemed cool, perhaps naturally judging that an old man and a boy were rather likely to be a burden than a credit to that distinguished corps. And though he did the highest justice to every individual in the regiment, I could not reckon myself a favourite with him until the reduction of Fort Washington. By that time he found the boy act the man on every occasion, and that the old man acted his part as well as any subaltern in the regiment."

The 42nd embarked at Greenock on the 12th of April 1776, and landed on Staten Island on the 4th of July, thus taking nearly three months on a voyage which is now accomplished in less than 10 days. The exploits of the gallant 42nd have been so frequently and fully told that it is unnecessary here to dwell on Macdonald's individual share of the campaign. His son, although but a boy, bore himself bravely during his first engagement, as shown by the following reference:—

"The enemy finding us thus give way, came on furiously, and I had hot work. This was the first opportunity I had of seeing my son fairly engaged, and I will be allowed to say that it gave me pleasure to see him active and cool; but with only one company there was no keeping of that ground, therefore we retreated in good order. In this engagement I had a ball through the cuff of my coat, which made a trifling contusion. We had two Captains wounded slightly, and Ensign Mackenzie mortally. In consequence of his vacancy I was advised to memorial the Commander-in-Chief, in order to push for my son."

Macdonald did not succeed at this time in getting a commission for his boy, although he took a great deal of trouble in waiting on different officers; but they all considered the lad too young to recommend. General Pigot received the father kindly

and told him not to be in too great a hurry to push his son, but by exerting himself to do his duty, and encouraging his son to do the same, gain the favour of their Colonel, and no doubt he would provide for them. Macdonald followed this good advice, and soon had the pleasure of hearing Colonel Stirling speak well of the lad. It was during the attack on Fort Washington that the following occurred:—

"Whether my son landed before or after me, it is certain that we lost each other in scrambling up the rocks, and knew nothing of each other's fate till the evening, when it will be allowed, when hot firing ceased, natural concern took place After mounting the hill, and firing ceased, to capitulate, our party sat down under trees to rest. I soon observed to Colonel Macpherson [Cluny] that we had better look for our Regiment. He answered, as there seemed nothing to be done, we were as well there for the present. I replied, My dear Duncan, you have no son on this Island this day. Very just, says he, let us move, and we soon found the corps, when Colonel Stirling shook hands with me, and thanked me for my activity in dispersing the rebels at Morris' House, adding, Your son has been with me through all this day's danger to yourself, and trust him to me in the future."

His age did not prevent the gallant old soldier from taking his share in the hard work of the campaign, as shown by the following extract. At this time the 42nd was at Princetown—

"Here it happened my turn to go with the baggage of the army to Brunswick. The weather was very bad, with snow, frost, and sleet alternately. The road was still worse in returning with ammunition and prisoners, and the baggage horses being very ill-shod, and as ill-fed, it was the fourth day before we got back to Princetown, though constantly on duty. Here, finding the 42nd with the bulk of the army had marched towards Trenton, I followed, and late at night found them near that place, and I had a little rest on a wisp of rotten hay. Next morning the army followed the rebels to Princetown; but proved too late to save the 17th from a severe handling from a large body of them on their way to the Blue Mountains. But Lord Cornwallis, dreading the danger of Brunswick; where so much valuable stores lay, marched with all expedition to save that place, from whence the 42nd was detached to Piscataqua, and arrived there on the evening of the 3rd January 1777; and I have given the reader all this trouble to tell him that then I finished my eighty-two miles march with only one bad night's rest."

On another occasion he became separated from the regiment for a while, when the Colonel sent a party to look for him—

"On the 10th of May the rebels made a formidable attack on our picquet in front, and took the officer and sergeant prisoners, after killing or wounding most of the men. When I came up with Major Murray's company I released them, and took a wounded officer with thirteen rebels prisoners. Our people were so enraged at their continual harassing that post, and in particular at this last attempt, that I, finding them in humour to bayonet the prisoners, took some time to put them in discreet hands, with positive orders not to hurt them. By this little delay I missed the regiment, which halted at a proper distance. I followed a firing, which I found to be a few mad fellows of ours, and a company of Light Infantry, that had joined them and followed the chase too far, and to no good purpose. When I came up with them, I used all arguments that would occur to me to make them return to the regiment, but all in vain, until they approached an encampment of the enemy where only a tent was standing, and saw them forming behind their encampment. I then told them in a very serious manner that cannon would soon appear, and hoped they would give up such folly as must endanger their liberty, if not their lives; thus I at last got the better of their impetuosity, and retired a little. At that instant my son joined me, with a sergeant and fifteen men. It seems Colonel Stirling, missing me, asked the lad where I was, the latter answering that he left me giving charge of prisoners to Corporal Paul Macpherson, and that he believed that I was forward. The Colonel ordered him to take a party and find me, and directed I should declare his displeasure to these men for venturing so far from the regiment, and, at their peril, to return immediately. In this place, gratitude leads me to say that Major Murray's company of the 42nd was the most alert, most decent, and best principled soldiers I ever had the honour to command or be connected with."

Our veteran was now stricken down with fever, and unable to follow the regiment.—

"When the army, after going by Chesapeak Bay, landed at the head of the Elk, I was in a high fever, and left on board an Hospital Ship, and relapsed often, which brought me very low. Still on coming up the Delaware I landed with the first convalescents at Wilmington. Here I found my friends of the 71st, and Major Macdonald of that corps being ordered from the convalescents into a Battalion, choose to have me Adjutant to that corps. I then commenced in that duty."

Some little time after, on reaching Philadelphia, officers and men were ordered to join their respective corps, and Macdonald had the pleasure of meeting his son, and hearing how he got on during his absence.—

"Now, my son gave me a long detail of the kindness and attention of all the officers to him in my absence, in particular that, when Colonel Stirling found I had been left behind, he called him out of the rank of privates where he always stood, telling him he was sorry he had been so long in that rank, and he would take care he should appear no more in it, ordering him at that same time to command half the company on a march or action, that is, to act as subaltern in the company till his father joined, or his being otherwise appointed. This was very flattering to a lad of seventeen, and two years service; but this was not all. After the battle of Brandy Wine, the Colonel gave him a copy of a memorial addressed to General Stowe, setting forth his own short, and my long, services, desiring him to transcribe and sign a fair copy of it, which the Colonel presented in order to procure a commission in some other regiment, as there was no vacancy in the 42nd. This was done, and a favourable answer received. Soon after, Major Murray being appointed Lieut.-Colonel to the 27th, and the General being pleased to give the commissions in succession in the 42nd, my son got the Ensigncy, date 5th October 1777. Thus one of my grand points being obtained, there remained only to realise a penny for my Lieutenancy, and retire after serving upwards of thirty-eight years, and at the age of fifty-eight."

While the Lieutenant was deliberating how he could retire with a good grace in time of war, and at the same time get the money for his commission, which was a great object to him, fortune favoured him with one of those rare opportunities which sometimes occur. It was found necessary to raise Provincial troops to assist the regular army, and just at this time the order came to raise a battalion in Maryland. There was no lack of volunteers, but there was a difficulty in getting officers, for the men of position and influence in the district who had been appointed, were as a rule quite ignorant of military duty. Lieutenant Macdonald had got acquainted with several gentlemen of position, and one of these, a Mr Chalmers, got the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the newly raised battalion. Not being a military man himself, he was anxious to procure those who were, for his officers, and offered our friend a Commission as his Major, if he could arrange to leave his present post. Here was the very opportunity Macdonald wished for. He immediately laid his case before Colonel Stirling, who cheerfully promised to do all in his power to assist him. How he succeeded we will leave himself to tell.—

"He (Colonel Stirling) wrote strongly in my favour, recommending me to the General as well qualified for the intended office, and meriting the indulgence of settling my present office. But instead of giving me the trouble of delivering this letter, he put it in his pocket, went to Head-Quarters, sent it in to the General, and soon followed in person, and, without doubt, confirmed what might be alleged in his letter. The General graciously owning himself no stranger to my character, matters were then and there settled, and next day, the 10th of November, Ensign John Spence was appointed Lieutenant in the 42nd Regiment, vice Lieutenant John Macdonald, who retired. That same day orders contained the following:—Lieutenant John Macdonald appointed Major to the First Battalion of the Maryland Loyalists. Mr Spence gave me bills immediately for the Lieutenancy. . . . . And General Howe having complimented the Colonel on getting such a man to be his Major, I joined immediately, and the corps was soon recruited to 335 privates and 42 non-commissioned officers, the establishment being only 448 of both, and I had very flattering compliments from Generals Grey and Paterson, and several other officers of experience, for their appearance and alertness in going through their exercises and different manœuvres. By the latter end of April, I was vain of the figure they made."

A few months, however, changed the aspect of affairs. The British troops lost ground, and as a consequence their prestige; Republicanism gained strength, until even the Provincial troops became infected with it, and deserted daily in large parties, to join their countrymen in their struggle for liberty. This state of affairs necessitated the amalgamation of three Provincial regiments into one, viz., the Maryland Loyalist, the Pennsylvania, and the Waldeck Regiments. This combined corps was ordered to Jamaica. On the voyage, it came to the ears of the Major that in case of an American vessel coming in sight, that the men were determined to mutiny and join the Americans. This caused him great anxiety. We will give his own version.—

"This made me lay at night with a loaded blunderbuss under my head, all the rest of the voyage. After being a month at Jamaica, on the 16th January 1779, we arrived in the Bay of Pensacola; but the men having the smallpox among them, were ordered to the Red Cliffs, ten miles distance from the town. Here it might be naturally supposed that all apprehensions of mutiny or desertion was at an end, as there were no enemy in arms within five hundred miles of us; but, behold! on the 14th

of March, a sergeant with sixteen men deserted in a body, with their arms, and more ammunition than their ordinary complement. At this time Colonel Chalmers got leave of absence for New York, and I being informed that a more formidable desertion was designed, took all the ammunition from the men, lodged it in a store, and ordered the Quarter-master to lay there with it, and I visited it myself at all hours of the night. Indeed, self-preservation kept me on the watch, as if once they got masters of that store to pursue their design, I could not expect that they would be very ceremonious with me."

Thus, by his prompt action, the Major prevented any further attempts at mutiny. He, however, did not feel himself at all comfortable in his new position. The men were discontented, and the officers were incapable, and spent their time in quarrelling among themselves, so that to support his authority he had to be pretty severe with them. A Court-Martial was held, and three officers, a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign, were dismissed the service. With all this, he seems to have had the entire confidence of his superior officers, as is shown by the following extract:—

"Meantime a Spanish invasion being apprehended, the General joined the Pennsylvania and Maryland Battalions into one corps, under the command of Colonel Allan. That Colonel getting leave of absence a few weeks before the siege, the command of the battalion fell to me, and in a great measure that of the British troops too, as there was no other Field Officer of either line in the place. The only other Field Officer was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Waldecks, but except as Field Officer of the day, he did not interfere with British or Provincial troops, and for good reasons the General never employed him or his troops out of the works."

This additional responsiblity made him so anxious that for weeks he never retired to rest at night, for fear of a surprise. This naturally told on a man of his age; but could not subdue his spirit, or his determination to do his duty. He thus describes his situation at this time.—

"Thus being extremely fatigued, besides other disorders, raised a swelling on the side of my head, which was blistered in the evening of the 3rd of May. That night I had the rounds, and my head running. Next morning in course of duty I was obliged to attend General Campbell with my report. He expressed great concern at seeing me in that condition, as he

meant a sally at twelve o'clock that day, the fourth (the sixth in the newspapers is a mistake), and he did not know who else to appoint to that command. I told him to be under no apprehension but I would do my duty while I had whole bones, nor would I yield a command of that nature to any man alive, and begged he would give myself the necessary instructions, and not puzzle me afterwards with messages by aide-de-camps, which I had found on other occasions contradictory and ambiguous."

The Major succeeded so well in this attempt, that his name was mentioned with honour in the General's report.

Soon after, Articles of Capitulation were agreed upon, on very favourable terms, and the Major became, with the rest of his comrades, a prisoner of war, and was sent to New York. He now determined to leave the army and return home.—

"At this time, I had the confirmation of bad news from home. My trustee having become insolvent, my affairs mismanaged, my wife and daughter distressed, while my effects were a wreck in the hands of those who never dreamed I should appear to bring them to any account. The conclusions are obvious. At this time I considered that having passed my grand climacteric, there was no depending on a constitution, always at severe trial from my twelfth year. My last service was finished decently. In any future service I might fail of ability. I hope the judicious reader will, from what has been said, see good reason for my sacrificing my commission, to escape with the little life left to my family and friends. This was effected by landing at Portsmouth, 20th January 1782—a few days in London—then to Edinburgh by land. Engaged Drumuachter in the memorable storm in March of that year; arrived at Moy, 6th April, in tolerable health, though I was obliged to march on foot all the way from Dunkeld.

"Thus at the end of forty-three years I quitted a service to which Providence, contrary to my own inclination, directed me, after such a variety of hardships as few constitutions could bear. In balancing the general usage I met with in the army, I find it most favourable, as I had not many friends, nor remarkable talents that could recommend me to much notice. Perseverance, honesty, and sobriety I take credit for; but who can say that merit is neglected, or finds no reward in the army, when such slender parts as mine could make a Major.

"I now rest well pleased with my success in the world, and in general with my own conduct, even where my designs failed most. Remembering that they were always fair and prudent at the time; but that no human sagacity can guard against future events."

And thus we leave the gallant old warrior enjoying the repose he had so hardly earned, but we confess we should have liked to have learned something of the after career of his son, who, no doubt, if his life was spared, rose in his profession.

At the end of the manuscript, from which the foregoing selections have been taken, is the following pedigree of the writer :—

"John, son of
Angus, son of
William, son of
Norman, son of
Murdoch, son of
Donald, son of } All born in Sutherland.
John (who came to Sutherland from Dingwall), son of Clerk or Clerach.

"Clerach or Clerk, Manach or Monk of the Monastery of Beauly.

"This monk (as it is handed down) of Beauly was a Macdonald, and his son being Clerk to the town of Dingwall was commonly called Clerach, from his office, by which his son John was sometimes called Mac-a-Chlerich and Mac-a-Mhannich, at which he seemed always offended, not chosing to be run out of his proper surname; but, as is commonly the case, the more he resented it, the more the joke prevailed, and ended in his killing a youth who had perhaps followed it too far. But probably having greater interest with the then Macdonald, Earl of Ross, John thought it prudent to make his escape, and settled in Braegrudy, in the parish of Rogart. Thus I am positive that in a lineal descent no more than the above five were born there before myself. And our burying-place being in the outskirts of the church-yard show our being late comers; whereas Murrays, Mackays, Sutherlands, and Douglases are centrical, and near the church wall. And in my early days our people went by the appellation of Sliochd a Mhannich, commonly, which offended them very much, they knowing nothing of a Monk but judging that it meant only a capon. The repetition backwards is—

"Ian Mac Inish vic Uilliam vic Hormaid vic Mhurchie vic Dhoill vic Ian vic a Chlerich vic a Mhannich."

Any information respecting the descendants of Major Macdonald, would, no doubt, prove interesting to the reader, and we shall be glad to receive such.

M. A. ROSE.

LANDLORD RESOLUTIONS AT INVERNESS.

LAST month we were not able to do more than give the resolutions passed at the meeting of Highland landed proprietors held in Inverness on the 14th of January last. Indeed the more we consider these resolutions, the more we are impressed with their worthlessness, except in so far as they may be held to be a confession that something must be done, or the days of landlordism, on its present footing, are already numbered. No sensible person, however, in the least acquainted with the ideas, past conduct, and the oblivious short-sightedness hitherto exhibited by landlords generally, and more especially Highland landlords, could expect any reasonable concessions from a meeting composed as the Inverness meeting was composed. Any one taking the trouble to look over the names of those present will see at a glance that about two-thirds of the number were Commissioners and factors, and that only a small minority of the proprietors themselves graced the meeting by their presence. Commissioners and factors must necessarily be hampered, and less likely to be influenced by the arguments of the more sensible of the landlords present in person, than would those more immediately concerned—the landlords themselves—had they been at the meeting to hear the weighty reasons urged by a few of the wiser of their own class, in favour of such concessions as would allay the present agitation for Land Law Reform. The resolutions are at least two years too late. Voluntary concessions will not do at this time of day, and the action of the landlords at Inverness will serve no good purpose, except in so far as any successful opposition on their part against compulsory enactments in the House of Commons or elsewhere, is now impossible. They have made a wonderful confession of their past transgressions, at the meeting; and though forced out of them by the hard conditions and circumstances of the times, it cannot now be recalled, and the better sort must in future lend their aid to the Government and to Parliament in passing a measure of Land Law Reform, which will compel those among themselves who bring odium on their class, and endanger their interests, to do what they will never voluntarily agree to do, or if they did, never carry it out in practice. Mr Macdonald

of Skaebost, replying to the present writer, thinking his brother Highland proprietors were as wise and far-seeing as himself, declared, at the recent Annual Dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the evening before the landlord meeting, that he was not going to disclose what the proprietors were going to do next morning, but "if he interpreted the sentiment he had heard expressed within the last few days by many influential proprietors, he ventured to prophesy that on Wednesday peace would be restored to the Highlands, and that the members of the Highland Land Law Association might henceforth turn their attention to some other occupation." How terribly disappointed he must have felt when he saw the mouse which the mountain brought forth on the following day, can only be surmised. He did not know his men. Their sentiments, when pitted against what they thought their personal interests, went to the wall.

Those who think that mere tinkering will now suffice, are living in a fool's paradise. We know that the wisest among the proprietors themselves are satisfied that if once the question of Land Law Reform for the Highlands is opened up, it must be dealt with in such a manner as will close it for a generation. We have no hesitation in saying that nothing short of the principal clauses of the Irish Land Act, with additional provisions for the compulsory re-settlement of the people on the best portions of their native land, from which they have, in the past, been so harshly removed, will have this effect. Holding this opinion, as we very firmly do, it would be a waste of space to discuss the Inverness resolutions, beyond pointing out that they present the Highland proprietors on their knees, confessing their sins, and in this way effectually discounting any possible opposition on their part to such legislative changes as will make the Highland people quite independent of the landlordism of the future.

A. M.

"NETHER-LOCHABER," LL.D.—A well-deserved honour has been conferred on the Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A. Scot., Minister of Ballachulish, by his *Alma Mater*, the University of St Andrews last month, by making him an LL.D. Mr Stewart is so well known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* by his valued contributions, as well as by a Biographical Sketch of our distinguished and long-standing friend, which we published a few years ago, that it is quite unnecessary to say more just now than to record this well-earned and crowning honour. Our only difficulty is, whether we are to call him in future Dr "Nether-Lochaber," or Dr Stewart. It will be hard for us to give up the honoured and familiar title of "Nether-Lochaber."

THE MUNROS OF MILNTOWN.

By Alexander Ross.

IV.

Andrew Munro was Captain of the Castles of Inverness and Chanonry, and Chamberlain of the Earldom of Ross. About the year 1567, John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who had been secretary to Queen Mary, dreading the effect of public feeling against Popery in the North, and against himself personally, made over to his cousin, John Leslie of Balquhain, his rights and titles to the Castle and Castle lands of Chanonry, to divert them of the character of Church property, and so save them to his family; but notwithstanding this grant, the "Good Regent" Murray gave the custody of the Castle to Andrew Munro of Milntown, and promised Leslie some of the lands of the Barony of Fintry, in Buchan, as an equivalent; but the Regent was assassinated before this arrangement was completed—before Andrew Munro obtained titles to the Castle and Castle lands. Yet he obtained permission from the Earl of Lennox, during his regency, and afterwards from his successor, the Earl of Mar, to take possession of the Castle.

Colin Mackenzie, XI. Chief of Kintail, and his clansmen were extremely jealous of the Munros occupying the stronghold; and being desirous to obtain possession of the Castle themselves, they purchased Leslie's right, by virtue of which they demanded delivery of the fortress. This demand Andrew Munro at once refused. Kintail in consequence raised his vassals, and being joined by a detachment of the Mackintoshes,* garrisoned the

* In the year 1573, Lachlan Mor, Laird of Mackintosh, favouring Kintail, his brother-in-law, required all the people of Strathnairn to join him against the Munroes. Colin, Lord of Lorne, had, at the time, the administration of that Lordship as the jointure lands of his wife, the Countess Dowager Murray, and he wrote to Hugh Rose of Kilravock:—True Friend, after my most hearty commendation, for as much as it is reported to me that Mackintosh has charged all my tenants west of the water of Nairn to pass forward with him to Ross to enter into this troublous action with Mackenzie against the Laird of Fowlis, and because I will not that any of mine enter presently this matter whose service appertains to me, I thought good to advertise you of my mind thereon, in respect ye are tenants of mine and have borne the charge of Bailliary

steeple of the Cathedral, and laid siege to Irving's Tower and the Palace. The Munros held out for three years; but one day the garrison getting short of provisions, they attempted a sortie to the Ness of Fortrose, where there was a salmon stell, the contents of which they endeavoured to secure. They were, however, immediately discovered, and quickly followed by the Mackenzies, who fell upon them in a most savage manner. Weak and starving as they were, they fought with that bravery which was always so characteristic of the Munros; but after a desperate and unequal struggle, they were overpowered by the overwhelming number of the Mackenzies, and twenty-six of their number killed, among them being their commander, John Munro. The Mackenzies had two men killed and several wounded. The defenders of the Castle immediately capitulated, and it was taken possession of by the Mackenzies.

Sir Robert Gordon says that the Munros "defended and keipt the Castle for the space of thrie yeirs, with great slaughter on either syd, vntill it was delyvered to the Clancheinzie, by the Act of pacification. And this wes the ground and begining of the feud and hartburning, which, to this day, remaynes betwein the Clanchenzie and Munrois."†

Andrew Munro, V. of Milntown, married Catherine, daughter of Thomas Urquhart, VI. of Cromarty, by whom he had three sons and nine daughters—

1. George, his successor.

2. Andrew of Kincraig, who married "ane Mrs Gray," by whom he had two sons—(1) Andrew, his successor. (2) William, who entered the army, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in a Regiment of Foot, under the Elector of Brander-

of Strathnarne in times past; wherefore I will desire you to make my will known to my tenants at Strathnarne within your Bailliary that none of them take upon hand to rise at this present with Mackintosh to pass to Ross, or at any time hereafter without my special command and goodwill obtained on such pains as any of them may incur therethrough, certifying them and ilk one of them, and they do in the contrary hereof, I will by all means crave the same at their hands as occasion may serve. And this it will please you to make known to them, that none of them pretend any excuse through ignorance hereof; and this for the present, not doubting but ye will do the same; I commit you to God; from Darnaway, the 28th of June 1573—*The Family of Rose of Kilravock*, p. 263.

† Earldom of Sutherland, p. 155.

burg. He married a Mrs Bruce, and acquired an estate in Germany, where he resided till his death. By Mrs Bruce he had issue, both sons and daughters, who settled in Branderburg, and other parts of Germany, and some of their descendants were living there in 1734. Andrew succeeded his father in Kincraig. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Innes, XXIII. of Innes, and relict of George Munro, VII. of Milntown, by whom he had no issue. He left, however, two illegitimate children, a son George, born in Edinburgh, and a daughter Janet, who married a burgess of Tain. Andrew I. of Kincraig had also a natural son, John, "burgess of Eainburgh," who bought the estate of Culcraigie, in the parish of Alness.

3. John, I. of Fearn, who was twice married. His first wife was Christian Urquhart, by whom he had three sons and one daughter—(1) John, his successor. (2) Andrew. (3) George, who married Mary, sister to Major-General Scot, by whom he had one son, John, who was "cast away" at sea in 1639, in company of John Munro, younger of Obsdale, on their way to Germany, to enter the Swedish service. (4) Christian, who married Malcolm, third son of Lachlan Mackintosh, XII. of Mackintosh, with issue. John of Fearn's second wife was Isabel, fourth daughter of George Ross, XII. of Balnagown, without issue. He was succeeded by his eldest son John, who married Janet, daughter of Thomas MacCulloch of Fearn, by whom he had two sons—(1) John of Logie. (2) Andrew, who entered the army, and went with Robert Munro, Baron of Fowlis to the German wars. He was executed at Stettin for maltreating a surgeon there within his own house during the night, "contrary to his Majestie's Articles and discippline of warre." Colonel Robert Munro of Obsdale, in his "Expedition," states that there was "much solicitation" made for Robert's life by the "Duchesse of Pomereu and sundry noble Ladies, but all in vaine, yet to be lamented, since divers times before he had given proofe of his valour, especially at the siege of *Frailesound* in his Majestie's service of Denmarke, where he was made lame of his left arme, who, being young, was well bred by his parents at home, and abroad in France, though it was his misfortune to have suffered an exemplary death, for such an oversight committed through sudden passion, being *Summum jus*, in respect that the party had forgiven the fault,

but the Governor, being a churlish Swede, would not remit the satisfaction due to his Majesty and justice."*

John Munro, II. of Fearn, was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, who is designated "of Logie," in a MS. history of the Munros, in the possession of Stuart C. Munro, of Teaninich. John who was a Quartermaster in the army, married Margaret, daughter of the Rev. David Ross, minister of Logie-Easter, from 1638 to 1644, and had by her, among others, a son, Andrew, who succeeded him. Andrew married Christina, daughter of Hugh Munro, II. of Culrain, by whom he had six sons—(1) George, (2) John, (3) Andrew, (4) David, (5) Robert, (6) James. George, Robert, and James entered the army, and were dead in 1734, leaving, apparently, no issue. David became a carpenter, and John learned another trade. I have not succeeded in tracing whether John, David, and Andrew left issue.

4. Janet, who was married to David Munro, II. of Culnald, with issue, one son, Andrew. After David's death she married Hector Munro, XVIII. Baron of Fowlis, to whom she bore no issue.

5. Catherine, who married George Munro, I. of Obsdale, third son of Robert Munro, XV. Baron of Fowlis, to whom she had two sons—(1) Colonel John, who succeeded his father; (2) Major-General Robert, a distinguished military officer, and author of "Munro: His Expedition."

6. Elizabeth, who married Hay of Kinardie.

7. Christian, who died unmarried.

8. Euphemme, who married Hugh Munro, IV. of Balconie, with issue, five sons and one daughter.

9. Margaret, who married Robert Gordon of Bodlan.

10. Anne, who married Hugh Ross of Priesthill.

11. Ellen, who was twice married. Her first husband was Donald Ross of Balmuchie; and her second, John Munro, minister of Tain, and Sub-Dean of Ross, third son of Hugh Munro, I. of Assynt.

12. Isabella, who was also twice married. Her first husband was James Innes of Calrossie. Her second husband, whom she married after 25th July 1614, was Walter Ross, II. of Invercarron. She bore to him, among others—(1) William, who succeeded

* Munro, His Expedition, part II., page 47.

his father, and, on the 30th of December 1661, grants a charter of Invercarron to his eldest son and heir, Walter, and to Walter's spouse, Margaret Gray, relict of George Murray of Pulrossie; (2) Janet, who, before 12th August 1664, married Kenneth Mackenzie, I. of Scatwell; (3) Christian, who is said to have married Hugh Macleod of Cambuscurry, in the parish of Edderton, ancestor of Robert B. A. Macleod, of Cadboll, Invergordon Castle.

Andrew Munro, V. of Milntown, died about 1593, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI.—George, who in 1598 is designated "George Munro of Meikle Tarrel." In that year he became bound "to releve and skaithles keip Elizabeth Rose, the relicit of unquhile (deceased) Walter Urquhart, Shiref of Cromertie, and William Gordoun of Bredland, now hir spous, William Rose of Kilrawak, tutor tistamentare to Alex. Urquhart, sone lauchfull to the said unquhile Walter, and the said Alex. self and his aires—at the hands of Donald Ros, Magnus Ferne, and Finlay Manson, cessioneris and assignais constitut be unquhile Alexander Ferne, portioner of Pitcalyean, to the letters of reversion and redemption following thereupon made by the said unquhile Walter and the said Alexander, to the said unquhile Alexander Ferne and his assignais for redemption of the easter half davoch lands of Pitcalyean with the pertinentis, and of all redemption and renunciation made thereupon by them to Andrew Munro, sone and air to unquhile David Munro of Culnald, and to his tutour testementare for their entres, and that at the handis of the saidis foure assaignais and their aires: Be their presentis, subscribuit with our hand at Kilrawak the twenty day of August, the yeir of God 1598, beffoir their witness, David Rose of Holme, William Ros, Walter Ros, and John Munro, notar public."*

George Munro was principal tacksman of the Chantry of Ross. On the 18th of July 1618, the Commissioners of the Bishopric of Ross provided a stipend of 620 merks for the minister of Kilmorack, payable, 465 merks, out of the parsonage or rectorial tithes, by George Munro of Tarrell, principal tacksman of the Chantry of Ross, and, 155 merks, by the tacksman of the vicarage teinds; and the lease was prorogated as compensation for the charge.

* *Kilravock Papers*, pp. 287-8, and *Priory of Beauly*, p. 251.

In 1584 James VI. confirmed a charter, granted by Alexander Horne, Canon of the Church of Ross, with consent of the Dean and Chapter, to George Munro in heritage, "the church-lands of his prebend called Killecreist, with the parsonage tithes included, lying in the Earldom of Ross and Sheriffdom of Inverness, and also the prebendary's manse with its pertinents lying as above."*

George Munro was twice married. His first wife was Mariot, daughter and heiress of John M'Culloch of Meikle Tarrel. She was served heir to her father in the estate of Meikle Tarrel in 1577, together with the revenue of £2. 10s. from Easter Airds. In 1578 James VI. granted to her, and her "future spouse, George Munro, the son and heir-apparent of Andrew Munro of Newmore," the lands of Meikle Tarrel, which formerly belonged to Mariot in heritage, and which she had resigned with the consent of her curators, Robert Munro, Baron of Fowlis; James Dunbar of Tarbat; George Dunbar, of Avoch; and George Munro, Chancellor of Ross—to be held of the Crown for the service formerly due.†

By Mariot M'Culloch, George Munro had four sons and one daughter—

1. George, his heir.

2. John; 3, William; 4, David, all of whom went to the German wars with Robert Munro, Baron of Fowlis, "whence they returned not, dying going there."

5. Margaret, who married David Dunbar of Dunphail, she being his second wife.

George Munro's second wife was Margaret, daughter of David Dunbar, Dean of Moray, fourth son of Sir Alexander Dunbar of Westfield, who was the fifth son of James, V. Earl of Moray. By Miss Dunbar he had two sons and four daughters—

6. Hector; 7, John, "of whom there is no account to be given of, their being soldiers, and killed in battle."

8. Janet, who married Hugh Munro of Achnagart, with issue.

9. Helen, who married John Fraser of Inchbreck, with issue.

10. Catherine, who married Alexander Baillie of Dunean, to whom she had, among others, William, VIII. of Dunean; David,

*Reg. Sec. Sig., Vol. li., folio 90.
† Reg. Sec. Sig., Vol. xlv., Folio 68.

I. of Dochfour; and Catherine, who married one of the younger sons of Hugh Fraser of Culbokie.

11. Isabella, who married Walter Leslie of Elgin, with issue.

George Munro built the tower and belfry of the present Established Church of Kilmuir-Easter, on the top of which is an eagle, the Munros armorial crest, and the monogram, G.M.—George Munro. It bears the date 1616, with the word "biggit." The Munros' aisle in the same church is a building of some architectural taste.

George died at Boggs on the 6th of May 1623, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. George Munro, VII. of Milntown who was in 1623 served heir to his father in a fourth of the lands and town of Meikle Allan, containing two oxgangs of the extent of 13s. 4d. and a fourth of the alehouse of the extent of 3s. 4d. He was in the same year served his father's heir in the lands of Milntown, "with the mills and office of chief mair of the earldom of Ross, of the extent of 8 chalders, 4 bolls of victual; a croft named the Markland of Tullich, of the extent of one pound of wax; and the lands and town of Meikle Meddat, of the extent of 6 chalders of bear and oatmeal, and other dues, its alehouse with toft and croft, of the extent of 13s. 4d., and its other alehouse, without toft and croft, of the extent of 6s. 8d.—in the Barony of Delnie, earldom of Ross, and sheriffdom of Inverness." *

He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Innes, XVI. Laird of Innes, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Elphinstone, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, by whom he had one son and one daughter—

1. Andrew, his heir, and

2. Margaret, who married Captain Alexander Forester of Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, with issue.

George had also an illegitimate son, named Hugh, who married Jane, daughter of Robert Dunbar of Dunphail, and had issue.

George Munro, VII. of Milntown, died in 1630, and was succeeded by his only son,

VIII. Andrew Munro, who was the last of his family who held the estate of Milntown. He succeeded in his eleventh year. His maternal uncle, Sir John Innes, never permitted him to possess

* Retours.

the property or inhabit the Castle of Milntown, as he had, immediately after the death of Andrew's father, taken possession of the same by virtue of "an appraising and other diligences"—Sir John holding wadsets over the lands and estates of Milntown which he sold in 1656 to Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat. Andrew Munro served as a Captain under his kinsman, Sir George Munro I., of Newmore, in Ireland, in the Royal Army, during the rebellion there. He was in 1644 ordered to Scotland with his men, and took a distinguished part in the battle of Kilsyth, fought in 1645, where he fell fighting bravely at the head of his company, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His friends and relations had great hopes of his being able to redeem the debts, contracted by his father, and his death was a severe blow to the Milntown family. He died unmarried, and without issue, when the family of Milntown, in the main line, became extinct.

Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, after purchasing the castle and estate of Milntown, changed the name to Tarbat, after his own title, he being a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Tarbat. He was afterwards created a Viscount. The peasantry to this day call the place "New Tarbat," and in the vernacular, *Baile-Mhuillinn Andrea.* Adjoining the site of the old castle of Milntown is a high mound, near the river, where the pipers played the bagpipes. The only remains of the old castle still extant are the door of the vault, and the high terraces near the place where it stood. In the year 1728 Viscount Tarbat—afterwards Earl of Cromarty—contracted with masons to "throw down Munro's old work," and clear the foundation, and build a new house. Some of the oldest inhabitants of the village of Milntown remember hearing their parents, who assisted in razing Milntown Castle, say that the hall was so large "that the music of fiddles at one end could not be heard at the other." The castle is said to have been the most elegant and highly finished house in the north, and adorned with turrets. It stood near the site of the present mansion. In the grounds near the old building were many large trees. One large beech was called "Queen Mary's tree," and was supposed to have been planted by that queen during her stay at Beauly Priory. It was more than 100 feet high, and required a whole week to cut it down. No force was able to remove it, and it was in consequence buried where it lay.

DEATH OF MR JOHN A. CAMERON, WAR CORRESPONDENT.

IT is with great regret that we record the early and untimely death of a typical and distinguished Highlander. Mr John A. Cameron, for several years well known to the world as the war correspondent of the *Standard* newspaper, had in his veins the best blood of the Clan Cameron. He was educated in Inverness, but although born a soldier, he was born after the time when the Highlands were the nursery of soldiers and the capabilities of race and individuals which formed a man to be a leader commanded a commission. He commenced his active life in the service of the Caledonian Bank, and had to be content to gratify those stirrings in his blood which impelled him to a military career by serving in the first Company of Inverness-shire Highland Rifle Volunteers. He afterwards went to India and engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was in business in Central India when the Afghan War broke out in 1878. The young Highlander smelt the battle from afar; Evan's, Donald's fame rang in the young clansman's ears, and, like David of old, if he could not join in the battle he would go and see it. He obtained an appointment as correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, and so rapidly did he establish a reputation that in the following year he was employed by the *Standard*, on the staff of which paper he continued till his death. From this time Mr Cameron may be said to have lived his life in camp, and probably no soldier now alive has seen so much fighting as it fell to his lot to witness. From Afghanistan he went to South Africa, and was present, and taken prisoner, at the fatal fight on Majuba Hill. He saw the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He witnessed the operations of the French in Madagascar. He was with the French in the swamps of Tonquin; and finally he accompanied the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Soudan, and met his death in that fatal post where General Stewart halted his column for a temporary rest, and where we venture to say the courage and the discipline of soldiers were tried as they never were tried before. Throughout his career Mr

Cameron displayed all the best qualities of a Highlander. What pluck, daring, and endurance could accomplish he did. What his eye saw he was apt to describe in glowing language, which created the scene again for his readers. And withal he was so modest and unassuming that his own personality was never obtruded. He did feats of which possessors of the Victoria Cross might be proud, but these were never heard of from his own lips or his own pen. In these columns it would be unpardonable that we should forget to tell that to the last Mr Cameron was a true Highlander, and in deep sympathy with the land of his birth and its people. In 1882 he was for some months in this neighbourhood, and in the Isle of Skye the week after the Battle of the Braes, where he devoted his time to an examination of the condition of the crofters, which was then engaging public attention, and was the author of several valuable papers on the subject, full of true sympathy with the people, of whom he was one, and with the race from which he sprung.

Sic transit. Stricken in hot fight, in the full vigour of youth, the gallant son of the mountain now sleeps his last sleep in the desert sands of Africa. To us it is left but to drop a sympathetic tear, to record this all too imperfect tribute to his memory, and to hope that his life of duty, gallantly done, will not be lost.

OUR GAELIC BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In casually perusing the *Celtic Magazine* for April 1879, in an article under the above heading, by the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., at page 216, it is stated that in 1758, the "Mother's Catechism" was translated into Gaelic. On looking over the Gaelic New Testament, published by John Orr, bookseller, Glasgow, in 1754, I find the following advertisement in which the "Mother's Catechism" is mentioned :—

"Leabhair ghaoidhealach, clodh-bhuailte, agus r'an reic le Ioin Orr, Leabhair reiceadoir ann Glas-gho. Eadhon, An tiomna nuadh ; Leabhair nan Sailm ; Gnàthfhocail Sholaimh ; *Leabhar ceisd na Mathar*, Leabhar aithearr nan Ceisd ; Laoidh Mhic Ealair ; Laoidh eile, araon am beurla san Gaoidheilg. Agus cuid do ranntaibh, agus orain ; agus pailteas do leabhraibh beurla air Saor-chunnradh.

"Toir Fainear, gu bheill rùn aige an Sein-tiomna gu huilidh a chlodh-bhualadh ma chuireas daoine a steach air a shon gun mhoill. Agus leabhar Searmoin, dan goirear Gairm an De mhoir don tsluagh neimh iompoichte," &c.

From the above it would appear that "Baxter's Call" in Gaelic, which Dr Masson states was printed in 1748, was not then proceeded with, although the Irish gentleman mentioned gave in that year a donation for the translation and printing of it.—Yours, &c., K. CORBETT.

Beauly, 27th January 1885.

THE ESTATE AND PEOPLE OF KILMUIR.

By the Rev. James M. Davidson.

When Donald Gorm, Lord of the Isles, was lying on his death-bed in Edinburgh, local tradition says that his spirit visited the Castle of Duntulm, then the residence of the Lords of the Isles and left the following message for his son and heir, Donald Gorm Og :—

"Tell Donald Gorm Og to stand up for the *right* against *might*, to be generous to the multitude, to have a charitable hand stretched out to the poor."

Never did a Highland chieftain give more apposite advice to his heir than that contained in Donald Gorm's message to his son, and yet, if there be truth in the cry at the present day of the people who inhabit the country surrounding the old crumbling Castle of Duntulm, does not that cry proclaim to the world that Donald Gorm's heirs have not always attended to their old chief's dying message—that *might* has trampled over *right*—that the multitude have been neglected, and that the poor have often cried in vain.

Be this as it may, there is no lack of those who allege "that a sense of intolerable wrong" on the part of the crofters has given rise to the wail that has brought during the last month such a trampling throng of military, police, and newspaper men to our drowsy island.

That the Highland agitation, as yet in its infancy, should first attract attention in Skye and the other north-west islands need not surprise any one. The origin of the present state of matters dates as far back as the abolition of the feudal authority in 1745. During all this time society in Skye may be said to have been divided into two distinct classes. On the one hand we have the landlords, tacksmen—the latter themselves often men of gentle blood—and the clergy. On the other the great mass of crofters and cottars comprising nearly nine-tenths of the entire population. Note that there is no middle class in Skye—that the gulf between the Patrician and the Plebeian has all along been a dangerously wide one.

About 70 years ago the Highland chief fancied that if the clansmen were away, and sheep in their place, that his old estate would become a sort of El-Dorado. The clansmen in a great measure had to go away. In Australia, New Zealand, and all through the New World, many of the descendants of the vanished clansmen live and prosper. Not so the old race of evicting landlords. Their story for the most part is a sad one. All over the Highlands the great bulk of them have disappeared. The stranger owns their old home.

The Highland chieftain began by evicting the clansmen, and the probability is that he will end by evicting himself.

With reference to Skye, the landlords, as a rule, were not wealthy, and gradually became absentees. The great object with their factor was to get as much money as possible for the absent lairds. The large farms which at the time were a paying concern, grew larger, and in proportion the crofter area diminished. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the crofters began to look upon landlord, factor, and tacksmen, as a combination that might one day root them out altogether. This feeling of distrust and sense of wrong on the part of one class towards another had long been growing; it needed but a spark to set the heather on fire. That spark was applied when, four years ago, the tenants of the township of Valtos, refused any longer to pay what they considered an exorbitant rent. Since then the conflagration has made the round of the island—Braes, Glendale, and again Kilmuir following in succession.

There is no part of Great Britain that has engaged public attention more keenly, nor called forth public sympathy more widely, for the last two months, than Skye. Startling rumours found their way to the newspapers, which made people believe that the usual peaceable subjects were in actual rebellion, setting law and order at defiance. To one living among them, acquainted with their simple and inoffensive mode of life, it appeared strange that all these exaggerated statements were so readily believed by the authorities. That there was, and is, discontent among them, cannot be denied. Were they not more than ordinarily patient and peaceful this discontent would long ere now have assumed larger proportions. They are quiet and inobtrusive in heir habits, respectful to superiors, notwithstanding the hard

treatment they have from time to time received at their hands. As a class they are honest, sober, and industrious, much devoted to their native soil, willing, as far as they can, to give every man his due. When they fail in this, no one feels it more than they do, and they would deny themselves some of the necessaries of life in order to attain it. Instances of this came under my observation.

Some newspaper correspondents have remarked that the people on the Kilmuir estate appeared to be worse fed and clad than those seen anywhere else in Skye. They are as sober and industrious as any of the others: why, then, are they unable to feed and clothe themselves, as well as those on the other estates?

The first thing that struck my attention when I came to reside in this parish, three years ago, was the moral cowardice of the people. It was of such a character that it surprised me. Why should a people, in the main upright in their character, be living in such constant dread of their superiors? Why could they not put their foot on their native heath without the fear of man? It is a well-known fact that threats were indulged in, which led to a continual fear of having these threats put into execution. Many instances of high-handed measures were so fresh on their memories, that a fear of their repetition had a demoralising effect. To the Skye crofter, so passionately fond of his native soil, the reign of eviction was the reign of terror. This is the good old way to which the crofters were advised to return. It need not surprise any one that the advice was sullenly answered in the negative, notwithstanding the high authority from which it came. Some of their best qualities were, in a measure, crushed by such a system of government. Any one who showed an independent spirit, or was known to take an interest in public matters, was marked, and if he persevered in such conduct he might have had to leave the district.

Since the visit of the Royal Commissioners the people of this parish have changed considerably. On that occasion some of the delegates were afraid to enter minutely into their grievances for fear of displeasing the estate officials. Had this not been so, much of the evidence would have been stronger than it is. Once their grievances were partly disclosed they gained a fair amount of sympathy from the public. Newspapers were widely read, and the land question was debated in every household.

The meetings of the Highland Land Law Reform Association had all the effect of a debating or mutual improvement society. The crofters began to think for themselves, and the periodical meetings of the Association afforded them an opportunity of expressing their views. This some of them do with creditable fluency. It may be noted that not a few came to these gatherings with their speeches written. Such meetings were a novelty, very popular, and always well attended.

If Skye landlords had taken a greater interest in the education of the people during the last twenty years, had trusted less to officials, and shown a more kindly feeling towards the welfare of their tenants, the present police and military invasion would not have been required.

One cannot help admiring one trait in the character of the people; it goes far to palliate other failings. Young men and young women serving in the South send home their wages to pay a rack rent that their parents may retain their holdings. Despite the many hardships the people have to endure, the family feeling is tender and in every way exemplary.

The treatment of the poor was generally harsh. Several appeals had recently to be made to the Board of Supervision; these were on the whole successful. Till lately the management of parochial affairs was almost entirely in the hands of the estate officials, but in September last the crofters woke up, and elected three of their number to represent them on that Board. Would they have done it ten years ago?

Reference will be made to more recent events in Skye in a future number.

FROM ILLINOIS TO THE PACIFIC COAST: REMINISCENSES BY AN AMERICAN HIGHLANDER.

WE extract the following from a letter recently received from Mr William Fraser, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A., being reminiscences of a recent journey by him across the Prairie to the Pacific Coast. They will prove most interesting to many of our readers. Mr Fraser is a native of the county of Inverness, where many of his relations still reside:—

"I met a number of Frasers and Mackenzies in the various locations that I visited on the Pacific Coast. I first landed in California, where I have a brother who

has been a resident of that country for the last 30 years. His home is at Woodland, 20 miles north of Sacramento. I there met a farmer of the name of Mackenzie, from Pictou, but not a Gaelic man. One of the principal physicians in the place is a Dr Ross, from Lower Canada. His father came from Ross. In San Francisco I met another Mackenzie, a broker from Beauly, who is doing a good business. His office being opposite the hotel where I lodged, I went in and asked him in Gaelic, 'An e thusa ogha Alastar Mhic Ian, a bha a'm Milifiach.' 'Is mi mata; be mo mhathair is do shean-mhathair cloinn an da pheathar.' Another Mackenzie, who is doing a good work there is the Rev. Robert, who was once pastor of our church in Elgin. He is a native of Cromarty. He resigned his charge in San Francisco, and accepted a call in Pittsburgh, on account of his wife's health, where he received a salary of 5000 dollars a year. He was very much respected in San Francisco, not only in his own congregation, but by a large class of people outside. Hugh Fraser, who also lives there, was visiting his parents in Canada, so I did not see him. His father was a teacher in Tigh-an-uilt when I left the country. From San Francisco I took steamer to Portland, where I met several Scotsmen, both Lowland and Highland. One of the principal wholesale merchants, Mr Donald Macleay, is from Ceann-Lochluichart. After I left the place I heard that his partner, Mr Corbett, was from Beauly. I met another Mackenzie there, who is keeping a Grocery. He is either from Gairloch or Lochcarron. As I was passing by, on one of the principal streets, I observed a sign, 'Dr E. S. Fraser.' I went in and asked the Doctor if he was Scotch; he said 'No,' but that his father was, and came from Inverness. I then asked where was he born; he said in Michigan. I then asked, Was not your father's name Peter? He replied, 'Yes.' And you had an uncle Alexander, once a lawyer in Detroit. He said 'Yes.' I then informed him of a number of relations in Scotland that he never heard of. His grandfather, Alastair Mor, occupied once the farm of Drumriach on the Reelick side, and his father emigrated to America as far back as I can remember. When coming to the western country forty years ago, I called on his uncle, the lawyer, at Detroit. He was married to a Frenchwoman, and was reputed to be very wealthy. The Doctor stated that he left 200,000 dollars at his death; his family all predeceased him. The lawyer's sister was married to Mr Davidson, who was miller at Culcabock when I left Scotland, 50 years ago. Dr Fraser informed me that his uncle left his property to two nieces in Inverness, and I believe he said they were the miller's daughters. I visited a nephew in Salem, 50 miles south of Portland, who is secretary to the State Board of Education in the Land Department of Oregon. He owns a mill there, which he rented to one Donald Macdonald, a native of Strathpeffer, whose wife is from Brahan. I passed a very pleasant evening with them, with Gaelic *gu leor*. I was the first who told them of Dr Kennedy's lamented death. I met another Canadian Scotsman there, John A. Macdonald, a marble-cutter. He was obliged to know Gaelic, as his mother was from the Lews and never knew English.

I stayed some weeks with friends in Eugene City, 120 miles south of Portland. While there, I was informed that there was a man living in the place who conducted family worship in Gaelic. I was soon introduced to him, and carried on a conversation in my native tongue for a couple of hours, more than I had done for twenty years before. His name is Simpson, from Inveraray; and he has been out but two years. His son is a Methodist preacher in the place, and is a thorough English scholar. There was another Highlander living there at the time, compiling a history of Lane County—J. Munro Fraser, of the Munros of Poyntzfield. His uncle, Andrew Fraser, was once Sheriff at Fort-William. He informed me that he was 15 years in China, and was interpreter to General Gordon. I went up to Victoria, and met another countryman there, Dr William Fraser Tolmie, a native of Ardersier, who was fifty years in the country, in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company. In my wanderings on my way home I visited Salt Lake City, and spent a day or two among the Latter Day Saints. Not being acquainted with any one, I strolled through the streets, and asked the first man I met if there were any Scotsmen among the Mormons. He replied that he was a Scotsman and a Mormon; that his name was Grant; that he was born at Carr-Bridge, and received his education in Inverness. I met with several others, both Lowland and Highland, who embraced that strange system. They were all ready to argue the question with me, and nail it with Scripture. I denounced their system, and expressed my astonishment that any person brought up in Presbyterian Scotland, and taught the Chief End of Man, would ever turn a Mormon.

THE CANADIAN HIGHLANDER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Thanks to my sires, I'm Highland born,
And trod the moorland and the heather,
Since childhood and this soul of mine
First came into the world together!
I've "paidled" barefoot in the burn,
Roamed on the braes to pu' the gowan,
Or clomb the granite cliffs to pluck
The scarlet berries off the rowan.

And when the winds blew loud and shrill
I've scaled the heavenward summits hoary,
Of grey Ben-Nevis or his peers
In all their solitary glory,—
And with the enraptured eyes of youth
Have seen half Scotland spread before me,
And proudly thought with flashing eyes
How noble was the land that bore me.

Alas! that land denied me bread,
Land of my sires in bygone ages,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,
And countless heroes, bards, and sages.
It had no place for me and mine,
No elbow-room to stand alive in,
Nor rood of kindly mother earth
For honest industry to thrive in.

'Twas parcell'd out in wide domains,
By cruel law's resistless fiat,
So that the sacred herds of deer
Might roam the wilderness in quiet,
Untroubled by the foot of man
On mountain side, or sheltering corrie,
Lest sport should fail, and selfish wealth
Be disappointed of its quarry.

The lords of acres deemed the clans
Were aliens at the best, or foemen,
And that the grouse, the sheep, the beeves
Were worthier animals than yeomen;
And held that men might live or die
Where'er their fate or fancy led them,
Except among the Highland hills
Where noble mothers bore and bred them.

In agony of silent tears,
The partner of my soul beside me,
I crossed the seas to find a home
That Scotland cruelly denied me,

And found it on Canadian soil,
Where man is man in Life's brave battle,
And not, as in my native glens,
Of less importance than the cattle.

And love with steadfast faith in God,
Strong with the strength I gained in sorrow,
I've looked the future in the face,
Nor feared the hardships of the morrow;
Assured that if I strove aright
Good end would follow brave beginning,
And that the bread, if not the gold,
Would never fail me in the winning.

And every day as years roll on
And touch my brow with age's finger,
I learn to cherish more and more
The land where love delights to linger.
In thought by day, and dreams by night,
Fond memory recalls, and blesses
Its heathery braes, its mountain peaks,
Its straths and glens and wildernesses.

And Hope revives at memory's touch,
That Scotland, crushed and landlord-ridden,
May yet find room for all her sons,
Nor treat the humblest as unbidden,—
Room for the brave, the staunch, the true,
As in the days of olden story,
When men outvalued grouse and deer,
And lived their lives;—their country's glory.

New York Scotsman of January 10th 1885.

A SCOTTISH-AMERICAN BILL OF FARE.—We extract the following unique and intensely Scottish bill of fare from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of January 1st. The viands enumerated there were discussed, with an accompanying programme of songs, on the preceding evening by the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club:—

Soups—Cock-a-leekie. Kail Broth. Hotch Potch. Tattie Soup.

Shell Fish—Buckies. Mussels. Cockles. Partans.

Fish—Finnan Haddies. Caller Haddies. Speldrins. Saut Herrin. Kippered Salmon. Glasco' Magistrates. Tak' a dram.

Boiled—Hoch o' Stirk. Doup o' Mutton. Peet Reekit Braxie Ham. A wee Grumphie an' Neeps.

Roasts—Bubbly Jock stuffed wi' Ingins. Jigots. Paitricks. Pheasants wi' Blaeberry Sauce. Another Dram to Sloken.

Cold Dishes—Skakie Tremmlie. Pee-weep Pies. Whaup and Doo Tarts.

Entrees—Royal Scotch Haggis—"Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race." Thairms, Pies and Porter. Parritch and Milk. Pease Brose and Butter. Howtowdies wi' Drappit Eggs. Crowdies. Sowans. Sour-dook. Tatties an' Dip. Singet Sheep's Head.

Vegetables—Curly Kail. Bil'd Ingins. Neeps. Leeks. Brislet Tatties and Carrots. Chappit Tatties. Shives.

Dessert—Rolly-Polly. Grozet Tarts. Shorties and Sweeties. Cookies. Gingerbread. Bawbee Baps. Parlies. Aitmeal Bannocks. Tattie Bannocks. Currant Loaf. Arnots. Sweeties. Athol Brose. Usquebah (Royal Blend). Tippeny Yill. Treacle Peerie. A Drap o' Screech. Mulled Porter. Kebbuck.

CROFT *V.* LARGE FARM RENTS IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

MR JOHN MACKAY, C.E., Hereford, criticising a statement recently published by Sir Arnold Kemball, Commissioner for the Duke of Sutherland, writes, under date of 2nd February :—

"I see there is a great disagreement between contending parties as to the relative rents paid by large farmers and crofters for the areas of land occupied by each of them. Sir Arnold maintains, by published tables, that the large farmers pay very much more for their areas of arable and hill pasture than the crofters do for their areas. The crofters assert that the very contrary is the fact. From the sequel it will appear that the crofters are perfectly correct. We all know that it is not very agreeable to landlords or to estate agents to admit that crofters can have attained to so much intelligence, and become possessed of so much information, as to dispute the accuracy of carefully prepared statements and tabulated returns. We know, too, that statements can be so prepared that, while not inaccurate in themselves, they can be so framed as to mislead the general public in a way that they can make nothing of them, nor derive any clear insight from them of the matter in dispute. Nevertheless, we have in them facts which, when analysed and collated with other information at hand, may give a very approximate, if not a strictly accurate, view of the point in question. This controversy regarding comparative rents per acre of holdings by large farmers and crofters in Sutherland, first turned up at the sitting of the Royal Commission in the parish of Farr, at which it was asserted, and with truth, that the crofters for their area paid rents equal to 20d. an acre for very inferior land, arable and hill pasture, while the sheep farmers only paid 8d. an acre for theirs, and were remissions of rent taken into consideration, remissions enforced and granted, the difference would be greater still. At a subsequent sitting in Helmsdale for the parishes of Kildonan and Loth, a delegate maintained, and proved beyond dispute, that the crofters there paid 3s. 3d. an acre for their areas, while the large farmers for their areas paid only 7d. an acre. In the sitting in Golspie for the parishes of Clyne, Golspie, Rogart, and Lairg, it was asserted on behalf of the Rogart crofters that they paid 1s. 10½d. an acre, while the large farmers in that parish only paid 10d. an acre of area. The whole of the crofters at these three sittings further contended that they paid these large differences upon lands they themselves reclaimed from waste, without any aid, and their rents periodically raised, while those of the large farmers were diminished. Lord Napier, as he well might, was much surprised, doubted the statements made, and asked the estate officials for contradiction. The only contradiction vouchsafed was that crofters were not charged for hill pasture—an assertion amply refuted afterwards at the last sitting of the Commission in Edinburgh.

"To set this controversy in a clearer light is the object of my addressing you; and I solicit you to give the following few facts and figures a space in your valuable columns.

"The only materials I have at hand, and upon which I rely, are the Royal Commission Report and Evidence, Stafford House Returns appended to the Report, County Valuation Roll for 1883, and the large Ordnance Survey of the county. The

latter gives the total area of the parish of Rogart in round figures to be 67,000 acres. The Stafford House returns, page 288, appendix A to the Report, give the area, arable, improvable, and hill pasture, in the occupation of the crofters as 9892 acres, or say, 10,000 acres, which leaves 57,000 acres as the area occupied by the large farmers and a small park kept in hand by the estate, and let separately for grazing at so much a-head to the small tenantry in addition to their ordinary rents. By the same returns the rent paid by the small tenants or crofters for these 10,000 acres is £1189. 8s. 6d. —equal to 2s. 4d. an acre. By the County Valuation Roll for 1883, we find the rent paid by the large farmers for the 57,000 as above to be £2370, or only 10d. an acre nearly; and if it is further borne in mind that the large farmers exacted, and really obtained, a large remission of their rents, while the crofters were refused if they did demand a reduction, the comparative difference will be still greater.

"It appears to me that these figures are incontestable. They go to prove that the Rogart crofters have had substantial facts before them, and that their statements are highly deserving of credit when analysed and placed in contradistinction to those of estate officials and estate returns. Such analyses as these are highly valuable to the general public, to form an opinion upon the merits of this controversy, for hitherto the general use has been that crofters paid much less and sheep farmers much more for their aggregate areas. Hence that crofters were ever a burden upon estates, were a non-improving class of tenantry, that landlords would have been better—very much better—without them, that the State could obtain soldiers from town and city, and that by the extirpation of a noble peasantry, landlords and large farmers would be in Arcadia, and the State could take care of itself."

"THE CROFTERS' GATHERING."—We have been favoured with a copy of a very effective cartoon bearing the above title, by Mr W. L. Bogle, who did such good artistic work for the *Graphic* and the *Pictorial World* on the occasion of the first military and police expedition to the Isle of Skye. The dominant idea represented in Mr Bogle's cartoon is true to fact, namely, that the movement among the crofters of the Highlands is one in which simple "Justice" and not "Socialism" is the aim. In the foreground a strong-lunged Celt is blowing a horn, and the main subject represents the result in the shape of an enthusiastic gathering of crofters, who are seen climbing a hill on the top of which two stalwart fellows, one of them wearing a broad Tam o' Shanter bonnet, are striving to raise and maintain a standard on which is conspicuously displayed the single word "Justice." The adverse winds are almost more than a match for the two supporters of the flag, who seem most determined that it shall not go down if they can prevent it. In the right foreground is seen approaching a man, evidently meant for Mr Henry George, bearing aslant his shoulder the star-spangled American banner, on which is inscribed the word "Socialism." His progress, however, is not to be an easy or a popular one, for he is stoutly confronted by an aged drover-looking Highlander, grasping a stout cudgel in rather a threatening manner. In his expression of countenance may be read anything but a warm welcome to the "Apostle" of Land Nationalisation. The conception and execution of the cartoon are really excellent, and reflect the highest credit on Mr Bogle, in whom we are glad to recognise a young and rising Highland artist—one quite able to take up the mantle of the accomplished Ralston. Accompanying the cartoon is a very good parody of "The Macgregor's Gathering," with the refrain changed into—

"The crofters, despite them,
Shall flourish for ever."

DEATH OF JOHN F. CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

WE regret to record the death of Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, a gentleman well known throughout the Highlands as a distinguished Celtic scholar. He died at Cannes, where he was spending the winter, on Tuesday, the 17th February, at the age of sixty-three. The deceased was the only son of the late Mr Walter F. Campbell of Islay, M.P., by his first wife, Lady Ellinor Charteris, eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Wemyss. He was born in Edinburgh on the 29th of December 1821, and educated at Eton and Edinburgh, and in 1851 was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, but never practised. In 1854 he was appointed private secretary to the Duke of Argyll when Lord Privy Seal. In the following year he was appointed assistant secretary to the General Board of Health, and subsequently held, in 1856, the secretaryship of the Mines Commission, and, in 1859, that of the Commission on Lighthouses. Possessed of literary tastes, and deeply interested in the manners and customs of the Highlands, and the legendary lore of the people, Mr Campbell devoted much attention to the study of Celtic folk-lore. He took an active part in the Ossianic controversy, and between 1860 and 1862 published his Popular Tales of the Highlands, in four volumes. In 1872 he published the first volume of a work entitled "Leabhar Na Feinne: Heroic Gaelic Ballads." He was also the author of two volumes entitled "Frost and Fire: Footmarks and Chips," in which scientific observations and sketches of travel were pleasantly recorded. Several other works also came from his pen, including a series of letters describing a trip round the world. In 1861 he was appointed a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, and in 1874 her Majesty appointed him one of the Grooms-in-Waiting, which office he resigned in 1880. Besides many earlier European and much Alpine climbing, Mr Campbell travelled, for purposes of research and observation, in 1857 in Norway, in 1861 in Iceland, in 1864 in America, in 1855 in Northern Scandinavia. In 1873-4 he made a journey by Norway to Archangel, and thence through Russia to the Caucasus, returning by Constantinople and the south of Europe. He made a voyage round the world, visiting Japan, China, Java, and Ceylon, in 1874-5, and in 1876-7 he visited India. In 1878 he resided in Egypt, and during that year made a short journey to Syria and Palestine. He again visited Egypt in 1880-1. His works, a list of which is annexed, show the extent of his observations and thought on Ethnological, Geological, and Physical subjects. His Heliometer, mentioned with special distinction by Professor Balfour Stewart at the meeting of the British Association in 1883, is in constant use at Greenwich, and other scientific instruments invented or adapted by him, are in use at the Ben Nevis Observatory. For the last twenty years Mr Campbell has been well known to a large circle of Londoners. At Niddry Lodge were to be always found many of the most celebrated men of the day. Mr Campbell was a brother-in-law to Lord Granville, to Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., to Mr Henry Wyndham West, Q.C., Recorder of Manchester, and M.P. for Ipswich, and to the late Mr Bromley-Davenport. His chief published works are—"Popular Tales of the West Highlands," 4 vols., 1860-62. "Life in Normandy," his father's notes, edited, 2 vols., 1863. "A Short American Tramp, 1864," 1 vol., 1865. "Frost and Fire," 2 vols., 1865. "Gold Diggings in Sutherland," 1867. "Leabhar na Feinne," Gaelic texts, 1 vol. folio, 1872. "Glaciation of Ireland, quarto, Jour. Geol. Soc., 1873. "My Circular Notes, 2 vols, 1876. "Glacial Periods," 1 vol., 1883; and many pamphlets on various subjects.

A friend "who knew him well and loved him" writes—

"Wherever the Gaelic tongue is spoken, and wherever sturdy independence of thought, associated with geniality of temperament and manliness of character is highly esteemed, the death of John Campbell of Islay will be sincerely deplored. Devotedly attached to the land of his birth, and a keen student of its poetic traditions, he has enriched the literature of the country with a work which is likely to take a permanent place in the esteem of his fellow-countryman. The "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" must always have an enduring interest for every true lover of the region to which that excellent work relates, and can never fail to excite the patriotic fervour of every Highlander. Mr Campbell's life was devoted to the accumulation of the Folk Lore which reflects so accurately the sympathies, habits, and instincts of a people, and his labours were labours of love. This abiding memorial will be found in the hearts of those whom his writings have so much delighted, and a large circle of mourning friends have the melancholy satisfaction of feeling that their grief is shared by numbers who had not attained to the privilege of his personal friendship.

DEATH OF MR WALTER CARRUTHERS OF THE "INVERNESS COURIER."—We regret to announce the death of Mr Walter Carruthers of the *Inverness Courier*, who died at Gordonville on Friday, 21st February. Born in May 1829, Mr Carruthers had nearly completed his fifty-sixth year. He was educated at the Inverness Royal Academy and at Edinburgh University, finishing his course at Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia. During his residence abroad he acquired a good knowledge of French and German, and was well read in the literature of both countries. His first connection with the press was as Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, then a leading organ of public opinion in England. In 1853 he joined his father, the late Dr Carruthers, on the staff of the *Courier*, becoming a few years later a partner and chief coadjutor in the business. He was one of the first to suggest Tomnahurich as the best site in the neighbourhood of Inverness for a public cemetery, and, along with Provost Macandrew, he was for a time secretary to the Cemetery Company. The handsome monument erected in Skye to the memory of Flora Macdonald was another work which Mr Carruthers assisted to accomplish. He married in 1856 the eldest daughter of the late Provost Ferguson, Inverness, who, with a large family, survives him.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT'S UNCLE.—Mr Roswell Grant, uncle of General Grant, has just died at Charleston, Virginia. Born in the year 1800, he was the last of a family of eight children, all of whom lived to an advanced age. During the Civil War deceased sympathised with the South, but he predicted that she would not succeed, because Ulysses, his nephew, was "on the other side, and understood his business." Mr Grant had voted for 17 Presidents, all of whom were elected.

"THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—We are glad to intimate that the encouragement already received justifies the publishers of the *Celtic Magazine*, Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness, in starting their proposed Highland newspaper, under the above title, in May or June next. Arrangements are in course of being made for securing suitable premises, and for the early publication of the paper. Meanwhile subscribers names and advertisements may be addressed to the Publishers, at 25 High Street, Inverness. The paper will be edited by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., editor of the *Celtic Magazine*.

THE

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CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

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THE FUTURE OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

I.

AN enthusiastic Hebridean bard, in chanting the praises of his own native isle, speaks of it as a place

> "Where Gaelic was spoken for ages gone by,
> And there it will live till the ocean runs dry."

We may leave to antiquarians the consideration of the retrospective portion of this statement. For us, as for all Highlanders, the practical pressing question of the hour is that involved in the prophetic utterance expressed in the latter line of the couplet. Is the Gaelic language doomed to die? This is a problem upon which the majority of Scottish Celts feel very keenly, some so keenly that they are unable to approach it with the calmness requisite for its consideration. That such an attitude should be assumed towards it is of course most natural. A man cannot be expected to deal coolly and collectedly with a question which he regards as seriously affecting the keenest sympathies and most deeply rooted convictions of his life, more especially if that man be endowed with all the passion and emotion of the Scottish Highlander. The patriotic bias may have seriously affected the intellectual equilibrium of those Celts who turn away in anger and contempt from the question stated above; but we cannot blame them. It is refreshing in these times to come across men who can really be enthusiastic about anything. When that enthusiasm

takes the form of patriotism, even though it be to some extent blind patriotism, we are at once ready to admire it.

It is, however, most desirable that the Gaelic question should be fairly and distinctly faced. Nothing can be gained, while much may be lost, by refusing to discuss it.

The language and literature of the Celt have of late years been receiving a good deal more attention than they have been accustomed to. The study of the science of language has brought out the value of the Keltic dialects. For the accomplished philologist now some knowledge of them is a *sine qua non* The institution of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh, which we owe mainly to the large heart of Professor Blackie, has been the crowning triumph of those who have the interests of Celtic and of Gaelic at heart. Not only has the enthusiasm evoked called out the friends of Gaelic, but its enemies have not lost the opportunity of letting their influence be felt. Have we not been hearing from all quarters, more especially from quarters hitherto regarded as hostile to Celtic interests, that one great factor, if not the great factor, that has militated against the prosperity of the Highlander has been his language; that until Gaelic has been eradicated the poverty and distress so widely prevalent in the Highlands to-day can never be remedied or removed? Some even go so far as to say that the cure for the present social ills that harass the North of Scotland is nothing more or less than the complete extinction of Gaelic; while many agree in unhesitatingly foretelling such extinction at no distant date.

What have we got to say to those who put forward such propositions? With very many of them we at once refuse to enter into discussion, for, as in many cases, their knowledge both of Gaelic and of the Highlands amounts to a minus quantity, their statements can have no weight with those who have guaged their pretensions. But there are some men who honestly and sincerely believe that the extinction of Gaelic is not only desirable but necessary for the welfare of the Highlands. The views of such we are ready to hear calmly and courteously.

The issues involved in the whole question may, perhaps, best be brought out by considering in detail two separate aspects of it: Is the extinction of Gaelic desirable? Is it probable?

In the first place, then, is the extinction of Gaelic desirable? An affirmative answer to the question rests upon the assumption that, under certain circumstances, it is for the interests of a people that they should cease to employ the language to which they have been ever accustomed, and adopt one more calculated to promote their prosperity. The argument is a purely commercial one, but should not be disregarded on that account. We must have bread to eat, and with many Highlanders to-day the all important problem which their poverty has forced upon them is: Whence that indispensable may be had? Would the Highlander make more money if he spoke *only* English?

We, of course, have nothing to say to those who seem to imagine that a knowledge of English is an infallible passport to prosperity. When poverty has given place to comfort among the entire English-speaking peoples, we may then, perhaps, look at it in this way. Yet there are those who go about the world proclaiming with all the wearisomeness of men with a fad that Gaelic is at the root of the present distress in the Highlands, men who would almost go the length of requesting Parliament to pass a bill for its extinction—a measure which a certain class would much prefer to a Land Act. We trust there are few who have been so intellectually blinded as to cherish such a delusion. It goes without saying then, that whether or not Gaelic be a cause of Highland poverty, it is not the main cause.

But is it *a* cause? What do those who are so anxious for its overthrow tell us? They tell us that the Celt is continually hampered in his efforts to obtain employment by his ignorance of English; that while at home this ignorance renders him comparatively unfit for the service of the wealthy Southerner who has never become conversant with the tongue of the Gael, or of the pseudo-Celt who, though bred amid Highland hills, has never had the inclination or the brains to master his mother tongue, both of whom have to get their employees from the South. His ignorance of English is still more inconvenient and harrassing to the Celt when working or seeking work at the herring fishing on the East Coast or amid the yards and factories of the South. It is ignorance of English, not knowledge of Gaelic, that has done all this. We at once admit that, for any British subject, not to be able to speak the tongue of the great majority of the

British people is a serious misfortune. We also admit that the Celt has suffered many discomforts and losses through his ignorance of it; and we desire for a hundred reasons that the Highlanders, as many of them have done and are doing, should become acquainted with it as soon as possible; but we deny—deny most emphatically—that any man, Celt or Saxon, ever lost a single penny through knowing Gaelic. To the Highlanders, one and all, we would say: By all means learn English, but cling with the tenacity of your race to your mother tongue.

Can this be done? Is it not in the nature of things impossible to maintain the duality of speech such an arrangement would entail? Can a people have two languages? Of course our questions will be answered off-hand by many in a decided negative; but we venture to think they merit somewhat gentler treatment. It is not suggested that the Celt should make a rigid division of his time into two equal portions, allotting one period to English, the other to Gaelic; that upon the one leg he is to wear the Garb of Old Gaul, and upon the other, the latest in pants; but what we do mean is this, that, seeing that the Highlander finds a knowledge of English frequently advantageous and necessary for success in life, he should, in all cases, do his best to acquire it sufficiently well to carry himself safely through the world; but that in so doing he should, so far from taking pains to rid himself of his Gaelic, treasure it religiously as a priceless heritage. That this can be done every Highlander who speaks both English and Gaelic is a standing witness.

Suppose it admitted, and in the face of such numerous examples it cannot be denied, that it is possible to know both English and Gaelic, the question that then arises is: Is it worth a man's while to preserve his knowledge of both? We do not now refer to the scholar, who includes Gaelic among his linguistic studies, as he does Greek and Latin. Its value to him is apparent. We look at the question from the standpoint of the average Celt, whose main object in life is to earn his bread, and from that standpoint we assert that it is worth while. There can be no doubt that as long as the Gaelic-speaking area is anything like what it is at present, a knowledge of it must be valuable, even from a pecuniary point of view. Traders of various kinds cannot

conduct business in the Highlands profitably and satisfactorily without knowing it. For clergymen it is, of course, indispensable. For lawyers it is equally indispensable, more especially for those who discharge the duties of judges—a fact which we trust the present bungling of the Sheriff of Stornoway will enable those in authority to realise. To set medical practitioners, who do not know Gaelic, at large in any part of the Highlands, is to endanger the lives, not to speak of the health, of those who have to submit to their treatment. For the candidates for the political suffrages of the Highlanders, more especially in view of the enlarged electorate, Gaelic is a priceless boon. It is the most effective instrument for reaching the Highland heart.

But there are higher reasons why Gaelic should be preserved. The benefits that accrue from it, though they are to some extent, as we have shown, pecuniary, are mainly intellectual and moral. No one ever lost money because he knew Gaelic, but thousands have through it been put in possession of treasures much more valuable than gold or silver. If ever a race recognised the never-dying truth of the old, yet ever new, maxim, "Man cannot live by bread alone," the Scottish Highlanders have, and we trust that the spirit which has inspired them through all their glorious past inspires them still.

Why is the preservation of Gaelic desirable? What does the death of a language indicate and entail? It indicates complete moral degeneracy on the part of the people whose heritage that language was. Why have the old languages of Greece and Rome perished? Was it on account of their unfitness to give expression to the thoughts and aspirations of the Greek and Roman peoples? History tells another tale. It was because the Greeks and the Romans had become enfeebled, degenerated, had lost their national vitality. It was because all the heroisms of their histories had become to them valueless and meaningless. The historians and the linguists of a future time, should the Gaelic language have been consigned to the lumber room of things that were—*sed Dii avertant omen*—will have to trace out the development of similar causes in connection with the Scottish Highlanders. The loss of Gaelic means far more than the substitution of one form of speech for another. It means the obliteration of a thousand stirring memories, a thousand ennobling

associations. The death of Gaelic will cause a gap in the intellectual and moral continuity of Highland history which can never be bridged over. It will efface the individuality of the Celtic race. Gaelic is the strongest link in the chain that binds the Highlander to the past. What that past is to him he alone who understands Highland character can appreciate. With it are bound up influences, which have all along been moulding that character—influences which have made it what it is. Gaelic literature, all the prose and poetry handed down to us from the past, whether by written page or oral tradition, will cease to be the living force which it is to-day. Those songs which for centuries have been borne on the winds over the glens and the straths of the North will become the sole property of the philologist and antiquarian. "The stirring memories of a thousand years" will no longer nerve the Celt to devotion or heroism. Soon the other distinctive features of Celtic life and character will follow the language with which they are so closely bound up. Once Gaelic has gone, the way will be clear for the extermination of everything else of which, as Highlanders, we have been ever proud. Can any lover of the Highlands, or even any well-wisher of his country, contemplate such a crisis with equanimity. To some, no doubt, such considerations may seem valueless, sentimental; but many of the forces which the vulgar utilitarian enrols under the category of sentiment are those which go to the making of a people. There can be no more ennobling element in national character than the memory of a glorious past. To-day, when the shadow that for long has shed such a deep gloom over the Highland people seems at last about to be removed, the clans should once again be marshalled, and the word should go forth that the fight now is for no less a cause than those for which the Celt has shed his blood in many a battlefield; it is for the language which he learned at his mother's knee, and not only for that, but for all the higher verities which have ever made Celtic life much more than a mere clumsy struggle for gain, verities which have clothed that life with a simplicity and grandeur which have made it a mighty moral force in the world.

JOHN MACARTHUR.

(To be continued.)

EARLY HISTORY AND INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND.

By Provost Macandrew.

It was during their war with the Brigantes, the nation or tribe which inhabited the North of England from sea to sea, and probably extended as far as the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and about the year 69 of our era, that the Romans first heard of the people who inhabited the country north of these Firths. They then became known to the Romans under the name of Caledonians, or, as they called them, Caledonian Britons, and their country the Romans called the Caledonian Forest. The account which the Romans then received of their political and social condition, or perhaps to speak more correctly, which the Roman writers gave of it, was that they knew nothing of the cultivation of the ground, that they lived on fish and milk, that they were governed by one king, who was not allowed to possess any property lest it should lead him to avarice and injustice, or to have a wife lest a legitimate family should provoke to ambition. It is singular that this describes a state of society exactly similar to that which Julius Cæsar had heard of as existing among the tribes in the interior of Great Britain with whom he did not come in contact, but of which we hear nothing when the Romans did come in contact with these tribes. It was about twelve years later that the Romans actually came in contact with the inhabitants of Caledonia, and that the actual authentic history of the country and people begins. In the year 78 Julius Agricola arrived in Britain as Governor of the Roman Province, under the Emperor Domitian. At that time the limits of the Province seem to have nearly coincided with the present boundary of the Kingdom of Scotland; the first work of Agricola was the suppression of a revolt by the Brigantes, and after he had succeeded in that, and reduced the country to order, he formed the idea of extending the empire northwards, and of conquering Caledonia. The campaigns of Agricola are detailed in his life, written by his son-in-law, the great Roman historian Tacitus, who presumably derived his

information from Agricola himself, but it is not easy for us now, even with this assistance, to trace the route of Agricola. Burton supposes that he proceeded by the east coast, while Skene supposes that he crossed the Solway, and that his first campaign was in Dumfriesshire, where there are many remains of Roman encampments. Certain it is, that in his second campaign, in the third year of his governorship, Tacitus tells us that he reached a river which he calls, or until recently was supposed to call, the "Tavaus," and which is generally supposed to mean the Tay. The difficulty in believing that the river thus mentioned was the Tay arises from the fact that it is not till his sixth summer that Agricola is described as crossing the Firth of Forth and encountering the natives there. Perhaps Skene's theory is as good and as probable as any other, and it is that in his third year Agricola crossed from the Solway to the Clyde and Forth, crossing the latter river at Stirling, and that he then penetrated to the Tay, establishing outposts in that region, and returning with his army behind the Isthmus stretching between the Firths of Clyde and Forth, along which he erected a line of forts with the intention of establishing there the boundary of the empire; that he afterwards crossed the Firth of Forth, and led his army by a different route through Fife to the posts which he had established, encountering there the new nations whom Tacitus mentions. Certain it is, however, that during his sixth and seventh years Agricola led a great army to the Tay, and that Tacitus says nothing to indicate that this was not the river of the same name as the one which he mentions as having been reached in the third year. The second advance to the Tay seems to have roused the inhabitants, who united in common defence under a leader whom Tacitus calls Galgacus, and that, at a place which Tacitus calls Mons Grampius—and which, although it has been questioned, there seems no reason to doubt was one of the spurs of the great range of mountains now called Grampians—a great battle was fought. According to Tacitus, the battle ended in a great victory for the Romans, and there seems no reason to doubt that they remained masters of the field, but the battle seems to have satisfied Agricola not only that farther advance was impossible, but that retreat was advisable, and he accordingly retired with his legion within

line of posts established between the northern firths, and soon after he was recalled to Rome. The Roman fleet which accompanied the army, and which was in sight of the battle, was ordered to sail northward, and it did actually sail round the northern coast and circumnavigated the island, thus first authentically establishing the fact that Britain was an island. The exact site of the battle has been much disputed, the advocates for each locality contending with as much ardour and probability for his particular place as the Antiquary did for the Kaim of Kinprunes, which, if no Edie Ochiltree had been at hand to convict him of error, he would probably have always remained convinced was the true site. It is, perhaps, not possible now to fix where the battle really was fought, but that a great series of Roman campaigns was carried on in the country surrounding Perth is evidenced not alone by the history of Tacitus, but by the numerous remains of great Roman encampments which are there to be seen to this day.

It is of more interest for us to consider what account Tacitus gives us of the people with whom his relative came into such close contact. He tells us that these people were large of limb, and red haired; that they fought with swords and shields, and in chariots; that they did not cultivate the land, and had no mines or commerce. He says that their appearance might indicate a German origin; but he says also that it was doubtful whether they were the original inhabitants, or had immigrated into the country, and he gives his own opinion that in common with the other inhabitants of Britain they had come from Gaul; and he indicates no material difference of language between them and the other Britains. He says nothing of the habit of painting or tattooing their bodies, or of their having their women in common; and from the speech to his army, which he puts into the mouth of Galgacus, we learn that they looked with jealousy on the honour of their wives and sisters, that they considered themselves as one nation, as the most noble of their race, as the last of the Britains who had maintained their freedom. From the geographer, Ptolemy, who is supposed to have obtained his account of Britain from persons who accompanied the army and the fleet of Tacitus, we learn that in Caledonia there were several towns, and that the nation was divided into a number of tribes.

From the retirement of Agricola we hear nothing of Caledonia or its inhabitants for 36 years. In the year 120 the Emperor Hadrian visited Britain in person for the purpose of suppressing an insurrection, and he then fixed the boundaries of the Empire at a line drawn from the Solway Firth at Carlisle to the Tyne, and along this he erected a wall, most probably the great stone wall, the remains of which exist till this day. This step on his part would seem to indicate that the conquest of Agricola up to the Firths of Clyde and Forth was not enduring. The next mention we have of these Caledonians is in the reign of Antonius, when the independent portion of the Brigantes who lived beyond the wall of Hadrian broke into and ravaged the Northern Province, and in 139 General Lollius Urbicus was sent to Britain to subdue them. He overcame them, and again extended the boundary of the Empire to the Firths of Clyde and Forth, and along this boundary erected an earthen wall or rampart, the remains of which still remain, and may be seen by railway travellers at Polmont Junction, where the railway passes through it. From the time of Antonius, until the time of the Emperor Severus, we have several notices of the Caledonians, showing that they were constantly making attempts to thrust back the Romans, or to penetrate into the Roman Province, and that it taxed the whole strength of the Provincial Governors to keep them at bay, but we may infer that during this time the wall or rampart of Antonine was maintained as the boundary of the Province. During this time, too, we hear of the inhabitants nearest the wall under the name of Meatae, and of the Caledonians as dwelling beyond them, but whether these names indicate any new political combinations among them, it is impossible to say. About the year 208, the Emperor Severus came to Britain and resolved to repeat the attempt of Agricola to conquer the Caledonians. He fought no great battle, but he is believed to have penetrated with his army along the East Coast to the Moray Firth, the final limit of his expedition being, as some believed, Bona, at the outlet of Loch-Ness ; and part of his army at least returned through the Grampians. There are Roman remains at Pitmain, near Kingussie ; and an antiquary has recently satisfied himself that the old arch spanning the Dulnan, close to Carr-Bridge, was built by him. The arch is very like one of General Wade's, but as his

road crossed the Dalnan, about two miles higher up, where his bridge remains, it is not easy to see why he should have built another bridge at this point. Severus seems to have satisfied himself like Agricola that the conquest of the northern people was beyond his power, and he made no attempt to hold any part of the country through which he passed. He is said to have obtained by treaty a cession of territory, and to have built a wall of stone at the boundary which he fixed for the Roman Province. Whether his work consisted in facing with stone the earthen rampart of Lollius Urbicus, and adding a ditch in front of it, or whether it was he who really built the great stone wall between the Solway and Tyne, is a point about which different opinions have been expressed from the time of the Venerable Bede to this. Certain it is that while numerous sculptures have been found in the wall from Solway to Tyne connecting it with Hadrian, none have been found connecting it with Severus, and that the withdrawing of the boundary of the Empire is inconsistant with the statement, that Severus had obtained a grant of territory by treaty. On the other hand, there does not appear to be any evidence that there was a stone wall between Clyde and Forth. Those who wish to see this question critically examined may consult Father Innes's essay.

The historians of Severus, while giving us the names of the Meatae and the Caledonii as separate nations or tribes, speak of them as one people, and make no distinctions as to their language and social condition, and they tell us that their arms were still a sword and shield, but to these they add a short spear with a brazen knob at the end of the shaft, which they shook to terrify their enemies, and a dagger; that they used chariots in war, as in the time of Tacitus, and they now add that they had community of women, and reared the children as the joint-offspring of the community. The historian Herodian, who wrote about the year 240, adds this, "They mark their bodies with various pictures of all manner of animals, and therefore they clothe not themselves lest they should hide the painted outside of their bodies." These are two statements to which I will afterwards return.

From this time forward we have various notices of war between the Caledonians and the Romans and Provincial Bri-

tains, all showing that the tribes in the North were pressing on the Roman Province, and that the defence became more and more difficult. Sometimes the frontier was withdrawn to the southern, sometimes it was pushed forward again to the northern, wall. In 294 Carusius, a Roman General, but apparently a Britain by birth, usurped independent authority in Britain, and for ten years under him and his successor, Allectus, the Province was independent of Rome, and appears to have been at peace with its northern neighbours, but on the resumption of the authority of Rome, the war again commenced, and the northern inhabitants now appear under the name of Picts, a name by which they continued to be known for upwards of 600 years. In the year 360, a new people, the Scots, are noticed as joining with the Picts in the attacks on the Roman Empire, and they are represented as coming from Ierne or Ireland. There is mention also of a third people, which is somewhat confusing, viz., the Attacoti, who are supposed by some to have been a division of the Scots resident in Britain, but as they appear to have been enrolled in considerable numbers in the Roman army, the great probability is that they were a portion of the people who inhabited the country between the two walls under a new name. However this may be, they soon disappear, and for a long time, and until the final disappearance of the Romans, we hear only of the Picts and Scots as attacking the Roman Province from the North, while from the time of Carusius downwards, there are notices of the Franks and the Saxons, as also attacking the Province from the sea. After twice withdrawing from Britain, and returning again, the Roman Legions finally withdrew in or about the year 410, and the Province of Britain ceased to be a part of the Roman Empire. The British historian, Gildas, tells us that the Picts then seized the country up to the southern wall, and having crossed it, were resisted by the Provincial Britains under a leader called Vortegern, who is said to have invited the Saxons to enter and settle in the country to assist him against the Picts and Scots, and that this led to the conquest of Southern Britain by the Saxons.

From this time and for 150 years we have no authentic contemporary account of the inhabitants of the northern portion of Britain, and the first account we get is what is to be gleaned from

the lives of St Columba. It is to be borne in mind that the Roman Province of Britain had, along with the rest of the Roman Empire, embraced the Christian faith under the Emperor Constantine about a century before the final withdrawal of the Romans; but Ireland and the country inhabited by the Picts remained Pagan. It is said by Bede that St Ninian, about the year 397, converted the Southern Picts up to the mountain region of the Grampians; but the Church which St Ninian founded, and the headquarters of his mission, was at Whitehern, in Galloway, and the Southern Picts whom he converted were, I think, only those of Galloway, to whom I shall afterwards allude. The inhabitants of Ireland were converted about the same time, and there seems no reason to doubt that the conversion was effected by St Patrick, who was of British birth, had been carried off and enslaved by the Scots in one of their attacks on Britain, and having made his escape, and been ordained a priest, returned to Ireland as a missionary. About the year 560 St Columba, a priest of the Irish Church, descended of the royal line of the Hy Neils, and who had already acquired great fame and founded many monasteries in Ireland, arrived in Iona, where he founded a monastery, with the intention of converting the Picts, who were then heathens. Here he laboured for 34 years, making many journeys into the country of the Picts, and converting them to Christianity, founding many churches and monasteries. About 100 years after his death, Adamnan, the Abbot of Iona, the successor of St Columba and his relation, wrote his life, founded, as he tells us, "either on written authorities anterior to my own times, or on what I have myself heard from some learned and faithful ancients unhesitatingly attesting facts, the truth of which they had themselves diligently inquired into." The object of Adamnan was not to write history, but to attest the sanctity and power of his predecessor. He divides the book into three parts. In the first he gives us the Prophesies of the saint; in the second, his Miracles; and in the third, the apparition of angels and the manifestations of the brightness of heaven to him. How the belief in the miraculous power of the early saints grew up among their contemporaries and persons in immediate and close intercourse with them, as it undoubtedly did, it is difficult to say, but in reading through this life of St Columba one cannot help wishing

that the writer, instead of recording all this rubbish of miracles and prophesies and apparitions, had confined himself to a simple narrative of the saint's life. If he had done so we should have had one of the most invaluable contributions to the early history of our country. As it is, however, we have incidentally many valuable notices of cotemporary events, and of the social and political condition of the country, and from these and from the later chronicles which they illustrate and confirm, we can form a correct picture of what the condition of our country then was.

(To be continued.)

"INVERNESS BEFORE RAILWAYS."—There is passing through the press a small book, under this title, by Miss Isabel Anderson, daughter of the late Mr Peter Anderson, solicitor, Inverness, one of the authors of the well-known work, *Anderson's Guide to the Highlands*. Capitally written and racy sketches are given of the manners and customs of Inverness before the opening of the Highland Railway, as contrasted with those of the present day; and excellent descriptions are given of a number of the "characters" for which Inverness was noted at that time. The book is to be published on an early date by Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of the *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, to whom orders may be sent.

"STEWART'S SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLANDERS."—Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie have in the press, and will soon publish, General Stewart of Garth's famous *Sketches of the Highlanders*, without the portion of the work which deals with the history of the Highland Regiments. The book has long been so very scarce and expensive as to be almost entirely out of the reach of the general reading public. It is admitted on all hands to have been the best work ever written on the Highlands, and it is felt by the leading friends of the Highland people that such a book should at a time like this be issued at a price which will secure for it a wide and very general circulation. This part of the original work is quite complete in itself; but it is intended afterwards to publish the other portions of it, the Highland Regiments, bringing down the history of the Highland regiments to the present day.

"THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—The *Glasgow Daily Mail*, of 5th March, noticing the *Celtic Magazine*, says—"We are glad to see that Mr Mackenzie, who has done so much good work for his countrymen in this monthly for many years past, has received encouragement to go on with his new project of a weekly paper, and the *Scottish Highlander* may accordingly be looked for in May or June. If past service counts for anything, it ought to receive a very hearty welcome from the Celtic race, both at home and abroad."

THE REV. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D., NETHER-LOCHABER, has in the press another volume of Selections from his writings, under the appropriate title of "'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe." The work will be uniform with his previous publication of "Nether-Lochaber," and will, no doubt, prove equally attractive and successful.

ANCIENT ALLIANCE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

I.

SCOTLAND and France were for many centuries firm friends and close allies, and the intercourse between them was constant and important. These bonds of friendship were ratified and increased by numerous treaties of alliance; contracts of marriage between the Royal Houses of France and Scotland; privileges and exemptions in favour of Scottish merchants; honours and dignities conferred on distinguished Scots; and last, but not least, the formation of the famous Scots Guards to protect and defend the person of the French King.

Some of the older historians have stated that this friendly alliance existed between the two nations as far back as the reign of Charlemagne, and in 1579 David Chambers, one of the Lords of Council and Session in Edinburgh, published a history, dedicated to Henry III. of France, in which he quotes treaties of alliance between Philip I. of France and Malcolm III. of Scotland; between Louis VII. and Malcolm IV.; between Philip II. and Alexander II.; and between St Louis and Alexander III., all of which he stated were taken from ancient Scottish historians no longer to be found. However this may be, there is no doubt that the alliance was of a very ancient date, for Eginhardus, who was Secretary to Charlemagne, gives an account of the assistance the Scots gave to that King in his wars, and the origin of the alliance is stated by Buchanan, Lesley, David Chambers, and others to have been, that, during the reign of Charlemagne, the English Saxons had invaded France and plundered the sea coast, while the King was absent in Palestine fighting the Saracens. In his extremity Charlemagne applied for help to the Scots, who, by their proximity and animosity to England, were the most suitable to make a diversion, and draw the enemy from his shores.

Achaius, the King of Scotland, glad to secure the friendship of such a powerful and near neighbour, cheerfully responded to Charlemagne's application, and a perpetual alliance was entered

into between the two nations. Some time after this Charlemagne was engaged in a war with Italy, and Achaius sent his brother William with four thousand men to help his ally. The historian Conæus, who lived a long time in Italy, says that many of these Scots settled there, and founded several families, such as the Barones, the Mariscottie in Bononia and Siena, and the Scoti in Placentia and Mantua. This statement seems to be verified by the fact that Sausovino and other genealogists state that all these families began in the reign of Charlemagne.

Some writers say that as a memorial of this alliance the crown of Scotland, which before consisted only of a plain circle of gold, had now another circle of fleur de lis added to it. This statement has been contradicted by other historians. Mabillon says that no French king used the fleur de lis on his crown before Philip I., and the same writer denies the statement that on account of this league the arms of Scotland, as used on seals, were inclosed in a double tressure, flowered with fleurs de lis. He says that Philip the August, who died about 1223, was the first who had one fleur de lis in his counter seal: Louis VIII. and IX. used seals with sometimes one fleur de lis, and sometimes several on them; this custom continued until the time of Charles V., who finally reduced the number of fleur de lis to three. Besides, according to the learned antiquary, Mr Anderson, in his "Independency of Scotland," the Scottish kings did not use their arms on their seals until a long time after this period.

Whatever weight may be laid on the evidence regarding these first treaties, it is unquestionable that, beginning at the reign of Philip the Fair, there runs an uninterrupted series of alliances between the Kings of France and Scotland, down to the time of Henry IV. of France and James VI. of Scotland.

The following is a list of the names of the sovereigns, and the dates of the different treaties:—

Treaty of Alliance between Philip the Fair, King of France, and John Baliol, King of Scotland, concluded at Paris, the 23rd of October 1295.

Treaty of Alliance between Charles IV., surnamed the Fair, King of France, and and Robert I., King of Scotland, concluded in 1326.

Renewal of the Treaty of Alliance of France and Scotland, between Charles Dauphin of France (King John, his father, being prisoner in England), and David II., King of Scotland, at Paris, June 29th, 1359.

Renewal of the said Alliance between the Kings, Charles V. of France and Robert II. of Scotland, at Vincennes, June 3rd, 1371.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Charles VI., King of France, and Robert III., King of Scotland, March 3rd, 1390.

Renewal of the said Alliance between the said Charles VI., King of France, and Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the captivity of King James I., in 1407.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Charles VII., King of France, and Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, in 1423.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Charles VII., King of France, and James I., King of Scotland, in 1428.

Renewal of the said Alliance between the said Charles VII., King of France, and James II., King of Scotland, in 1448.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Charles VIII., King of France, and James IV., King of Scotland, in 1491.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Louis XII., King of France, and the same James IV., King of Scotland, in 1512.

Renewal of the said Alliance between Francis I., King of France, and Mary, Queen of Scotland, in 1543. This same Alliance was again renewed between Henry II., King of France, and Mary, Queen of Scotland, and between the succeeding Kings.

The chief article in these alliances was to provide assistance to each other in their frequent wars with their mutual enemy, England. The following is an extract from one of these treaties. It would be tedious to quote it in full :—

"We have made alliance in manner following, to wit, that we, our heirs, our successors, Kings of France, our kingdom, and our whole community, are bound and obliged to the said King of Scotland, his heirs, his successors, Kings of Scotland, his kingdom, and his whole community, in good faith, as loyal allies, whenever they shall have occasion for aid or advice in time of peace or war, against the King of England and his subjects: that we shall aid and advise them, whereinsoever we honestly can as loyal allies ; and if we, our heirs, our successors, Kings of France, our kingdom, or our community, shall make peace or truce with the King of England, his heirs, Kings of England, or his subjects, that the King of Scotland, his heirs, his successors, Kings of Scotland, his kingdom, and his community, shall be excepted ; so that such peace or truce shall be null, whensoever war is waged between the aforesaid Kings of Scotland and of England."

The Kings of Scotland promised to support the Kings of France in their extremity, and nobly did they fulfil their part of the treaty. Thousands of the bravest and best blood of Scotland cheerfully gave their lives to aid their French ally, and dearly they sometimes paid for their friendship. Take, for instance, when, in 1346, the English were attacking the French, and had just gained the victory of Cressy, David II. of Scotland, in order to divert the attention of the English from France, made a descent into England, where, after ravaging nearly all the northern

counties, he was defeated and taken prisoner, and after lingering ten weary years in captivity, only secured his liberty by paying a heavy ransom. Again, in 1420, when the English were masters of nearly all France, and their King, Henry VI., was crowned King in Paris, Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, sent his own son, John, Earl of Buchan, with many more of the nobility of Scotland, at the head of a large army, who did good service against the English in France. Again, in 1422, the Earl of Douglas, at the head of a new reinforcement of five thousand Scots, went to the aid of Charles VII. Two years after, in 1424. still fresh troops, under the command of a famous captain of that time, named Robert Petilloch or Pattulloch, went to help the same king. Again, only four years had elapsed when the French King was begging once more for aid from his staunch allies, who readily responded, and passed again into France with fresh troops.

In 1507, James IV. of Scotland, seeing his friend the King of France engaged in a war with Italy, did not wait to be asked for his assistance, but nobly offered to go to the succour of the French King in person with an army of twenty thousand men. And this same chivalrous James, when the French were attacked by the English, in addition to their continental enemies, at once made a descent into England with the flower of his nobility and of his army, although the English King, Henry VIII., was his brother-in-law. And dearly, indeed, did Scotland pay then for her fealty to her French ally; for the English, hastily recalling some of their troops from France, moved to repel this more dangerous enemy, and the result is summed up in one fatal word, "Flodden."

> "Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
> Shall many an age that wail prolong:
> Still from the sire the son shall hear
> Of the stern strife and carnage drear
> Of Flodden's fatal field,
> Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield!"

Nor were these valuable services unacknowledged by the French, for in the different letters-patent granted from time to time in favour of the Scots in France, their bravery and loyalty is done full justice to by the French Kings.

Although, from motives of policy, the Royal House of

Scotland occasionally intermarried with that of England, such marriages were never so popular as those with the French Court, and this preference often increased the ill-feeling between England and Scotland. For instance, the preference shown to France over England in the choice of a husband for the young and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots involved Scotland in trouble and war for twenty years, and cost Mary her life.

The following are the contracts of marriage between the Royal Houses of France and Scotland, which served still further to draw the two nations to each other, and cement their friendship :—

Contract of Marriage between Edward Baliol, son and heir to John, King of Scotland, and Joan, daughter to Charles de Valois, brother of King Philip the Fair, in 1235.

Contract of Marriage between Lewis, Dauphin of France, afterwards Lewis XI., and Margaret, daughter of James I., King of Scotland, in 1436.

Contract of Marriage between James V., King of Scotland, and Magdalen, daughter to King Francis I., in 1536.

Contract of Marriage between Francis, Dauphin, afterwards Francis II., King of France, and Mary, Queen Heiress of Scotland, in 1558.

Several of the highest families in Scotland devoted themselves altogether. to the French service, and rose high in favour and influence. Take for instance the following:—John Stewart of Darnly was Constable of the Scots in France, and rose so much in the French King's favour that in 1424 he made him Lord of Aubigny, afterwards giving him the county of Dreux, and making him a Marshal of France. His descendants, John, Robert, Bernard or Berald, and others, continued high in favour, and served their adopted country well and faithfully, under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and following sovereigns, in the wars of Italy, where they particularly distinguished themselves at the battle of Fornova, as well as in the Kingdom of Naples; and in 1495 the then lord was made Governor of Calabria by Charles VIII. These Lords of Aubigny were the hereditary Captains of the Scots Guards. This gallant family founded the Dukedom of Lennox, but the title of Lords of Aubigny was kept up until the extinction of the family.

In 1422, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, was made Constable of France, after the battle of Baugé, by King Charles VII., and lost his life in his service at the battle of Verneuill. In 1423,

Archibald, Earl of Douglas, was created Duke of Touraine by the same king, and sacrificed his life in the same battle. In 1428, Charles VII. gave to King James I. of Scotland the county of Xaintonge and Rochfort in peerage. About the same time this King made the Laird of Monypenny his Chamberlain, and gave him the Lordship of Concressant. In 1524, John Stewart, Duke of Albany, had a seat in the Parliament of Paris, by command of Francis I. He was also appointed Viceroy of Naples, General of the Galleys of France, and Governor of the Bourbonese, of Auvergne, and of other provinces. In 1548, King Henry I. gave the Duchy of Chatelherault to James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, and presented him with the collar of his order, which decoration was also sent to the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, and Angus.

While Scotsmen in France were thus placed high on the roll of fame as soldiers and politicians, the scholars and churchmen were not overlooked, for we find that Andrew Foreman was Archbishop of Bourges, David Bethune, Bishop of Mirepoix, David Panter or Panton, and after him James Bethune, Bishop of Glasgow, were successively abbots of L'Absie. Besides these high dignities, there were a whole host of Scots as priors, canons, curates, and other positions in the service of the Church in France. In 1586, the cure of St Côme, at Paris, was conferred by the University upon one John Hamilton. This election was disputed by a French ecclesiastic, who wished to secure the place for himself, as being illegal, through Hamilton being a Scotsman and an alien. The case was tried, and Hamilton's cause defended by a Mr Servien, an able advocate, who proved by the letters-patent granted in favour of the Scots that any of that nation living in France enjoyed equal privileges with the natives, and were eligible to hold any office, secular or spiritual. The decision was accordingly given in Hamilton's favour.

In the University of Paris, Scotsmen held an important place. The records show there have been no less than thirty of them who at different times held the high position of Rector of the University of Paris, and this, too, at a time when the office was of far more importance, both in Church and State, than it afterwards became.

The first letters of naturalisation to the Scots were granted

by Louis XII., at the instance of Andrew Foreman, Bishop of Moray, in Scotland, and Archbishop of Bourges in France. They were given at Amiens in the month of September 1513. In 1547, Henry II. granted letters of naturalisation to the Scots Guards in particular, given at Fountainebleau in November, and at the Exchequer Chamber on the 12th of February 1548. This same king, Henry II., granted new letters-patent of naturalisation for all Scotsmen, at the instance of James Bethune, archbishop of Glasgow, and other deputies of the States of Scotland, for the marriage of Queen Mary and the Dauphin. These letters were given at Villiers-Couterets, in June 1558, registered, with some modifications, in the Parliament of Paris July the 11th, at the Exchequer-Chamber on the 13th of July, and in the Grand Council on the 19th of the same month. The charter was also printed in the Scots Acts of Parliament. King Henry IV. confirmed the right of naturalisation to all Scots by letters-patent, given at Fountainebleau in March 1599, registered in the Parliament of Paris, with some modifications, on the 31st of July in the same year. In 1612 the same privileges were confirmed to the Scots by Louis XIII. in his letters-patent, given at Paris in October of that year, registered in Parliament, with some modifications, on 5th December, and in the Treasury-books on the 20th of the same month. And again, on the 19th of September 1646, Louis XIV., by an Act passed by the Council of State, confirmed all the ancient privileges of the Scots, and discharged them of the taxes imposed upon foreigners.

It would take up too much space to quote these letters-patent in full, but the following extracts will give an idea of their scope and aim :—

"Lewis, by the grace of God, King of France, be it known to all present and to come, that as, in all time and antiquity, between the Kings of France and Scotland, and the princes and subjects of the two kingdoms, a most strict friendship, confederacy, and perpetual alliance, have subsisted. . . . . And forasmuch as our beloved and trusty counsellor, the Archbishop of Bourges, Bishop of Moray, now ambassador with us, from our most dear and most beloved brother, cousin, and ally the King of Scotland still reigning, and our beloved and trusty counsellor and Chamberlain, Sir Robert Stewart, Lord of Aubigny, Captain of our Scottish Guard, and of the hun dred lances of our said ancient ordinances of the said nation, have remonstrated to us how much it hath been always desired, that the Scots, when called to our said kingdom of France, and our subjects who might go to live in that of Scotland, ... should be enabled to testate and dispose of their effects to their respective heirs.

Whereby we, the aforesaid things considered, ... do will, declare, ordain, and please, from our own knowledge, proper motion, special grace, full power and royal authority, that henceforth, perpetually, and for ever, all those of the said kingdom of Scotland, who shall reside, or shall come to reside, ... shall be capable of acquiring therein all estates, seignories and possessions which they may lawfully acquire; and of them together with these which they may have already acquired to testate and dispose, by testament and order of latter-will, living donation, or otherwise, at their will and pleasure; and that their wives and children, if they have any, or other their heirs, in what place-soever they be residing, whether in our kingdom or elsewhere may, by testament or otherwise, take and inherit their estates and succession, as if they were natives of our said kingdom: and to those of the said nation, disposed to the church, shall be open all benefices and dignities, secular or regular, with which they may be justly and canonically invested, by titles, collations, or provisions."

Henry II. confirmed these privileges by letters-patent, in 1558, just after the marriage of Queen Mary of Scots to his son. The following is an extract:—

"Henry, by the grace of God, King of France, unto all present and to come, greeting. Whereas, since the marriage between our most dear and most beloved son the King Dauphin, and our most dear and most beloved daughter the Queen of Scotland, Dauphiness, his consort, the deputies of the states of the said kingdom have, taken to our said son the oath of fidelity . . . . in virtue whereof, being subjects of both kingdoms by the union of the houses of France and Scotland, so closely connected that we esteem them as one and the same, and desire, for this cause, the better to establish, entertain, and invigorate this friendship between our said subjects, and those of the said kingdom of Scotland, and to give the said inhabitants of the latter kingdom the more opportunity of visiting their King and Queen, when they shall be on this side, of residing near them, attending and serving them: be it known that we, these things considered, and for several other great and reasonable causes thereunto us moving, have to all the inhabitants of the said kingdom of Scotland, permitted, granted, and vouchsafed, and do, by these presents, permit, grant, and vouchsafe, that they may at their ease, as oft as to them shall seem good, come, inhabit, and abide in this our kingdom, and therein accept, hold, and possess all and every the benefices, dignities, and offices ecclesiastical, with which they may be justly and canonically invested by due title, and thereof to take and seize possession and enjoyment, and to reap and receive the fruits, profits, and revenues, unto what sum soever they do or may amount: and, moreover, to acquire in this kingdom, country, lands, and seignories in our allegiance, and that their heirs may be able to succeed to them, to take and seize possession and enjoyment of their said estates, just as if they would and might do if they were originally natives of our said kingdom and country, without our Solicitor-General, or other our officers, having power henceforth to claim the estates as acquired to us by right of escheat, or the subjects of the said kingdom of Scotland. being in the enjoyment of those estates, brought to any molestation or trouble."

This paper having extended farther than we anticipated, the account of the privileges granted to Scottish merchants in France, and of the formation and constitution of the Garde Eccossais, must be left over for the next issue. M. A. ROSE.

(To be continued.)

LAND COURTS AND HIGHLAND SHERIFFS.

MR Gladstone has announced that his Government intends to introduce a Land Bill for Scotland during the present session of Parliament, and it is stated that the provisions of the bill will be on the lines of the Irish Land Acts, with an addition providing for the acquirement by the people of extended holdings from the large tracts of land now under sheep or deer. So far, we can have no objection to the Government proposals, but it is said further that the Land Court to be formed to carry out the provisions of the new law is to consist of the Sheriff-Substitute of the county or district, and two others. To a Land Court so composed we strongly object. No Land Court intended to settle the rights and claims of crofters can be satisfactory so long as an essential part of it consists of the Sheriff-Substitute. It may be asked why, seeing that the Sheriff is only one of three, we should object to a Land Court of which he forms a part. The answer is that a Court, which must of necessity contain an individual in whom suitors cannot possibly have confidence, can never be satisfactory.

There are, doubtless, many good and able men among the Sheriff-Substitutes of Scotland — men who can be depended upon to deal fairly, and to dispense even-handed justice in spite of social ties, and so-called social claims — men who (like Sheriff Blair of Inverness) command public respect and esteem by fearlessly doing their duty as judges, irrespective of the effect the performance of that duty may have in exposing official blundering. The land difficulty, however, exists principally in the north-west Highlands; in that part of the country the Land Court will have its principal work to do, and there such men as we have just described rarely hold the office of Sheriff-Substitute. A London cabman once said to a complaining fare, that Derby winners were not to be got for sixpence a mile; and it would be unreasonable to expect the choice of the legal profession for the miserable £500 to £800 a-year paid to our Sheriff-Substitutes, but much better material could be got for the money than what we now have.

Advocates of three years' standing, or local practitioners of the same experience, are eligible for the office of Sheriff-Substitute, but in practice the office is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, filled up from the former class. Advocates who have walked the floors of the Parliament House, sometimes for ten or twenty years, without ever holding a brief, or once opening their mouth in a court of justice—who never knew much law, and have long ago forgotten all they ever did know—are, because they belong to a Trades Union of which the dispenser of Scotch legal patronage, the Lord Advocate for the time, is a member, pitchforked into important public offices, and made pensioners upon the public bounty under the pretence that they are performing important public duties. If this were all, it would be bad enough; but the effect of placing in positions of power and trust men whose only qualification is that they are paupers upon the bounty of their Trade Guild, and who are utterly unfit—by the want both of the necessary professional experience and training, and of that small modicum of common sense with which a country judge may manage to get through the world comfortably—to dispense justice, is deplorable in the extreme. The district in which such a man dispenses justice, or what passes for such, soon loses confidence in him, and, in doing so, loses confidence in the administration of justice in the country. When this feeling takes possession of a community, acts of what are called lawlessness appear to the people their only method of asserting their rights; and, when a community once starts on a course of lawless conduct, there is no saying where it may stop. It is in this way we account for a great deal of the lawlessness in the Highlands.

Until the other day, when Mr Sheriff Black of Stornoway had the goodness to enlighten the public with a statement of his feelings towards the crofters of the Lewis, and to make a general exhibition of his unfitness for the judicial office he holds, people who took an interest in the people of the Lewis were at a loss to understand the methods alleged to have been adopted by them for asserting their rights. But who would now expect a Lewis crofter to go to Sheriff Black for justice or for fair play? And so it is in other districts of the Highlands. The principal judicial offices are held by men who, until they were made judges, never

earned a penny by their profession, and who, but for their appointment, never would have earned a penny by it; men who are entirely out of sympathy with the people around them, and who neither know, nor desire to know, the language of the country.

All this could be remedied, or, at least, a great deal of it could, were local practitioners of good standing and experience appointed to the office of Sheriff-Substitute; but we are dealing with things as they are, and, so long as such men as we have described hold the office of Sheriff-Substitute, no Land Court of which they form part can command the confidence of the people for whom the Land Court is to be formed. No Land Court, for instance, would command confidence in the Lews if Sheriff Black formed one of its members; and, although the other judges in the north-west Highlands have not enlightened the public so much as Sheriff Black has done, it is notorious that it is not in the Lewis alone that there is a most profound and lamentable distrust among the poorer part of the population in the administration of justice. While we do not, therefore, contend that no Sheriff-Substitute should form part of the Land Court, we do say, and, we hope, to some purpose, that to make certain Sheriffs or the Sheriff-Substitutes of each district in the Highlands an essential part of the Land Court of their district under the new Act would be to fore-ordain the Court to utter failure.

THE TRIAL OF THE LEWIS CROFTERS.

WE take the following succinct account of the facts in connection with the recent trial of the Lewis crofters from the *Edinburgh Daily Review* of the 9th of March. They deserve to be placed on record in a permanent form :—

The proceedings at the recent trial of the Valtos crofters before the Sheriff-Substitute at Stornoway afford a striking illustration of the mode in which justice is administered in the Hebrides. We shall not discuss the legal merits of the case, as these, it is understood, have been submitted to the superior courts of law, but it may be useful and interesting to state the facts as they occurred.

The trial commenced on the 18th of February last. Eight crofters, along with Duncan Graham, Lady Matheson's gamekeeper, were placed at the bar. They had not the privilege of jury trial, and a motion that they should be tried separately was refused. They were tried in a batch, the Sheriff being both judge and jury. The

prosecutor was Mr William Ross, Procurator-Fiscal for the Lewis district, who also carries on business as a solicitor in Stornoway, and is the local agent of Lady Matheson. The crimes charged against the men were "deforcing and obstructing an officer of the law or his assistant; also, assault to the injury of the person, and breach of the peace." The complaint or indictment upon which they were tried set forth that George Nicolson, messenger-at-arms, and Donald Macdonald, ground officer, as his concurrent, were employed to serve against certain persons residing in the parish of Uig, a summons from the Court of Session, which was issued at Edinburgh on 29th November 1884, and that for the purpose of serving this summons they proceeded to the township of Valtos, in the said parish, on the 8th day of November 1884. The particulars of the alleged deforcement and obstruction, and assault and breach of the peace, are then set forth, all of which are stated to have occurred on or about the 8th day of November.

The first thing that strikes an ordinary mind here is the amazing carelessness displayed in the preparation of this indictment. If it were not plainly written in the document it would be incredible that a public officer, occupying such a responsible position as that of Procurator-Fiscal, should have framed and signed an indictment setting forth that men were employed on 8th November to serve a summons which was not in existence till three weeks later; and that these two dates, so self-contradictory, should appear on the same page and within a few lines of each other. But that is not all. This complaint or indictment was presented to the Sheriff on 6th February, and he then made an order of service, and fixed the trial for the 18th of that month. It might reasonably be supposed that in a matter of that kind it was the duty of the Sheriff to read the complaint when it was first presented to him. But even if he did not, it seems impossible that he should have commenced to try the men without reading the complaint which set forth the crimes of which they were accused. And if he did read it, what conceivable explanation can be given of his proceeding to try men upon a charge which, on the face of it, was self-contradictory and absurd? It looks as if in the Hebrides it is not considered necessary to deal with crofters as if they were human beings.

The procedure at the trial seems to have been quite in harmony with that which preceded it, and, if possible, still more extraordinary. The first witness called for the prosecution was George Nicolson, the messenger-at-arms, who was alleged to have been deforced and assaulted. He had no hesitation in swearing, in answer to the Fiscal, that he arrived in Stornoway on the 4th or 5th of November for the purpose of serving this summons, which he had then in his pocket, although it did not come into existence till three weeks after that date. He went on to swear that he proceeded to Valtos on 8th of November, and to give minute details as to the way in which he had been deforced and assaulted on that particular date. Donald Macdonald, the ground officer, was next examined, and as the report of his evidence shows, he was particular, not only as to the day, but the hour. He swore that he and Nicolson arrived at Valtos "about twelve o'clock on the 8th of November," and then went on to give the details of what occurred on that day. It is scarcely possible to suppose that these men intended to perjure themselves, but surely the messenger-at-arms who swore that he was deforced and assaulted ought at least to have known whether it was in the month of November or December that he went to Stornoway. It looks exceedingly like as if some one had told him and his concurrent what they were expected to swear, and that they had, without thinking much about it, sworn accordingly.

The evidence of the other witnesses examined for the prosecution was in harmony with that of the two leading witnesses, although they do not seem to have been par-

ticularly questioned in regard to the date. The trial was not concluded on the 18th, and was continued to the next day, Thursday. Further evidence for the prosecution was led, and the evidence for the defence commenced. Duncan Graham, the gamekeeper, was separately represented, and the evidence for him was first led. After that the solicitor for the crofters commenced the examination of the witnesses for their defence. Up till this stage of the case the Fiscal, the Judge, the witnesses, and apparently every one else, had proceeded on the footing that the alleged riot occurred on the 8th of November. But after the first witness for the crofters had been examined their solicitor seems to have pointed out to the Judge that as the summons which the messenger was serving did not exist till 29th November, it was scarcely possible that the deforcement and assault could have occurred three weeks earlier. So far as can be gathered from the report of the proceedings the Procurator-Fiscal appears to have treated the matter very lightly, and argued that the date was all right, because the words "on or about 8th November" were quite sufficient to cover "the date in December."

It may, no doubt, be urged in extenuation of this view of the matter, that the parties at the bar were Uig crofters—a very troublesome set of people—and that anything is good enough for a crofter. The Fiscal's argument, however, did not satisfy the Sheriff, and after some discussion he appears to have suggested that the date in the indictment might be altered. The solicitor for the crofters objected to that, and maintained that the blunder was fatal to the trial. Ultimately the case was adjourned till next day in order "the Sheriff might have an opportunity of looking into the authorities on the point." When the court resumed next morning the Sheriff did not explain what the authorities were which he had consulted over night, but he is reported to have stated that "he thought it would be monstrous and unreasonable that this case should be deserted *pro loco et tempore*, the effect of which would be that the Procurator-Fiscal would be compelled to begin the trial again!"

We do not profess to be able to criticise the Sheriff's law, but as matter of common sense it seems extraordinary to say that after the men had been put upon their trial, the evidence for the prosecution completed, and the evidence for the defence commenced, the Fiscal could desert the diet—that is, postpone the trial—and then get up fresh evidence and try the men over again. We are strongly inclined to think that the law which the Sheriff believes in exists only in the Lewis, and is applicable solely to crofters, and, to use the Sheriff's own words, that it would be "monstrous and unreasonable" to apply such law to any other class of people. However that may be, the result was that after some further discussion, and an altercation with the solicitor for the panels, in which the Sheriff seems to have had rather the worst of it, he allowed the indictment to be amended by striking out the word "November" and inserting "December," so that as thus amended it set forth that the alleged offences had been committed on 8th December. It will be kept in view that the Sheriff made this alteration in spite of the objections and remonstrances of the solicitor for the crofters. The indictment having been thus amended, as the Sheriff termed it, the trial proceeded. Further evidence was adduced for the defence, the proof was closed, and the case was adjourned till Saturday, 21st February, in order to hear the agents and pronounce judgment.

Several extraordinary scenes occurred in the course of the trial. The Sheriff found five of the crofters guilty of deforcing and obstructing the officer as charged, and four of them guilty also of assault, two of them guilty of assault only. One was acquitted, and Lady Matheson's gamekeeper was found guilty of assault. He sentenced the men thus found guilty to various periods of imprisonment, the

longest being fifty days, and the shortest seven days. This result was arrived at, and these sentences determined, without any additional evidence having been adduced as to the date on which the alleged offences were committed. The Sheriff altered the date in the indictment, but he could not alter the date to which the witnesses had sworn. That date was the 8th of November. But in the face of all this, and without any explanation of the grounds upon which he arrived at such an extraordinary result, the Sheriff found the men guilty of having committed these offences on the 8th of December. We do not deal with the legal merits of such a sentence, nor the consequences which may come to those who are responsible for it and the imprisonment which followed. But what we desire to call attention to is the effect upon the community of such a mode of administering justice. The crofters are accused of violating the law and acting illegally. But what of the Procurator-Fiscal and the Sheriff?

Even the *Scotsman*, who usually upholds the representatives of the law, whether they are right or wrong, is obliged to say in its issue of 10th March :—

"As to the men who were tried at Stornoway, it may be said that there was inexcusable carelessness on the part of the Crown authorities who prepared the formal charge against them, and *there was great want of discretion on the part of the Sheriff-Substitute who tried the cases.*"

The Agent of the Crofters presented a Bill of Suspension to the Court of Justiciary, in which grave charges were made against the Sheriff for his conduct at the trial, and Lord Maclaren granted an immediate order for their liberation, on their giving their personal bonds to return to prison to complete their sentence, in the improbable event of the Bill of Suspension being ultimately refused.

MAJOR STEWART OF TIGH'N-DUIN ON CROFTERS AND SHERIFFS.

AT the fifth annual social meeting of the Perth Gaelic Society, recently held, Major Stewart of Tigh'n-duin, who occupied the chair, speaking of the report of the Crofters' Commission, said that the report recently issued showed that the society was right, and that the crofters' grievances were bitter. The question now for consideration was, how were these grievances to be redressed? Two of three things were certain. One of these was that they must have a higher class of local judges or sheriffs than they had at present in the counties. Amongst these sheriffs there were many admirable and excellent men, but there were others who really were briefless advocates who had failed in their profession; and for the peace and safety of the kingdom it was right that they should have men of the very first order. The next question for them was, how were they to conserve the grand old Celtic race? Were they not worth being preserved? Why should they be driven out of their own country if there was plenty of land in it to sustain them? He believed that even the evictors now acknowledged that very large farms were a failure, and that smaller farms were better.

THE MUNROS OF PITTONACHY.

By Alexander Ross.

I.

THE first of the Munros of Pittonachy, now called Rosehaugh, was

I. JOHN MUNRO, natural son of George Munro, IV. of Milntown. He married Margaret, daughter of John Mor Munro, II. of Balconie, by whom he had, besides daughters, six sons :—

1. John, his successor.

2. Andrew, I. of Novar.

3. Hector, I. of Findon, who was twice married. His first wife was Ann, daughter of Hector Munro, I. of Milntown of Katewell, by whom he had three sons :—(1) Neil, his successor. (2) John, Portioner of Swordale, who was twice married. His first wife was Isabella, daughter of Donald Macleay of Alness, by whom he had one son, Donald, who went with Lieutenant-Colonel Alex. Munro, fifth son of John Munro, II. of Obsdale, to France, where he was killed. John's second wife was Isabella, daughter of William Mackenzie, I. of Belmaduthy (by his wife Mary, daughter of John Cuthbert of Draikies), by whom he had three daughters, whose names are not recorded. (3) Andrew, Portioner of Limlair, who married Isabella, daughter of Hugh Ross "Buie," by whom he had, besides several daughters, four sons :—(1) John, who married and had two sons—Robert and John, who entered the army and rose to the rank of Major. On retiring from the army, he took up his residence at Invergordon, and was alive in 1734. (2) Hugh, who married Margaret Guthrie, by whom he had a son, Andrew, and two daughters, Constance and Lucy. (3) Robert. (4) George. Hector Munro, I. of Findon's second wife was Jane, daughter of Thomas Urquhart of Kinbeachie, by whom he had one son and two daughters :—Robert, who married Isabella, daughter of the Rev. John Munro, minister of Alness (1649-1662), by whom he had two sons and one daughter—*(a)* John, who studied for the church at the University of Aberdeen, and was admitted minister of Halkirk prior to 2nd August 1706. He died on the 18th of April 1743. He

married Anne, daughter of Alexander Gunn of Braemore in Caithness, by whom he had, among others, Sir George Munro, I. of Poyntzfield; *(b)* William, who married Mary, daughter of Sir George Sinclair of Clythe, with issue; *(c)* Margaret, who married the Rev. David Munro, minister of Reay, with issue. (5) Anne, who married Hector Munro, IV. of Pitfour, with issue—one son, George. (6) Jane, who died unmarried. (II.) Neil, Second of Findon, married Janet, daughter of John Roy Mackenzie, IV. of Gairloch, and relict of George Cuthbert of Castle Hill (marriage contract dated 29th June 1611.) Her marriage contract with Neil Munro is still preserved in the Gairloch Charter Chest, and is dated 5th February 1627. By Gairloch's daughter, Neil Munro had two sons and one daughter:—(1) Hugh, his successor; (2) Hector; (3) Isabel, who married George Munro, III. of Novar, with issue. (III.) Hugh, third of Findon, married Janet, daughter of Colonel John Munro, I. of Limlair, by whom he had four sons and four daughters:—(1) Neil, his successor; (2) John; (3) David; (4) George; (5) Isabel; (6) Catherine; (7) Ann; (8) Florence. Hugh Munro, III. of Findon, was succeeded by his eldest son, (IV.) Neil Munro, who is designated "Neil of Swordale." He married Janet, daughter of Gilbert Macbean, of Inverness, and had by her three sons—(1) Hugh, his successor; (2) George; (3) Andrew. (V.) Hugh, fifth of Swordale, succeeded his father in the estate of Swordale. He possessed also the lands of Ceanlochglas, Balnacoul, Balnagal, etc., for which he paid in 1695, as Bishop's rents, the sum of £26. 2s. 6d. Scots. He married, and had at least one daughter, Isabella, who married Kenneth, son of John Mackenzie, II. of Davochcairn, to whom she bore no issue. The marriage contract is dated 1684.

4. David, fourth son of John Munro, I. of Pittonachy, became a doctor of medicine. He married a Miss Lumsden, by whom he had four sons and several daughters:—(1) Donald, Regent of Glasgow University; (2) David, a merchant in Glasgow; (3) Andrew, who followed his father's profession, and practised medicine for several years in Glasgow, where he died unmarried; (4) George, who studied for the law, and became Sheriff of Caithness. He married Margaret, daughter of Sinclair of Scrabster, by whom he had, among others, a son George. The names of Dr David Munro's daughters are not recorded.

5. George, who died unmarried.

6. Neil, "Portioner of Swordale," who married, and left a numerous issue.

7. Euphemia, who married George Munro, II. of Katewell, with issue. She was his second wife.

The names of the other daughters of John Munro, I. of Pittonachy, have not been recorded.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. JOHN MUNRO OF PITTONACHY, who married Catherine, daughter of Alexander Ross of Cuilich (from whom descended the Rosses of Tolly and Achnacloich), by whom he had five sons:—

1. Hugh, his successor.

2. Alexander, who studied for the ministry at St Andrews, of which University he was for some years Regent. He was appointed minister of Golspie previous to 1638, and was a member of the General Assembly of that year—21st November. He was translated to Dornoch prior to 12th August 1639, as on that date he was member of Assembly as minister of Dornoch. He received a gift of 300 merks yearly from Charles I., on the 12th of November 1641, and was a member of the Commission of Assembly for that year. King Charles also gave him a grant of 800 merks, or 8 chalders of victual, in augmentation of his stipend, on condition of his giving 300 merks yearly for "upholding the church," and 200 merks to the master of the Grammar School. The grant was ratified by Parliament on the 17th of November of the same year.* He was deposed by the Presbytery in 1648, and the sentence of deposition was approved by the General Assembly in July of the following year. He married a daughter of Alexander Ross of Balblair, but left no issue.

3. John, who also became a churchman, and studied at the University of St Andrews, where he obtained his M.A. degree in 1619. He was admitted minister of the Parish of Reay in 1623, but was deposed in 1649 along with all the other members of the Presbytery of Caithness, except one—the Rev. William Smith, minister of Bower,† "for their complyance with James Grahame,

* Scottish Acts of Parliament, vol. v., pp. 599-600.

† When the Marquis of Montrose was on his march through Caithness he published a declaration, wherein he endeavoured to clear himself from the aspersion of

excommunicate in his rebellion, and shedding the blood of the countrie."

The Presbytery Records of Caithness contain the following minute relative to the matter :—"THURSO, 5th October 1654.—It wes thoght convenient that yr suld be more frequent meetings both of ministers and preachers for consulting about ye affears of ye gospel within ye several congregations, till the Lord by his Providence suld offer occasion for there further capacitating to a more authoritative acting as a Prebrie (the members of the former standing Prebrie being all deposed by the grall [General] Assemblie of this kirk *for yr complyance wt James Grahame, excommunicate in his rebellio, and shedding the blood of the countrie.*) It is therefor appointed that ye next meeting hold at Thurso, the 5th of Der. next, and so after prayer dissolved the meeting." The words in italics have been deleted, apparently soon after the Restoration, but they can still be read.

John Munro petitioned the Synod on the 6th of August 1656 "to get his mouth opened that he might assist his son in preaching." He was accordingly restored to his charge, and died a few years after. He married a Miss Anderson, by whom he had, among others, a son, David, who succeeded him, studied at St Andrew's University, and was appointed colleague and successor to his father; being admitted prior to 6th August 1656. David married Margaret, daughter of Robert Munro (fourth son of Hector Munro, I. of Findon), and had by her a son and daughter—John, his successor, and Elizabeth,

any sinster ends ; that his intention was only against some particular persons ; that he intended nothing against the generality of the kingdom ; and exhorted his fellow-subjects to free themselves from the tyranny of those who for the present ruled the State ; and from the oppression of the Ministry. He presented certain articles consistent with this declaration to the heritors, ministers, and others in Caithness, which he persuaded them to subscribe, except the Rev. William Smith, above mentioned, who refused to do so, notwithstanding many flatteries and threats. Montrose brought him to Thurso, and ordered him to be towed to a boat at the harbour, and dragged through the sea to Scrabster, a distance of two miles, and laid there in irons on board a ship, where he lay until news came that the Marquis was defeated at the battle of *Craigcaoineadhan*, or Kerbester, in the parish of Kincardine. He was then liberated, and he returned to his charge. After the Restoration this pious and faithful minister was ejected. He retired to Thurso, where he resided in great comfort, though low in circumstances, till his death. A friend having called upon him, and finding things of humble appearance in his dwelling, remarked to Mr Smith—"If God had regarded riches there would have been greater plenty in this house."

who married James Mackay of Borgy, to whom she bore an only daughter, Margaret, heiress of Borgy, who married Captain James, eldest son of John Mackay, I. of Kirtomy, with issue. The marriage contract is dated 8th December 1724. The Rev. David Munro died *circa* 1693, and was buried in the aisle, Reay Church-yard, where he had previously, in 1691, erected a tablet with an inscription, now partly obliterated. The following is a copy of it, as far as it is now traceable, kindly sent me by the Rev. Donald Munro, F.C. minister, Shebster, Reay. Mr Munro writes —"The tablet is of freestone, about two feet long and twenty inches broad, and is built into the wall. The letters are all in raised capitals—bass-relief—and many of them are much obliterated by violence and weather, as there is no roof over the aisle. There is not much information given. The date, 1691, is very distinct and entire; so are the D.M.: M.M. The TIME, imperfect; DEUM, perfect. The last sentence, namely, 'This ile belongs to Mr David Munro and Margaret Munro,' is quite legible. The other words cannot be deciphered. One of them ends in RTH, and possibly the words obliterated may have been 'earth to earth,' or words to that effect. Mr Munro's hypothesis is evidently correct; and the effaced words between RTH and THIS were probably DUST TO DUST. M no doubt is the remains of IN MEMORIAM; D.M. is for David Munro; M.M. for Margeret Munro; TIME DEUM signifies *fear*, or *worship God*.

The Rev. David Munro was succeeded by his son, John, who studied at the University of Aberdeen, where he took his M.A. on the 3rd of July 1679. It is stated that he intruded into the Parish of Reay in that year, but was received into communion by the Edinburgh Committee prior to 6th June 1704, and was duly admitted to Reay in the course of that year. He died in July 1722, aged about 63 years, and was interred in his family burying-ground in the aisle of Reay Church-yard. He married, and had at least two sons—John, who was served heir to his father on the 4th of December 1751, and David, designated of Craigston, who married in 1734, but of whom I have been unable to discover anything further.

4. David, fourth son of John Munro, II. of Pittonachy, also entered the church, and was admitted minister of the Parish of Latheron about the year 1630. He was deposed in 1649 for

subscribing Montrose's "articles," and his successor, Alexander Clark, afterwards minister of Inverness, was admitted prior to 1652. On the 21st of October 1652, he petitioned the Synod to recommend him to some parish in the diocese of Caithness, and he was apparently admitted to Lairg, before 7th May 1663. He died before 7th October 1668. He married a Miss Sutherland, by whom he had, among others, a son, John, who married and left issue.

5. Hector of Nonikiln, in the Parish of Rosskeen, fifth son of John Munro of Pittonachy, married Jane, daughter of George Munro, II. of Tarlogie, by whom he had a son, John, of Nonikiln and Tearivar, who, in 1695, with Walter Ross, Provost of Tain, paid for Bishop's rents for "the land of Nonikiln, the sum of £11. 3s. 10d. He subsequently obtained by purchase the lands of Tearivar in the Parish of Kiltearn. He was an elder in the parish church of Kiltearn, and took a deep interest in the promotion of religious principles in the parish. He was also a sincere friend of the "poor, fearing the Lord," and at his death left 500 merks to be distributed amongst them. The following is "ane double of the bond" as it appears in the Kiltearn Session Records :—

I, John Munro of Tearivar, be thir pnts (these presents), do mortifie, allocate, and sequestrat of my own proper mean and substance, the soum of 500 merks Scots money, to be distributed and divided amongst the poor fearing the Lord, within the pariochen of Kiltern, and do hereby enjoin and require Mr William Stuart, minir. of Kiltern, and the elders of the Session theirof with him to make just, reall dstribution and division of the said 500 merks money amongst the poor fearing the Lord, within the pariochen of Kiltern, at the said minir. and elders, their discretion and judgement qnever the samen, be recoverable from my aires and successors in effectual payment. And to that effect I bind and obleige me, my aires and successors, to me in my lands and estate to concent, pay, and deliver the said soum of 500 merks to the said Mr William Stuart and elders of Kiltern, to be distributed to the poor above specified, betwixt the date heirof, and the last end of the first year next, and immediately after my decease; but longer delay with the soum of 100 merks money, of liquidat expence in caice of failzie (failure), together also with the ordinar @ rent (annual rent-interest) of the said prinle. (principal) soum dureing the not payment theirof after the said yeir is expired, posterior to my decease as saidis; and for the more security I am content thir prts. be regrat in any books competent, to have the strength of ane decreit that lrs. (letters) of horning may be directed theirupon on ten days charge and others necessar, and theirto constitutes. . . . My prors. (procurators). In witness yrof, I have subt. thir prts. (written be Hugh Munro in Wester Glens) at Tearivar, the 16th day of Decr. 1704 years, befor thir witnesses—Andrew Munro at the Bridge End of Culcairn, and the said Hugh Munro, writer heirof.

ANDREW MUNRO, Witness. *Sic Subscribitur.* JOHN MUNRO.
HUGH MUNRO, Witness."

The minute adds that Captain George Munro of Culcairn, John Munro's son-in-law, deferred giving in a "list of those poor fearing the Lord, so as he may distribute to them the 500 merks left them be the deceast John Munro of Tearivar, by virtue of ane letter directed to him from the said John," the tenor of which letter follows :—

"Sir,—By all probability my time is but short in this world, and withall what I have recommended to you in my last letter I desire this of you, and commits this also to your care, as a duty in the sight of God, to see these bonds I have given you for pious uses payed, and retain discharges for thyself from the persones in whose names the bonds are granted, to witt—Mr William Stuart ane bond of 500 merks, to Gilbert Pope ane bond of 400 merks, to Christian Sutherland ane bond of 100 merks; in all 1000 merks. If the Lord hade spared myself, and seeing it is like I will not see it done, I lay it on you as a duty before the Lord to do it after my decease, and it shall be a kindness and easing of my minde your undertaking a faithful discharge of this duty. I hope (it) will be acceptable to God; and this shall be your warrand from—Dear Sir,
Your affectionat Cousen, JOHN MUNRO.
May 9, 1705.

The Session, considering the same, thought it their duty to adhere to Tearivar's bond granted to them.

They appointed a committee of their number to meet and consider as to the most judicious method to be adopted relative to the investment of Tearivar's bond; and at a meeting of session held on 18th December 1706, they gave in the following report :—

"The Committee having considered the tenor of Tearivar's bond of mortification, distribution, and division of the soum of 500 merks Scots money amongst the poor fearing the Lord, within the pariochen of Kiltern, at the minir. and elders their discretion and judgement qnever the samen shall be recoverable: It is our opinion that there may be as much money given of the said 500 merks as may buy a mortcloath, to the effect that the benifitt and profitt thereof may redound to the said poor, and what remains at over the price of the mortcloath may be immediately distributed to the said poor, according as Mr William Stuart, minir., and said elders shall think fitt."

The Session unanimously approved of the committee's suggestion, and appointed another committee—consisting of the Rev. Wm. Stewart, Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis; Hector Munro of Drummond; Captain Andrew Munro of Westerton; John Bethune of Culnaskea; and Gilbert Robertson in Balconie—to make out a list of the poor "as are to get six scor and ten merks condescended on in Session:" Mr Stuart to draw on Captain George Munro of Culcairn for the said amount. A mortcloth

was subsequently obtained from Holland, at a cost of £16 stg., and the dues derived therefrom were periodically divided among the poor.

John Munro of Tearivar, married Janet, daughter of Robert Munro, II. of Milntown of Katewell, and by her had four daughters:—(1), Christian, who married Captain George Munro I. of Culcairn, with issue, four sons and six daughters. (2), Jean, who married Kenneth, second son of John Munro, III. of Inveran, to whom she bore a son, John, and a daughter, Lilias, who married Hector Gray, in Sutherland. The names of Tearivar's other two daughters have not been recorded. This John Munro died before 11th June 1705, as shown by the following extract of that date from the Kiltearn Session Records:—"John Munro of Tearivar having left the soum of 500 merks for erecting ane isle for his burial place and likewise for enlarging of the kirk, the Session do unanimously allow to breakdown ane piece of the wall of the kirk towards the north opposit to the pulpit whereby ane penn may be made."

John Munro, II. of Pittonachy, was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. HUGH MUNRO, who is designated "of Achnagart." He married Janet, eldest daughter of George Munro, VI. of Milntown, by whom he had four sons—

1. John, his heir, who entered the army, where he attained the rank of Captain. He died unmarried.

2. George; 3. Hugh, both of whom died without succession.

4. Robert, who succeeded his father as

IV. ROBERT MUNRO of Achnagart who married a daughter of John Ross of Little Tarrel, by whom he had several sons and daughters, whose names have not been recorded. One of his daughters married William, youngest son of John Munro, I. of Achany, with issue.

"THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—Contracts have just been entered into for the erection of new buildings in High Street, Inverness, specially adapted for printing and publishing the *Scottish Highlander* and the *Celtic Magazine*, and for a general printing and publishing business. The *Scottish Highlander* will be published EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON at ONE PENNY, and will consist of sixteen folio pages. The premises are to be completed by the middle of June.

LORD NAPIER AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

WHATEVER may be the character or the future results of prospective legislation on the Highland crofter question, one sure thing is that the subject has been pretty freely canvassed alike in the press, and by those more immediately concerned. There has been a great deal of literature, controversy, and counsel applied to the formation of public opinion; and out of this mass it is hoped that our statesmen will, on an early day, bring order and blessing.

Among the most important contributions to the proper understanding of the question, and one which will naturally have great weight in giving complexion to any legislative attempts which may be made to deal with the now universally admitted evil, is the Report of the Crofters' Commission, to the discussion of which considerable space has already been devoted in these pages. That a document making such sweeping recommendations, based on a careful scrutiny of the case, and trenching so much on the vested interests of so many who are high in power and influence should be itself subjected to very searching criticism is what might of course be expected. Among those who animadverted upon it from the point of view of the rigid political economist is the Duke of Argyll, and the result of his inquiries is given in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, entitled "A Corrected Picture of the Highlands." In this article the Commission and its Report are submitted to review by his Grace, and, in his own estimation, they emerge from the ordeal sadly damaged and discredited. However, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." In the March number of the same periodical a defence of the Commission is appropriately given by the estimable nobleman who presided over its sittings.

The articles of the Duke of Argyll and Lord Napier are characteristic of their respective authors. His Grace is the cold, calculating—we had almost said grasping—man of the world, applying in all their inexorable nakedness the principles which underlie the science of political economy. Lord Napier again,

no less a political economist than the Duke, leans more to the Ruskin type, and rejects, as contrary to his high sense of justice, and his generosity of character, the idea that "an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection."

After a few preliminary remarks as to the Duke's mistaken conception of the purpose and intention of the Crofters' Commission, Lord Napier goes on to deal more in detail with the strictures and direct charges brought against the Report. This he does very gently but firmly.

First as regards the Duke's observation that Clearances and consolidation have been developed more extensively and relentlessly in the southern than in the northern provinces. In this connection his Grace thought he had found in Lord Napier's own neighbourhood, nay, even on his Lordship's estate, evidences of depopulation more alarming than those even of Bracadale, in Skye. His Lordship acknowledges the correctness of some of the Duke's positions in their general outline, but indicates very serious errors of detail which render the intended comparison between South and North quite inadmissible. While admitting with evident regret the social change which has taken place in the classic Border districts, his Lordship points out that these have not been brought about by any such wholesale methods as awaken such gloomy memories in the Highlands of Scotland.

"What evictions, what migrations there were then, no man can tell. There may have been much suffering, but the people passed away unnoticed and unmourned. The process of extinction was very gradual. In the whole circle of Border poetry, as far as I am aware, there is no dirge for a departing race; no plaintive strain ascends from the Teviot or the Tweed, which repeats the sentiment of 'Lochaber no More.'"

But the case of Ettrick adduced by the Duke as itself one in which a great diminution of population has taken place, fails miserably. True, the population in 1831, appears to have been 530, and in 1881 only 397. This, Lord Napier points out is not actually the case. "The Duke," he says, "has been misled. Here it is not the population, but the parish which has been halved. Subsequent to the census of 1851, Yarrow was subdivided. A new parish called Kirkhope, was taken out of it, and the alteration is recorded in the Census Report of 1861."

Lord Napier pursues the Duke still further, and shows that the comparison sought to be established between Ettrick and Inveraray is not fair in other respects. They are two localities which both Nature and history have rendered dissimilar. Ettrick is an inland valley. The land is high, and little of it cultivable. Inveraray, on the other hand, "rises from the shores of a sheltered salt-water loch, with many gradations and varieties of level to a high elevation." The land is adapted for small holdings; extensive and lucrative herring fisheries are within convenient reach; there is the employment incident to resident proprietorship—"Still the people of Inveraray go away. Landward Parish—Population 1851, 1650; population 1881, 760. Diminution in thirty years, 29 per cent., far more than in Ettrick and Yarrow."

Admitting that both depopulation and consolidation prevailed in a greater or less degree throughout the Lowlands, his Lordship maintains that the present circumstances and future prospects of the North and South divisions of the country are distinct and different.—

"The question of restitution is dead in the Lowlands, but is living in the Highlands. In the Lowlands, natural causes or arbitrary wills have done their work. . . . In the Highlands and Islands, or at least in those parts of them where the crofters' question is a burning question, the two factors in the quarrel stand face to face; on the one side is the vacant land, on the other side the craving multitude. The social question is still unsolved, and the cry goes up that it may be solved by restoring the people to their former seats." Lord Napier "would not advocate the renewal of crofters' cultivation where there are no comminuted holdings, or over-crowded townships side by side with vacant pastoral farms, and where the land has been laid out with great expenditure in broad agricultural areas, with all the furniture and equipments suitable to a scientific farming system: but on the other hand it would surely be a grievous error for proprietors to surrender themselves and the great human and national interests committed to their charge to the undirected action of so-called natural agencies or tendencies. . . . In many parts of Scotland much might be done towards the reinstatement of the rural population by the gradual and prudent subdivision of farming areas, and by the prohibition of non-residency in the farming class."

Dealing next with three points on which the Duke has laid

peculiar weight, viz.—(1) The social quality or position of the crofter; (2) the nature of the crofters' evidence; and (3) the want of vigour or decision in the recommendations of the Report of the Commission; Lord Napier maintains that the crofters are tenants; the Duke regards them as labourers. The crofter, says Lord Napier, is descended from a tenant; he issues from the subtenants' holding under the old tacksmen, not only so, but even in his diminished state he retains many traces of his earlier condition which distinguish him from a labourer. "He clings to the traditions of the state from which he has been half removed. He considers himself to be an occupier of land, and from that belief he will not lightly depart." This last feature of his character, he says, is recognised by the recent Convention of Highland Proprietors at Inverness, when they contemplate the granting of leases and enlarged holdings to the crofter.

On the question of the crofters' evidence, Lord Napier expresses his surprise at the sweeping condemnations of the Duke. He admits that some of the evidence bore traces of contrivance, passion, and vindictiveness, errors of memory and interpretation, and must in some instances be received with reservation. But he accepts the crofter witnesses as not uncandid or malicious.

"I retain," he says, "a vivid recollection of the mental posture in which many an 'Angus' or 'Donald' was summoned to the bar. He would come up with a 'dour' aspect, sullen and on his guard, usually furnished with some written tale, in which his fellow-labourers had deposited with insufficient scrutiny and excusable resentment the story of their ancient or recent wrongs. But when the lesson was discharged, and Angus or Donald found himself comfortably seated in his familiar kirk, under the eyes of his minister, and neighbours, in the presence of six gentlemen, all but one of his own race, some speaking his own language, some bearing names known to every Highlander, all earnestly desirous to place themselves in contact with his inner thoughts and actual condition, it was pleasant to observe how soon the armour of suspicion would melt away; his rugged visage would relax into good humour, and he would respond to his interrogator with shrewdness, sincerity, courtesy, and a picturesque animation imperfectly rendered in transmission from the Gaelic to the Saxon tongue. These features were indeed most conspicuous in the demeanour of the older people, but they were not deficient in the young. Meanwhile the utterances of the witnesses were reflected with intelligent and intense but silent sympathy in the countenances of the auditory. You felt that a

faithful portrait of the people was being painted by themselves. Had the Duke of Argyll taken a personal part in these conferences between the Commissioners and the peasantry, had he witnessed the shifting physiognomy, the humours and the pathos of the humble drama, and felt this 'touch of nature' with a genuine form of humanity, however clouded by the passions of the hour, he would have written with less intolerance and scorn of the crofters' evidence. And when we reflect that these remote and often illiterate men were contending for the first time on a public scene for all that is deepest and dearest to them in life, how slender do their offences against morality, reason, and good taste, appear when set beside the stratagems and mendacities of a party demonstration at Birmingham, or the revengeful diatribes of many a debate in the House of Commons!"

Lord Napier next rebuts the charge of indefiniteness made against the recommendations of the Commission, dealing more in detail with the part devoted to the question of reviving the Highland township. Viewing the apparent impossibility of compulsorily expanding individual holdings, either by emigration or migration, Lord Napier found that the Commissioners were shut up to the expedient of expanding and extending the township system, and enlarging the common pasture.

Against the township suggestion various objections had been urged, and these Lord Napier next sets himself to dispose of. The first is that the power of compulsory expansion of the township would be destruction to other kinds of property. The recommendation of the Commission has, he says, not left that out of view, and it suggests "provisions to protect the farming areas against excessive reduction."

The next objection "that the claiming of township improvements would be oppressive to the proprietor he does not agree to. These demands are no more than the individual large farmer is in the habit of constantly making.—

"Although in the case of the township the proprietor is constrained to perform certain duties, they are moderate and equitable, and he is constrained to do nothing unless his people help him. It is idle to speak of the Highland crofters as free agents, competent to shape their own fortunes, uncounselled and unaided. The farmer is often a free agent, a capitalist, a stranger, who brings his money, his intelligence, and his labour voluntarily to a selected market; the crofter is as much the accident of nature and of time as the heath and rocks upon his mountain, or as the seaweed that drifts upon his shore. The man who inherits a

Highland estate inherits the people and the obligations attached to them; the man who purchases a Highland estate purchases the people, subject to like conditions. Should the claim of the township to exact improvements be admitted, the danger is not that the proprietor would be compelled to do too much, but that he would not be asked to do enough."

It is next objected that the township stereotypes a bad form of tenure. In the very peculiar conditions of land and people in parts of the Highlands, his Lordship does not believe "that the use of wild mountain areas as common pasture is a bad tenure." The soil is poor, and to divide it by fences impracticable. "If the occupiers are to have any pasture it must be common hill pasture, and if they are to have no pasture they must cease to exist as occupiers of land."

The last objection to the Township recommendation of the Commission is one urged in these pages on a former occasion. It is that the recognition of the township gives no security to the individual occupier. We give his Lordship's answer to our criticism in his own words, premising that it does not meet the objection, and that if some method is not devised to conserve the individual rights of the members of the township, matters will inevitably lapse into their old condition, and the last end will be worse than the first. Lord Napier says :—

"This objection is logically valid, and it opens a large question. Is it or is it not expedient in the interest of the crofters and of the country at large to give an absolute unconditional fixity of tenure to all the small occupiers of land in their present holdings? For my part I cannot think that it is. I believe that such a measure would have many fatal results. It would fix the people to the soil, discourage enterprise, industry, emigration, migration, and the consolidation of small holdings, facilitate subdivision and squatting, and deprive the proprietor of the exercise of all authority and of many incentives to beneficence. Unconditional fixity of tenure could hardly be granted without official rents and the faculty of selling the improvements and goodwill of the tenancy in the open market, innovations which would aggravate the evils enumerated above. Under these impressions the Commissioners have recommended security of tenure in a modified form, which has an ancient statutory sanction, and which is conformable to the custom of the country, in the shape of an 'improving lease,' under which competent occupiers would have a right to claim the tenure of the holding for thirty years at a valuation-rent, with obligations to improve, and with compensa-

tion for improvements. If, however, the contingency of the clearance of the township must be contemplated by legislation, it might be practically prevented by prohibiting the creation of tenancies in townships above a specified annual value."

Lord Napier, after making an earnest appeal to the Duke to extend his support to the cause, rather than to act as he is doing on the side of its assailants, concludes as follows:—

"To the suggestions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and to the mediation of Lochiel, we owe it that a meeting has been held of landowners in the North of Scotland for the purpose of promoting a friendly adjustment of the claims of the crofters. In this movement the Duke of Argyll has been, it is reported, an influential adviser, though he did not take part in the discussions at Inverness. It is, perhaps, better so, for he reserves a greater liberty of subsequent Parliamentary action. The concerted resolutions of the Highland proprietors are conceived in a generous spirit, and they are all consistent with true policy and the wishes of the people. In my judgment they are defective in the following respects: they contain no absolute security for the preservation of the existing crofting areas, no provisions for township improvements, no restriction on the future formation of deer forests, and no suggestions for the embodiment of the conclusions adopted in a statutory form. Nevertheless, an overture has been made which is honourable to its authors, and which in other hands may become productive of beneficial results. A larger measure of concession could not, perhaps, have been secured in connection with unanimous assent."

A BIRTHDAY GREETING,

INSCRIBED, WITH SINCERE REGARD, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BREADALBANE, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, APRIL 9, 1884.

Beloved Breadalbane! greetings waft I thee,
On this thy dear, thine honoured natal day;
That Heaven long spare thee, earnestly I pray
Full many, many glad returns to see.
Thy rule is wise o'er vast domains and wide,
Rife in good actions for thy people's weal;
Each duty shared by helpmate kind and leal,
Whose work and walk are ever at thy side.
Rule wisely on, for noble is the race
O'er whom your governance holds loving sway;
Yours their deep gratitude for acts of grace,
Their warmest blessings crown you every day!
How rich, how sweet, and joyous the reward,
Your people's love and their sincere regard!

NEW YORK. DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS AND THE LAND LAWS: An Historico-Economical Enquiry, by John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., etc. London: Chapman and Hall. 1885.

To the honoured names of Sir Walter Scott and Dr Norman Macleod, who have so nobly created a world-wide interest in our Highlands and Highlanders, it would be but justice to add the name of Professor Blackie, whose present work, more perhaps, than any of its predecessors from his pen, on Celtic subjects, will win sympathy for the people whose cause we have at heart, and will convince our fellow-countrymen by its presentation of simple but startling facts, and of well-weighed conclusions, that legislation, by way of removing the evils still existing, has been too long delayed. The work had been published only a few days when Mr Chamberlain, in one of his outspoken addresses on the land system, quoted its prominent reference to the words of Theodore Parker: "England is the paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the wise, and the hell of the poor." Its dedication to Mr John Bright, "the stout assertor of popular rights," strikes a key-note which marks the versatile Professor's political progress, and which is kept up without wavering all through the work. About four-fifths of its bulk, he tells us, had been written prior to the appointment of the Crofter Royal Commission; so that his facts and inferences are the fruits of many seasons' wanderings in our glens, and much intercourse with the Highland people, supported by an extensive study of the literature bearing upon his subject, which he does not unduly exalt when he says: "We owe not the least part of our national glory and European prestige to the Celts of the Scottish Highlands."

The book is divided into three sections, "The Scottish Highlanders," "The Land Laws," and "The Crofters' Commission." The author's comments on the Report of that body have necessitated the treatment of the same topics at different parts of the work; but this is done in so skilful a manner as to avoid all tedious repetition. Proceeding historically, a view is first given of the people as they grew up in their natural state before extraneous influences interfered with their spontaneous growth, and this is followed by a narrative of the steps taken, during the period since "the brilliant blunder of the '45," to obliterate the separate character of the Highlanders, and to merge them in the general com-

munity. The clan system is finely characterised as founded on "the union of authority and love"—a harmony which was rudely destroyed when the chiefs seized the clan domains to their own selfish use, under the transparent subterfuge of acquisition by virtue of Royal charter. In a note Professor Blackie shows up, with crushing logic, the vacillation of the Commissioners' Report in that part where they affect to deal judicially with the question of the original tenure of land by the whole clan, whose rights were simply held *in trust* by the chief. All the well-known qualities which have combined to form the Highlander of history and of our own time are next enumerated, special stress being laid on the peoples' respect for authority and obedience to their natural leaders—a feature in their character of which undue advantage has been taken, and the healthy re-action from which is now being experienced. There is something grim in the author's plea for clan feuds, that they were a "ready method of thinning a superfluous population." Adverting to the charge of indolence as a Highland quality, there is shown to be no ground for it in the character of the people, except so far as seclusion from the world of competition induces a lack of energy. "Why should everybody everywhere live in a continual fret and fever of overstrained nerves?" When placed in circumstances where exertion shows palpable results, the Celt keeps well abreast of his neighbours. The consequences arising from the construction of military roads and forts, the passing of the Disarming Act of 1746, and the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, are shown to have been, a disgusted people, and the conversion of the chiefs into a company of land merchants, who looked upon the people as chattels to be sold with the land, or to be removed at pleasure. Hence occurred the Glen-Dessary and other Clearances, the details of which the author extracts from the earlier issues of this Magazine, and from "The Highland Clearances," which point his denunciations of the "most ungrateful treatment of a people, the sweat of whose brow had redeemed the soil from barrenness, and whose blood had been freely poured out for Britain's honour in many a battlefield of historic renown." If the writer of an article on "The Highlanders and their Landlords," which appeared in the number of the "Quarterly Review" for January, had read Professor Blackie's book, or any of the works above-mentioned, he could not have

had the assurance to write as to the Clearances—"if suffering was caused in excess of what was inevitable, the fault is to be attributed, *not to the landlords*, but to the character of the period." The apologists for the landlords are put to sorry shifts when they are fain to attribute the atrocities of the Strathnaver and the Knoydart Clearances, not to those by whose commands they were carried out, but to "the character of the period" which produced the emancipation of the slaves and the relief of the oppressed elsewhere to an extent not previously paralleled. The evicted people, thus betrayed a second time by their hereditary leaders, had no hopes but in the accidental personal goodness of some of their superiors, in the paternal care of a government of landlords, and in the chapter of accidents. They had certainly little to hope for from those to whom "an increase of population is the greatest evil, and an increase of rent the greatest good." The very miseries suffered by poor people during the Potato Famine of 1846 were made the pretext, by selfish landlords, for turning many families out of their homes. Professor Blackie maintains that many measures, which, at first sight, seem to carry unalloyed benefits, really operated against true Highland interests. Such were the Poor Law Act of 1845, the Education Act of 1872, the migration to large towns, and the Disruption of the Church. The ideal which is sketched of a characteristically Highland education, for its suggestiveness and practical bearing, is far more deserving of the consideration of the authorities than the unsympathetic reports of official doctrinaires.

The second and third sections of the work are so intimately connected that they may be conveniently considered together. When the king, as representing the nation, gave grants of land, the landlords "were made to feel and to act on the principle that ownership in land exists for the sake of the people; not the people for the sake of the ownership." A valuable philosophical analysis, drawn out in regular procession of mutually dependent propositions, is given of the relations between men, as members of a community, and the destination of land, of which the conclusion is that the land, "as the common gift of God to all the human family," should either be cultivated by the holder himself, or used by him in the way most conducive to the necessities of the community. "Freedom of contract," which the narrow school of economists, pure and simple, put forward as a panacea for the

settlement of the land question, to the landlords' mind, is described as "a name to juggle fools and justify knaves." Coming to the consideration of recent events, the cases of the crofters of Bernera, the Braes, and Glendale, are detailed as leading to the appointment of the Crofters' Commission, whose Report is generously described as a "summation of economic counsel, by a body of men distinguished alike for kindly humanity, practical intelligence, and fine discrimination;" but a little further on a more judicious and critical estimate is formed when it is said that the Report "is not altogether free from the prejudices that party views and personal interests are so apt to engender."

Extracts are given from it under various heads, supplemented by some portions of the statement of Mr John Barclay, Rev. J. M. Davidson, and others, so as to neutralise the evident compromise between conflicting views seen in the composition of the Report. Professor Blackie has, with sure insight, concurred with other authorities on the Crofter question, in detecting the "marked tenderness," as he calls it, with which the Commissioners deal with the deer forests. Indeed, their timidity in approaching this, the very *crux* of their inquiry, is the most serious blemish on the admirable work they have done, as was first pointed out in detail in our "Analysis of the Report," where their finding on this head is characterised as "curious, inexplicable, and most inequitable" (page 68). While existing *legal* rights "in these food-wasting forests are to be preserved, further afforesting in the future is to be prevented. A *legal* right derives its entire sanction from the legislature which constituted it, and which has equal power to modify it, or even extinguish it, if it should appear to be for the public good to so deal with legal rights. No legislation would be possible if existing legal rights were never to be disturbed. The Commissioners' recommendations remind one of the sentence of the justice who said—"Not guilty, but don't do it again." The complete character of the extermination of a thriving tenantry is brought out in the evidence of Mr Colin Chisholm as to Glencannich, and other places in Strathglass.

Professor Blackie gives a pretty full enumeration of the remedial measures proposed by the Commission; but, with respect to the alleviation of the lot of the fishing crews, while mentioning the proposals as to piers and harbours, he omits an important recom-

mendation that Government should advance money, under safeguards, for the purchase of boats of larger size, and of a safer build, than those in which their poverty still compels them to run great risks in stormy weather. This matter assumed a very painful interest last month, when so many fishermen's lives were lost by the swamping of several boats on the coasts of Skye and Lewis. The author ably criticises the "dissents" from the Report by Lochiel and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. It had already been pointed out in our "Analysis" that these gentlemen proposed that money should be obtained from the Public Works Loan Commissioners to build houses, drain land, etc., for small farmers; while the landlords had for many years possessed the power of getting advances for such work for that class of tenant, but had remained indifferent to it. Professor Blackie shows that Sir Kenneth's reasoning virtually means the extinction of the crofter class; those of them without stock would, on his proposal, be reduced to be mere labourers for wages, and they would have to go to the towns for employment. He cannot agree with him here, nor

"In his refusal to deal with the case of the Highland crofters as an exceptional case. Had it not been an exceptional case, and that in very well-marked lines, there would have been no occasion for a special Commission, and no Report in its every page accentuating so strongly the special grounds of the complaint which called for the Commission. The case of the Highlands is in fact economically the case of Ireland over again, with certain local variations, and the important difference, that whereas in the Hibernian isle congestion was the only evil dealt with, in the Caledonian glens the complex action of congestion in one part and depletion in another, indicates to the skill of the State physician a double and more difficult treatment. . . . . That the economic condition of the Highlands and Islands, therefore, is a matter which loudly cries for exceptional legislation I hold to be indubitable.

While the author does not admit the force of the objections put forward in the "Dissents" to the Township proposals of the Report," he considers it would be a more workable arrangement to constitute a Land Court to settle matters between landlords and tenants, and to see that the weaker party be not oppressed.

In commending this work to the attention of our readers, it is quite unnecessary to allude to its graces of style, and the wide field of research which Professor Blackie knows how to utilise for the illustration of his subject and the enforcement of his arguments. His pages sparkle with epigrams and felicitous phrases, some of which have been quoted. Every true Highlander, and every friend of the Highlands, will regard this work as one of the greatest of the many great services which the author has rendered to the Highland people.

THE

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CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

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THE FUTURE OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

II.

IN our last paper we endeavoured to show how undesirable it is in the highest interest of the Highlanders that Gaelic should cease to be a recognised vehicle of speech among them. We shall now go on to consider the second question raised: Is the extinction of Gaelic probable?

However essential we may regard the language to the full and harmonious development of the Celt, we cannot but feel that there are destructive forces at work, which, if unchecked, will eventually bring about its death. We can gain nothing by minimising the forces of the enemy. Let us endeavour as accurately as possible to estimate its strength. Having done so, we shall be able more correctly to calculate our own chances of success.

This is a money-making age. The dollar is almighty. The lust for gold has taken such a hold of the men and women of the nineteenth century, that they are ready to fling aside as worthless everything that does not represent an ascertained amount of current coin. This miserly spirit is as rampant in Britain as in any part of the world. The Celts are not a miserly race; but the influences brought to bear on them from without, combined with their own extreme poverty, necessitate on their part very considerable moral strength to resist the insidious

temptation put in their way. True it is, as pointed out last month, that Gaelic is still of some commercial value, while a knowledge of it cannot possibly be the means of the very slightest pecuniary loss; yet all this is lost sight of in view of the great fact that English is the accredited language of the British people, probably destined at some time to be the language of the world. The Celt is frequently disposed to associate it with his dreams of future prosperity. He is apt to regard it as the golden key by which all the portals that are at present barred against him can be opened wide. Unwilling as he naturally is to discard this precious heritage of his race, he feels that, if the prevailing opinion regarding the worthlessness of Gaelic in the great battle of life be correct, he must make up his mind to bid it a sad farewell. These, though to some extent prevalent, are certainly not the sentiments of the whole Highland people. Far from it. Those who think so are but a small section who have been miserably gulled by people whose contempt for everything Celtic is bred of ignorance and blind dislike.

Since Culloden, the barriers which have separated the Highlands from the Lowlands have been continuously disappearing. We certainly do not regret that a brotherhood has been established between Celt and Saxon. Through it the former has gained a good deal, though he has also suffered much. We do not regret that in their commingling the rough jagged edges on the characters of the two races have been partly rubbed off. What we do lament is that the Celtic spirit should have to some extent been dominated by the Saxon; that the Celtic fire does not seem to burn so brightly now, as it did before the Lowlander began to find a home north of the Grampians. In the face, however, of so many brilliant examples of the contrary, especially on Britain's battlefields, we cannot believe that that fire has been quenched, and we are confident that it needs but some slight fanning to set it brightly flaming again.

One result of the contact between Celt and Saxon has been in some measure to affect the vitality of the Gaelic language. Amid rugged Highland fastnesses, which before but re-echoed to the rich wild notes of the mountain tongue, have been heard the silvery accents of England. The old Highland chieftain, whose main glory it was that he was a Highlander, and

could acquit himself as one, has now almost disappeared. He has been replaced by the Southern capitalist, for whom the atmosphere of London or Birmingham is more congenial than the fresh breezes that play around the Highland bens. The duties of land-ownership he devolves upon men as anti-Celtic in their temperament as he is himself, and when he does choose a Highland factor, the individual of whom choice is made is generally a miserable specimen of the race. Should the alien laird even condescend to visit his Scottish estate, he takes the utmost pains to show his contempt for his tenants, and for every thing that they hold dear. Their language is to him mere gibberish. Their habits and customs he abhors. The servants put on, if possible, more airs than their master. When his liveried young men or dainty maids see a native coming along the road, they slink over to the other side to avoid him. Should he address them a hearty Gaelic salutation, they stare rudely and vacantly in his face. True, their own English is not of the best, and their treatment of the letter *h* is not strictly in accordance with the principles of orthography, but yet they are in blissful ignorance of the fact.

Things are not much better when our pseudo-chief is away. The official who then rules the roost, if he does know Gaelic, uses it only when he cannot get on without it, and his retainers and subordinates are very frequently even more ignorant and contemptuous than he is himself. The evils which have befallen the Highlands through the large farming system have been frequently and forcibly pointed out. Not only is the system in itself an evil, but it has been the means of introducing to the North many men without a spark of sympathy for those with whom they are brought into contact there. The mind of the average low-country farmer hardly ever rises above considerations bearing on crops and markets. The men he employs he regards as so many machines at work to stock his coffers. He looks upon their language as an intolerable nuisance, and if they are unable to understand his very questionable English, he sets them down as dolts and abuses them accordingly.

Every season the more beautiful parts of the Highlands are visited by bands of tourists from all parts of the world. Deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, and fishing attract to the North each

year an increasing number of the votaries of sport. With whatever languages all these pleasure-hunters may be acquainted, they are almost morally certain not to know Gaelic. The natives are brought into frequent contact with them as *employés*, and otherwise. Such intercourse is ever apt to heighten in their unsophisticated minds the suspicions secretly entertained previously as to the uselessness of a knowledge of Gaelic. The driver, the gillie, the message boy, the maid-servant, all devote themselves energetically to the study of English. To acquire it is their main object in life.

The disadvantageous circumstances which surround the Highlander, especially the young Highlander, compel him for a time to quit his home for the centres of business life, to eke out by labour there an addition to his scanty income. His visits to the South benefit him in several respects, but in others they are demoralising. In order to make any headway he has to lay aside to a large extent his Gaelic, and adopt an uncouth ungrammatical dialect, which he thinks is English. Evil influences brought to bear on him may tempt him to conceal his Celtic origin. He denies all knowledge of his mother tongue, though his every word betrays the falseness of the position he assumes. He becomes an apostate Highlander, and like all apostates deserves to be held up to the contempt and scorn of his fellow-countrymen and the world. We trust there are few in whose veins Celtic blood runs, who have sunk so low; but the facts that are forced upon us compel us to admit that the degenerate Highlander does exist.

There are many, however, who, though they do not deserve to be enrolled in the same inglorious category, have yet been unable wholly to resist the anti-patriotic influences by which they have been surrounded. First, unconsciously, and then unwillingly, is the idea forced upon them, that Gaelic is neither valuable, not even respectable. They persevere in the use of the mongrel dialect they have acquired which, when they get home, they air as much as possible. In it they converse with all except those who are utterly unable to understand it. They have learned Gaelic in their childhood. It is the only language they really know, and they of course never forget it; but their whole influence is lent to the fallacy that English is the main thing for a man who wishes to make his way in the world. They discourage their

children in talking Gaelic. It would be amusing if it were not so offensive to hear a brawny Celt of twenty-six or thereabouts, glibly addressing his child in the dialect he has picked up in the dock-yards of Glasgow, fondly imagining that he is accustoming him or her to the greatest language in the world.

Unfortunately for the last eight or ten years there has been brought to bear on the boy and girl Highlander an anti-Celtic influence which is, perhaps, more insidious than any we have mentioned. When the Scottish Education Act came into force in the Highlands, it very materially altered the old arrangements. Innumerable blessings through its instrumentality were prophesied for the Highland people. In a measure these expectations have been realised. A very much larger per centage of the Highland youth are trained to read, write, and count than ever enjoyed these advantages before. The schoolmaster of the modern type is abroad, self-consciously imagining that he is working a mighty social revolution among those with whom his lot has been cast. It is certainly not our object to depreciate the powers or derogate from the dignity of the modern schoolmaster. We are not so foolhardy as to ruffle his feathers; but that the system which he is but the humble instrument in carrying out has been detrimental to the highest interests of the Highlanders—has fostered the anti-patriotic bias to a degree, we assert; and we are prepared to maintain that that system will, if not considerably modified, in course of time inevitably result in the extinction of every Celtic sympathy in the breasts of those brought up under it. The teaching of Gaelic is forbidden in the schools. All methods of the average teacher are based on the assumption that its extinction is necessary for a knowledge of English. He forbids it in the school: some even go so far as to thrash any of their scholars who may be convicted of conversing in it on the playground, or anywhere in the neighbourhood of the school buildings. The pupils are taught to regard it as an effectual barrier to their prosperity, a barrier to be surmounted as soon as possible. School inspectors discourage the employment of it as a means of communication with those who understand little or no English, although such a method of instruction is both sanctioned and enjoined in the Code. They ignore its existence in every possible way.

These are the enemies with which the friends of Gaelic, and the friends of the Highlands, have to contend. Forces strong and subtle are ranged against us. In the face of such odds is not surrender both discreet and incumbent? Are we not fighting a losing battle? Such is the counsel of the enemy. On that ground alone we are disposed to view it with suspicion; but when we review our own forces, we are at once convinced how cowardly it would be for us to adopt such a policy, to desert the time-honoured standard round which our fathers have fought so bravely. More especially dishonourable for us would it be to desert our flag at a crisis such as this, when there are signs discernible that victory, signal victory, may soon reward our efforts. There are two events looming in the near future which will effectively modify the circumstances which are at present telling against us. The more important of these is a reform in the land laws. Among the many inestimable advantages which will accrue from such a change, the preservation of Gaelic is one. We have already shown how many of the circumstances which obtain under the present system are detrimental to it in the extreme. Many of these will be removed. The foppish absentee landlord will no longer wield the power he at present possesses. His factor will become the nonentity he deserves to be. Their retainers will be treated according to their deserts, and coldly disregarded, whenever they arrogate to themselves a dignity which, neither their position nor their brains entitle them to. The Celt will be able to make a living at home, and when, out of his own free will, he temporarily or permanently leaves that home, he will carry with him a rooted love of it, which will enable him easily to resist temptations to sever himself from the hallowed memories that cluster round it. To-day, too many of our Highlanders are forced to regard their home life as their sternest, bitterest experience. Then their Highland life and everything connected with it will be fraught with peaceful, ennobling associations.

From another source also is deliverance at hand. The country has had more than twelve years' experience of the prevailing system of education. In the course of these years so many imperfections in it have been brought to light that we are assured that drastic educational reforms are at hand. Gaelic, we

are confident—and our confidence is based to some extent on almost an express pledge from Mr Mundella—will then receive the attention it merits, and due provision will be made for instruction in it in all our Highland schools.

Upon remedies such as these are our hopes for the Gaelic language based. The extinction of Gaelic, though it may be possible, is certainly not probable. There are many of us who have long dreamed of a better day for the Highland people. After all the gloom and sorrow of the night, that dream seems now about to be realised. Faint streaks of dawn are already visible above the horizon. Those who for long, in the face of misrepresentation and obloquy, have toiled and suffered in the Highland cause, though often worsted in the fight, may now rest in the assurance that the day is not far distant when their efforts shall be crowned with success. They can foresee a time when the beautiful glens and straths of the North, which have so long lain desolate, shall once again be peopled by a happy, prosperous peasantry, tilling the soil that their forefathers tilled, and speaking in accents contented and hopeful the tongue that their forefathers spoke.

JOHN MACARTHUR.

CAPABILITIES OF SMALL TENANTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—"The following are instances of the capability of small tenants in the Highlands, and of the improvement of lands and rents effected by far other means than the burning decrees. The tenant of a friend of mine, when he first took his farm, paid a rent of £8. 10s. This rent has been gradually augmented, since the year 1781, to £85, and this without lease or encouragement from the landlord, who, by the industry and improvements of his tenant, has received an increase of more than 1000 per cent. in less than forty years. On another estate, nineteen small tenants paid, in the year 1784, a joint rent of £57. This has been raised by degrees, without a shilling given in assistance for improvements, which have been considerable, to £371. The number of acres is 145, which are situated in a high district, and with no pasture for sheep. These are not insulated facts. I could produce many to show that industry, with abstemious and contented habits, more than compensates for the increased consumption of produce by so many occupants; and that by judicious management, the peasantry of the Highlands, although they may be numerous in proportion to the quantity of fertile land, contribute to secure the permanent welfare both of the landholder and of the country. What men can pay better rents than those who live nine months in the year on potatoes and milk, on bread only when potatoes fail, and on butcher meat seldom or never? Who are better calculated to make good soldiers, than men trained up to such habits, and contented with such moderate comforts? And who are likely to make more loyal and happy subjects, contented with their lot, and true to their king king, and to their immediate superiors."—*Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders* now in the press.

EARLY HISTORY AND INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND.

By Provost Macandrew.

II.

We learn, then, that at the time of Columba's arrival in Iona, there was, and had for some time been, established in the West of Scotland, and extending from the Mull of Cantyre on the south to Loch-Linnhe in the north, and bounded on the west by the chain of mountains which separate the counties of Perth and Argyle, and which Adamnan calls the Dorsum Brittanae or back bone of Britain, a kingdom inhabited, or at all events ruled by, Scots from Ireland, and called Dalriada. The valley of the Clyde, Teviotdale, and the county of Cumberland constituted the British Kingdom of Strathclyde, the capital of which was at Dunbretan, the Dune or fort of the Britons, now Dumbarton, the rest of Scotland north of the Firth, and including the Orkney Islands, was held by the Picts. The Lothians appear to have been inhabited by a mixed race of Picts and Saxons, and the county of Galloway was inhabited by a separate tribe of Picts. Whether the Picts were divided into two kingdoms, each with a ruler of its own, is a question which, so far as I can see, should be answered in the negative. There is no hint of two kingdoms in the chronicles and lists of kings which have come down to us, and I think the truth is that the land inhabited by the Picts, exclusive of Galloway, formed one kingdom, and that the king had his residence sometimes in the northern portion of the kingdom and sometimes in the southern. In Adamnan there is certainly no hint of two kingdoms. It was to the people of this kingdom that St Columba directed his missionary efforts, and we learn that he went to the Court of Brude, near the River Ness, and having miraculously caused the gates of Brude's fort or castle to open to him, he was received by the king who soon was converted by him, and the Columban Church rapidly spread over the kingdom of the Picts, which became nominally at least Christian.

It may be interesting to pause for a moment to glance at the

question where this fort or tower of King Brude was. Three sites are claimed—Craig-Phadraig, with the vitrified remains, on which we are familiar; Tor Vean, where there are undoubted remains of a fortification, and where at the time of the making of the Caledonian Canal a massive silver chain, now in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, was discovered, and the Crown or Auld Castle Hill of Inverness, where, at the point where Victoria Terrace now stands, there are remains of extensive buildings, and where the Castle and Town of Inverness at one time undoubtedly stood. In the various notices of St Columba's journeys to and from Inverness, there is nothing to indicate the site or even the side of the river on which it stood. The builders of the vitrified forts have not yet been identified with any certainty, and it seems generally to be supposed that they are much older than the time of Brude. Skene, without giving any sufficient reasons, has fixed on Tor Vean, and Dr Aitken, who has paid much attention to the topography of the district, has arrived on independent grounds at the same conclusion. I confess that I myself incline to give the preference to the Auld Castle Hill. First, because, although we do not know that there was a town of Inverness in Brude's time, it is extremely probable that there was, for the reason that it is not likely that a powerful king like Brude, ruling from the Orkneys to the Clyde and Forth, would have his residence in a detached hill fort, which both Craig-Phadraig and Tor Vean must have been; second, because the earliest town of which we have a record was clustered round the old castle on the Crown, and there is every probability that a town did exist there from the earliest times; and third, because all the earliest ecclesiastical foundations were on this side of the river. We have no record of any Columban foundation in Inverness, but it is extremely improbable that Columba did not follow here what was his practice elsewhere, viz., on the conversion of a King or Chief to get a grant of land and found a monastery. And we know that when the Roman Catholic Church superseded the old Columban Church, the ancient foundations were very generally converted into abodes of some of the regular monastic order.

To resume our narrative, however. We have more or less authentic records of the Pictish and Scottish kingdom from Adamnan's time. The Picts continued to maintain themselves,

sometimes at war with the Saxons, and sometimes extending their boundaries to the Tweed, and sometimes driven back to the northern friths, frequently at war with their neighbours the Scots, and latterly at war with the Norwegians, who not long after Adamnan's time seem to have taken possession of the Orkneys. About 717 Nectan, the King of the Picts, conformed to Rome, and expelled the Columban clergy from his kingdom, and about 750 Angus, King of the Picts, appears to have suppressed the Scottish kingdom of Dalriada; and although for 100 years from this time the annals are confused, it would appear that Dalriada was a province of the Pictish kingdom. About 830 a dispute arose about the succession to the Pictish throne, and one of the claimants was Alpin, a Scot by paternal descent, and described by some of the chroniclers as King of Dalriada. He was unsuccessful, but a few years afterwards, Kenneth, his son, emerging apparently from Galloway at the head of a body of Scots, first established himself as King of Dalriada, and afterwards having overthrown the Picts in a great battle, established himself as King of the Picts, and permanently united the kingdoms of the Picts and the Scots into one. The pedigree of Alpin and Kenneth is not well ascertained, but there seems no doubt that on the paternal side they were of the royal line of the Scottish Kings of Dalriada, while it seems equally clear that through his mother, and according to the Pictish law of succession, Alpin had a claim to the Pictish throne, and was supported in his claim by a large portion of the Pictish people. It would appear, too, that there was an ecclesiastical element in the revolution which placed Kenneth on the Pictish throne, for with his accession the Columban Church was restored, and continued to be the Church of the kingdom until the time of Malcolm Canmore.

With the reign of Kenneth Macalpin, the real authentic history of the country begins, and the succession to the Crown continues in his line to this day. He himself was called King of the Picts, but very soon after his time the united kingdom came to be called the Kingdom of Albyn, and continued to be so called until the reign of Malcolm the Second, who reigned from 1005 to 1034, when it came to be called the Kingdom of Scotland, a name which had previously been applied to Ireland.

As I have said, from this time we have authentic history.

We start therefore with a Pictish kingdom extending over all Scotland north of the Forth, and with a king having claims to the Crown, as also to the Crown of the ancient Scottish kingdom of Dalriada, establishing his claims to both by the aid of a small body of Scots. From this time we have no record of any great emigration or movement of population. As the Scottish race became predominant, there would no doubt be an emigration from Ireland, and a settlement in Scotland of many Scots. Afterwards, in the time of Malcolm Canmore and his sons, there was undoubtedly a settlement of Saxon emigrants from England, and there are records of many grants of land to them, and subsequently, many Normans came into Scotland and took leading parts, as they did all over Europe; but the main body of the people must have continued to be of Pictish blood, and must continue to be so still. In the time of Kenneth's successors, the Scots and the Picts were rapidly amalgamating into one people, and the Scottish form of the common language prevailed. With Malcolm Canmore the Saxon language became the language of the Court, and the Gaelic gradually receded, as it is still doing; but in the time of King David the First, we learn from the Book of Deer, that the Gaelic was then the common language of Aberdeenshire, and that the people and organisation of that district were still Celtic. I think we may safely conclude, therefore, and this is the point of my narrative, that with a considerable cross of Scots from Ireland, a considerable cross of Saxons, particularly in the southern parts, a cross of British in the south-west, arising from the acquisition of a portion of the Strathclyde kingdom in 945, although it had been for some time held by the Saxons, a slight cross of Norman in the upper classes, and of Norwegian in Caithness and the Western Isles, the main blood of the Scottish people is Pictish.

This being so, it is of interest to enquire who the Picts were, and why they were so called.

We have seen that Tacitus says that from their appearance they might have been of German origin, but concludes that they probably came from Gaul, as he holds the rest of the Britons did, and neither he nor any Roman writer mentions any distinction in language between them and the other Britons. The question has been very keenly contested, whether the Picts were

Celts or Teutons? Their own tradition is that they came from Scythia, that is northern Europe, and we know now that they were preceded in this country by an older race. The argument from the appearance of the people goes for nothing, because there were no marked physical distinctions between the Celt and the Teuton. The argument from language has been rendered immortal by the famous discussion between the Antiquary and Sir Arthur Wardour, as to the one word of the Pictish language said to be the only remnant of it. There are, however, a great many words of the Pictish language which still remain, and they certainly do not tend to show that it was Teutonic. The conclusion which Skene draws from an examination of these words is that the language was a Gaelic dialect, but approximating somewhat to the Cornish variety of the British. Much stress has been laid on two passages in the life of St Columba, where it is mentioned that in communicating with Picts he used an interpreter; and on a passage in Bede where it is stated that in Bede's time the Gospel in Britain was preached in four languages, two of these being Scottish and Pictish, as showing that the Scottish and the Pictish languages were different. But it has been well pointed out that there is nothing in these passages inconsistent with the speech of these people, being only different dialects of the same language. In the cases where an interpreter is mentioned by Adamnan, Columba was explaining the Christian doctrine, in the one case to an old man in Skye, said to have been the Chief of the Geona Cohort; and in the other case to a peasant. Now, it might very well be that there was no more difference between the language of St Columba and these persons, than there is between the language of an Irishman and a Scottish Highlander of the present day. In both cases the interpreter seems to have been found on the spot. In the case of Bede the statement implies no more than what might be implied by saying in the present day that the Bible is read in German and Dutch, or in Swedish and Norwegian. The broad fact remains that as a rule Columba seems to have had no difficulty in communicating with King Brude and the people about his Court; that we find no hint of any difference of social organisation between the Picts and the Scots, and that the two peoples, as soon as they were united under a common ruler, rapidly

amalgamated and assumed a common language. The conclusion which one is led to is that the Picts and the Scots were two branches of the same Celtic race, the one entering Scotland from the North Sea, the other entering Ireland from the south, and that when they came in contact there was no essential difference between them in physical characterestic, in social or political organisation, or in language. There is one peculiarity about the Picts, however, which must be noticed. In the royal family, at least, the law of succession was peculiar. In the whole line of kings given in the chronicles, there is no instance of a son succeeding a father; brothers succeeded each other, but failing brothers, the sons of sisters were preferred, and the husbands of their sisters were very often foreigners. In one case, the son of the King of Northumbria married a royal Pictish lady, and his son succeeded to the throne; and we have seen that Alpin, the father of Kenneth, of Scottish descent by his father, claimed the Pictish throne through his mother. This law of succession was different from that which prevailed among the Scots. Among the latter, the succession was in the male line, according to the law of tanistry: that is, the eldest male succeeded, brothers being preferred to sons. Our townsman, the late Mr Maclennan, examined this subject in his learned book on primitive marriage, and drew the conclusion that the Picts were an ex-ogamous tribe: that is, a tribe where the women always chose their husbands from stranger tribes. There is an Irish legend bearing on this, which is curious. It is, that the Picts first arrived in ships in Ireland, after the Scots had settled there, and asked to be allowed to dwell among them; that the Irish refused to allow them, but pointed to Scotland, then unoccupied, and advised them to go there and occupy the land, and, as they had no women with them, gave them Scottish wives on condition that the succession should be through females. The legend was probably invented to account for this peculiarity; for the Picts were certainly settled in Scotland and the North of Ireland before the Scots arrived in Ireland; and by some it has been supposed that the legend was invented to account for the adoption of the Scottish language by the Picts. This rule of succession may have been the origin of the statements of the Roman Historians about the community of women.

The question as to how the people got the name of Picts is

one the discussion of which is perhaps more curious than profitable, but it is interesting. In the Gaelic language the people called themselves Cruithne, and in their chronicles their first king, and the eponymous or name of the father of the race, is said to have been Cruithne, son of Kinne. Cruth is a Gaelic word I believe still in use, and means strictly a figure or image. The generally received opinion is that the people of North Britain were called Picts by the Romans, because they painted themselves. Cæsar tells us of all the Britons that they painted themselves with woad or blue paint, to make themselves look terrible to their enemies. We have seen that the Picts were first so-called by the Romans about the beginning of the fourth century, and Father Innes ingeniously argues that by this time the other Britons who had now been under Roman influence for two centuries and a-half, had given up the habit; that the Northern Britons retained it, and that the Romans, noticing the distinction, called them Picts or painted men, the Latin word *picti* meaning painted. I venture to doubt whether this is a true account of the origin of the name. We have seen that Tacitus takes no notice of the custom of painting among the Britons, either of the north or south, and he does notice it as existing among some of the German tribes. So far as I have been able to discover, the only mention of anything of the kind in any Roman writer after Cæsar, is the passage which I gave from Herodian, the historian of Severus, that they marked their bodies with the representation of animals, and went naked, so as that these pictures or representations might not be hidden. This statement is repeated, no doubt, by poets and orators, but so far as I can find, this is the only historical statement, and one portion of it at least cannot be true, viz., that the people living in this country, the climate of which must then have been more severe than it is now, wore no clothes. Moreover, when we get authenthically acquainted with our ancestors, we find no trace or relic of such a custom any more than we do of the custom of having their women in common. When we think of it, too, and recollect that the Romans never conquered the Picts, and had little intercourse with them, and that the Roman language left no mark of its influence among them, it is in the highest degree improbable that a people under

the circumstances should call themselves by a nickname given to them by a hostile nation in a foreign tongue, and should translate the nickname into their own language, and become known by it among their neighbours, and should invent an eponymous to account for it. My theory is rather that the Roman name was a translation into Latin of the name which the people called themselves, Cruithne, not a very accurate translation, perhaps, as the Gaelic root means rather form than colour, and that the story of the painting was invented by the historian to account for the name. Why the people called themselves Cruithne or figured people it is difficult to say. It was very probably from some personal peculiarity of their first king, or perhaps a suggestion which I offer with some diffidence, because they wore tartan.

EDUCATIONAL POWER OF GAELIC POETRY.*

By Mary Mackellar.

When a stranger visits the Highlands for the first time, he must be to some extent forgiven for concluding that the shaggy and rudely-clad natives are ignorant and miserable. He sees a people dwelling too often in smoky huts that are dingy and comfortless, and living on a diet so plain as to seem to the educated palate near akin to starvation. Then he considers their language a jargon that keeps him from any spirit contact with the speaker thereof; and, worse than all, he has probably read the remarks of some travelled Cockney who took a run through some district of the Highlands, and considered himself so well informed as to air his knowledge, or rather his ignorance, of the people and their habits in the pages of some periodical, or in the columns of a newspaper. All who read these come, as a matter of course, in contact with our people with preconceived ideas; and we all know that preconceived ideas set a traveller at a very serious disadvantage. I, at least, found it so on my first visit to London. I was very much disappointed to find that, though the Royal Augusta wore an imperial crown, and was clothed in purple, she had naked feet that were anything but clean, and the hems of her robes were

* Paper recently read before Gaelic Society of Inverness.

torn and muddy. I had expected a glorious vision of glittering grandeur, and upon asking myself concerning the foundation of such an expectation, I found it was no deeper than my first nursery rhyme.—

> "Give me a pin, to stick in my thumb,
> To carry my lady to London toon—
> London toon's a beautiful place,
> Covered all with gold lace."

Perhaps the sneers of the travelled Cockney given in the pages of some newspaper had also affected me, and deepened my impression, that poverty and comfortless homes were evils unheard of in the great centre of civilisation, and that the favoured denizens of that land of light and sunshine saw filth, squalor, and poverty for the first time in our Highland glens. Going to London with such preconceived ideas, I got a shock when I found that the travelled Cockney had been drawing an impossible parallel between his own home and the cots of our peasantry. For, verily, our people on strath, glen, or mountain side lead beautiful, poetic lives, when compared with the dwellers in the slums and alleys of London. They may have lowly cots, and have many privations and hardships, but they have also many blessings, and much to give zest to life. They are, verily, like the strong, finely flavoured, brightly blooming heather on the hills; and those dwellers in the slums like the sickly plants they attempt to grow in their windows, without sunshine, and in a poisoned atmosphere. The Highlander has all day long the fresh air of heaven, the fragrance of the flowers, the ozone of the sea, and the pure sunshine—all of them unbought gifts showered freely from the Great Father, who made the country, and whose choicest blessings belong to those of His children who are reared in His own immediate presence and in His temples not made by human hands. These temples have the mountains for their walls, and the blue sky for their dome; and they are carpeted by flowers of a thousand hues, and the voices of the winds are like diapasons called forth from a mighty organ played by His own Almighty hand, and the little birds are choristers singing in unison; and surely such a choir should have a more civilising effect than the penny-gathering organ-grinder of the city, even if he

has the addition of a grinning monkey who is a very adept in gymnastics

The southern traveller who stays long enough in our mountain land to learn to know our people will be astonished to find how they have been misrepresented. He will find modest and beautiful maidens, and brave true-hearted men who would delight with kindly souls and willing hands to serve him in his hour of need. He will find faithfulness among servants, courtesy and politeness among all classes. Not only so, but he will find a people who are educated even in the face of an entire ignorance of the three R's. All ideas of education are not necessarily confined to a knowledge of letters. Good stout old Earl Douglas was a perfect gentleman, I am sure, although he could thank St Dunstan that no son of his, save Gawain, could ever pen a line; and so, many a gallant Highlander, notwithstanding his ignorance of letters and even of the English language, which is considered the high road to all culture, is an educated, well-informed man, full of high and noble thoughts, and having a very mine of knowledge. For this the Highlander has been greatly indebted to an institution which mistaken, though, perhaps, well-meaning men have wrested from him—the *Ceilidh.* There the young mind, thirsting to drink from the fountains of knowledge, got it night by night orally, as our students in our Universities get it from their Professors: only these, instead of taking notes on paper have every word graven on the tablets of the soul. There the youth heard a store of legends that no Arabian Nights could excel; there he heard the proverbs of his country fraught with philosophy and profoundest wisdom. He heard the battles of his country retold, and learned to think of the hero as the great pattern to be imitated, and of the coward as the most despicable being in creation. To have had anyone of his kith and kin obliged to stand at the church, taking his tongue between his fingers and saying, "*Sid am bleidire a theich,*" would be worse than death. The stories told at the *Ceilidh* were full of love and romance, but they always had a good moral, and the genius of the language in which they were told was of so lofty a kind that the unlettered could talk it in all its nervous eloquence and intensity, as well as in all its pathos and power, without the artificial aids of grammar or etymological manual. The young men or women at the *Ceilidh*

drank in their mother tongue as they had drank their mother's milk, pure and unadulterated from their mother's breast. The young man would go away from the *Ceilidh* elevated by the knowledge he had acquired there. He knew he was not a stray atom in creation. He had listened to the tales told of his clan, and felt that the halo encircling their brows reflected a glory upon him. His heart swelled with pride, and the greatness of the heroes of his race would have to be transmitted by him unclouded to his children. There was thus an obligation laid upon him, and he dared not do anything to bring shame to the proud race from whom he sprang. He could not even with impunity marry the girl he loved if she were of a race whose deeds would disgrace his children.

But though proverb, tradition, and story served to educate the young Highlander at this wonderful institution of the *Ceilidh* (at which the dance also had no mean place), the great source of knowledge and of culture was in the poetry of the country; and if it is a sign of superior culture in the homes of rank and fashion to be able to quote the poets, it must necessarily be so also in our lowly Highland cots. I, who know the poets of both languages intimately, know of nothing as a teaching element loftier than the sentiments of our good old Gaelic bards. I pass by Ossian, whose poems are so well known in the different languages of Europe. Not to enter the controversy of whether they are really Ossian's or James Macpherson's, they are in either case Highland; and if their sentiments are considered too lofty for the minds of a primitive race like our Highlanders, we will pass them over to pick up and admire a gem whose right to be considered a pearl of the Highland shores has never been questioned—that is "The Desire of the aged Bard." Let any one read that poem as it has been translated by Mrs Grant of Laggan, and say if there is anything purer, sweeter, or better in any of the poems of the last three Laureates. The beautiful poetic emblems are delicately handled, and the sympathy with nature is of a highly refined character. The old man rejoices in the visions of love and romance to which his eyes are closed for ever. He is glad to know that the flowers he loved are growing about his place of rest by the side of the whimpling brook, and no sweeter music can thrill his soul than the songs that he

poetically calls "The little children of the bushes," and his high-souled memory of the days when he rejoiced in the cry, "The stag has fallen." There is no cowardly fear of death. He is sorry to leave the mountains he loves, but he knows his trembling hand can no longer awaken the harp. He knows his winter is everlasting, and he is willing to go to join his brother bards in their residence on Ardven. We are sorry that we have no other poem of this grand old man's, but it is a high compliment to the tastes of the people that even this poem of his has come down to posterity—orally handed down "under the feet of the years" by an appreciative people. Next in antiquity, although generations have elapsed between, comes "The *Comhachag*," not so full of the poetry of romance as the other, not so fraught with eloquent words and lofty thought, but yet full of sound sense and of historical and genealogical lore. This old Macdonald has a ring of manliness in his song that breathes of the free, wild hunter who killed so many wolves in his day, and who grudged the laying down of his bow and arrow at the feet of hirpling, stumbling, old age. The soul was young though the body was aged, and we are sorry that we have not a few more of the outpourings of so grand a spirit. This is, perhaps, the only song in which we find a bard utterly despising the creatures of the ocean, from the shell-fish on the sea-shore to the deep-breathing whale that splashes among the billows. This, however, is merely by the way. Down through the years the bards gave voice to the ennobling thoughts God gave them, and thus became the teachers of the people. What is loftier or more ennobling for a young man bent on wedlock than Duncan Bàn MacIntyre's song to Màiri, his wife? His admiration of her beauty and purity, his determination never to make her heart palpitate the quicker for any irritating words of his, and to protect her and provide for her in all circumstances, are beautifully expressed; and every one who hears that pure and sweet song must be all the better for it. Truth and faithfulness in love, and the hatred of everything mercenary in connection with marriage, are universal characteristics of our Gaelic songs.

"Ged a tha mi gann do stòras,
Gheibh sinn bho là gu là na dh'fhoghnas;
'S ciod e tuilleadh th'aig Righ Seòras,
Ged is mòr a Rioghachdan!"

seemed to represent the general feeling of the bards in regard to conjugal happiness. We need not say how much they have added to the military ardour of their countrymen by their praise of great and heroic actions, and their utter detestation of everything akin to cowardice and unmanliness. Not to go further back than Mackinnon, we may know the effect such thrilling battles as he has described would have upon all who listened to the stirring words. *Blàr na Hòlaind* and *Blàr na h-Eipheit* speak of the rival soldier's high and lofty spirit, and although the bard was wounded almost unto death, he only refers to it in passing. It is of the noble daring of his officers, and the lofty courage and great deeds of his brother soldiers, of which he speaks so caressingly and so full of sympathy.—

" C'uim nach tòisichinn sa' chàmpa,
Far an d'fhàg mi clann mo ghaoil;
Thog sinn tighean sàmhruidh ann,
De dhuilleach 's mheang nan craobh."

I know many of the old people of Lochaber who can repeat every word of these songs, but the *Céilidh* has now vanished into a thing of the past, and the songs so full of profound wisdom and high teaching have been frowned upon as sinful; and, therefore, the young of the present day, with all their knowledge of the three R's, are less educated than their ancestors were.

Not only could the Highlanders sing the songs of their country, so full of sublime and noble thoughts, but they also could tell the names of the authors. They could give the right melody, and tell the story attached to each song, and the circumstances in which it was composed; and many a tear was shed and many a pang of sorrow experienced over the sufferings of those whose tale was told in such pathetic language, wedded often to the weirdest and sweetest of melodies. Of such tales was the one attached to the song—

"A Mhic-Neachdan an Dùin,
Bho thùr nam baideal."

when Macnaughton of Dundarave fled to Ireland with his wife's sister, one of the Campbells of Ardkinglass—and the poor deserted wife's cry of pain echoes down to us through the ages. Then there was the unhappy wife whose sister tied her hair to a stake on the seashore, where she was drowned—

"Gheibh iad mise, hug ò,
Anns an làthaich, hi ri ho ro,
Mo chuailean donn, hug ò,
Mu stop feàrna, hi ri ho ro."

Such treachery was always execrated in the Gaelic songs, and the sympathies won to all that was pure and noble, and as each of such stories had in them the power and interest of a great novel, the mind filled with them could be neither vacant nor uncultured. Love, faith, hospitality, bravery, energy, and mercy were praised in these songs, and every form of tyranny and wrong, cowardice, treachery, or meanness, was treated with the "hate of hate and the scorn of scorn." The description of scenery in some of the Gaelic songs is always beautiful. We cannot imagine any one further from the unappreciative Peter Bell—to whom a primrose was just a yellow primrose and nothing more—than a Highlander who could delight in the minutest details of Duncan Ban's *Coire-Cheathaich*, or some of Mac-Mhaighstir Alastair's descriptive pieces. We regret very much that this cultivating influence has been wrested from the people, but we hope that even yet, amidst this modern revival of Celticism, our Gaelic bards will meet with renewed appreciation, and that no minister or elder will dare to wrest from the people the songs that were sung by those whom God had gifted specially to make the world wiser and better. God, who gave the proud flash of the eye to the eagle, who gave his gay feathers to the peacock, the thrilling song to the lark, and even his spots to the tiger, rejoices in beauty; and, verily, if His eye rejoices in loveliness of the outward form—in the red of the rose, and in the scarlet of the poppy—He must also rejoice in the beautiful thoughts that make the soul blossom in freshness like a well-watered garden; and people might as well turn the garden into a desert as wrest, by fanatic and ignorant hands, from the hearts of men the loveliness and gladness of which God made them full; which made them tender and sympathetic, and filled their souls with a chivalrous love for heroic deeds that made them emulate the bravery of former generations, and made them patriotic and virtuous.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK IN GAELIC.—We understand that Mrs Mary Mackellar has completed her translation of the Queen's "More Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," and that the book will be issued on an early day.

MACDONALD OF SKAEBOST ON THE LANDLORD CONFERENCE AT INVERNESS.

YOUR article in the March number of the *Celtic Magazine* on the Landlords' Resolutions at Inverness, demands a few lines from me, as you make mention of my name in connection with them.

In the first place, I must thank you for the too complimentary terms in which you refer to myself personally; and in the second place, let me make a few brief remarks regarding the said Resolutions.

When I replied to your speech at the Gaelic Society dinner, I expected and looked for peace, because the proprietors had arranged to meet and discuss the Crofter Question. Up to this time they had taken no joint steps to meet the difficulty.

The proprietors were the parties encroached upon, and they were those who had it in their power to make concessions to the crofters, and from whom concessions were demanded.

I am one of those who always sympathised with the crofters, and I thought certain concessions should be made by the proprietors; and though those agreed upon at the Inverness meeting did not go so far as personally I would have liked to see them go, yet certain concessions were made, and great concessions, too, and such as I hoped would have induced the leaders of the crofters to come forward and meet the landlords half way, when no doubt satisfactory details would have been arrived at for the crofters.

The landlords met, and of their own free will agreed to make certain concessions, without calling on the crofters to make any sacrifice in return; but instead of those concessions on the part of the proprietors being received by the crofters in the spirit in which they were conceded by the proprietors, to my great disappointment, and no doubt to the disappointment of many other friends of the crofters, they have remained silent, or allowed their leaders openly to insist on rejecting all concessions coming from the proprietors, thus giving a victory to the crofters' opponents, who from the first declared there was not the slightest use in our having a meeting or in attempting to make any concessions, on the grounds that

crofters were not amenable to reason, and that nothing the proprietors could do would satisfy them. This action on the part of the crofters has also given a victory to the Land Law Reformers who are in bitter hostility to the endeavours of the proprietors to arrive at a peaceful solution of the question; so our good intentions were thwarted and our motives misconstrued. The meeting of the proprietors was attributed to fear, when the truth is that *neither fear, nor perhaps spontaneous generosity*, called the proprietors together; but on the other hand, a desire to take into consideration any demands of the crofters that might be considered reasonable or practicable, in order to satisfy those demands if possible.

Now, instead of taking this view of the Inverness meeting, and giving credit for, at least, honourable intentions, it is to be regretted that a picture is drawn representing the proprietors down on their knees, confessing their sins!

The following sentiments from the article referred to are worthy of consideration. "Those who think that mere tinkering will now suffice are living in a fool's paradise. We know that the wisest among the proprietors themselves are satisfied, that if once the question of Land Law Reform is opened up, it must be dealt with in such a manner as will close it for a generation. We have no hesitation in saying that nothing short of the principal clauses of the Irish Land Act, with additional provision for the compulsory re-settlement of the people on the best portions of their native land, from which they have, in the past, been so harshly removed will have this effect. Holding this opinion, as we firmly do, it would be waste of space to discuss the Inverness resolutions." Here we have an open declaration of war against even an attempt at a settlement by any improvement in the condition of the crofters on their present lines, or by anything like voluntary concessions on the part of the landlords; in fact, nothing short of drastic compulsory enactments would satisfy such demands—enactments which could only be carried out at the cost of a revolution, and the undermining of one of the most sacred obligations of a civilised government, *the security of property*.

Revolutions are only considered justifiable when successful; and is there really any probability of such a change coming over the feeling of this country as would justify the Land Law

Reformers in holding out such prospects to the crofters; for who can believe that the tax-payers of this country, will suddenly become so lavish as to agree to raise the social position of any one class of the community, shoulder high, above that of the large majority of the inhabitants of the land, and that, too, at the expense of the other tax-payers.

No one blames the crofters for desiring and insisting on having their position improved, but they are to be blamed for their unmatched faith in promises that cannot be realised.

The Land Law Reformers called for a Royal Commission, which they got, and which it was popularly supposed would divide the land among the people, but no sooner had the Commission issued its report than its recommendations were declared insufficient, and a general redistribution of the land is demanded; but as it is not likely they will succeed in getting this done, would it not be more advantageous, so far as the crofters' interests are concerned, that the matter should be amicably settled by themselves and the proprietors, which might have been done, partly on the basis of the Inverness Resolutions, and partly on the suggestions so admirably sketched by Lochiel, in his able remarks dissenting from the conclusions of some of the other Royal Commissioners.

Public money no doubt would be required, and the question here would be: Who would be most likely to get it? Public money might be given on the security of the proprietors, but without such security it is doubtful if any Government would advance money to crofters, provided always they are not made as you suggest they must be made, "independent of the landlordism of the future;" which means making proprietors of them, by giving them money to purchase the land, or by confiscating the property of the present proprietors, either of which would depend on the liberality of the tax-payer, or on the sense of justice of our countrymen; but were I a crofter, I think I would prefer settling for a certainty to putting my trust in the law of confiscation, or my confidence in the liberality of an Act of Parliament.

The large sheep farm system, if not breaking down, is certainly not so profitable as it used to be, and what better opportunity could those who desire to see this system abolished, and

the country studded with small farms, have for carrying out the change than the present, if the leaders of the crofters would only direct their attention to this practical aspect of the question, instead of feeding them on delirious dreams, as they are doing.

For my own part I think the question might have been settled most satisfactorily, had the crofters only come forward and shown a desire to settle, and pay their rents, instead of frightening proprietors by the foolish no-rent policy adopted by so many of them; and from the good feeling expressed by proprietors, if crofters had come forward at the time and petitioned for a restoration, at a fair valuation, of all lands held now by sheep farmers, but which formerly belonged to the crofter townships, I have no doubt but the proprietors would have been willing to have met their wishes, and most probably the large sheep farmers who now hold leases of such lands would have acquiesced, as those gentlemen are as anxious as the proprietors to see this miserable dispute settled.

Such an arrangement as I have mentioned would at once have put crofters in the position their ancestors occupied in the good old days, and have given the proprietors time to look about them, and arrange for the very large sheep farms being gradually converted into smaller farms for the benefit of the most prosperous of the crofters.

Land Law Reformers might consider this a tame method of settling the matter, and so it would, compared with confiscation! but such were the ideas in my mind, when I said, "I ventured to prophecy that on Wednesday peace would be restored to the Highlands."

I hoped the good feeling that once existed between proprietor and crofter should not be for ever severed, which I am sorry to think seems now likely to be the case; but however all this may end, the proprietors are not to blame, for they did their part towards a reconciliation, and, as one of those who attended the Inverness meeting, I am glad to think, if the breach effected between proprietor and crofter cannot be healed up, the fault will not lie at the door of the proprietors.

L. MACDONALD.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We are glad to find that Skaebost, with his usual good sense, is not above replying to the criticism applied to the meeting of Landlords held at Inverness, which, according to him at the time, was to settle once and for all the social question which has for some time been disturbing the equanimity of landed proprietors in the Highlands. Skaebost was far too sanguine, and he soon found it out. We knew that the meeting was doomed to failure before it actually took place. This was all an open secret several hours before Skaebost made his sanguine speech. It is now well-known that even some of those who moved and seconded the principal resolutions spoke strongly against them, and against moving them, earlier in the meeting. This says more for their good sense than for their courage. The concessions "did not go so far" as Skaebost personally "would have liked to see them go." Of course not, nor so far as when he made his speech he expected them to go. He, however, describes them now as "great concessions," and that, "without calling on the crofters to make any sacrifice in return." Is he serious in such a statement? Have not the crofters been sacrificing their all for the last century and more? Have they not been nearly sacrificed altogether to the appropriating and "confiscating" propensities of the landlords during that period? The suggestion is not in keeping with Skaebost's intelligence, and it must be assigned to a natural generosity of heart, which prompts him to say something, in excuse of the short sightedness of the majority of his class. No *voluntary* concessions will now avail. No one knows that better than Skaebost, and he cannot possibly be serious when he writes of social revolutions, such as is now being worked out in the Highlands, in language, which we have not hitherto seen applied, except in connection with an armed revolution against the State. This proves how even wise men can be carried away by class panic, and made to say thoughtless and unwise things.

We have never heard of any sensible Land Law Reformer suggesting that the tax-payers of the country should raise one

section "of the inhabitants of the land at the expense of the other tax-payers," though they are often charged with such folly. What they propose is: that Government should borrow money, as they have done in many other instances, at such a low rate of interest as Government alone can, and re-lend it to the crofters at such a rate as will pay back both capital and interest in a series of years, provide for management, and cover all risk; and that on the security of their holdings, stock, and improvements, which will be found, under new conditions, amply sufficient. The State would simply borrow the money from one set of tax-payers at a low rate of interest and lend it to another set at a higher rate, the Government securing re-payment of the money. Most people will think this more beneficent and consistent on the part of a British Government than guaranteeing Egyptian and other foreign bonds. This is apparently what Skaebost would describe as "confiscating the property of the present proprietors." Why, the only "confiscation" that we know of in this connection has been carried out, and carried out most effectually throughout the history of Scottish agriculture, by the landlords, who systematically appropriated or "confiscated," if the latter term is more agreeable, the improvements—the money and the labour—of the tenant, and, in many cases, the property of the merchant in addition.

Skaebost ought to know that there is not a Highland Land Law Reform Association in the country which goes beyond insisting that landlord and tenant should be secured absolutely in their respective properties—that confiscation by the landlords of the property of the tenant should for ever cease. He should also know that these Associations have no sympathy whatever with what is called the Nationalisation of the Land by the confiscation of the landlords' property. If the landlords should continue stubborn, and compel the Reformers to encourage the Confiscators instead of giving them the cold shoulder as they now do, they will have themselves only to blame. Appropriation and confiscation by the landlords—and by them alone, hitherto—have been carried far enough. The motto of the Land Law Reformers is, Let each have his own. This, however, can only be done by Act of Parliament.

A. M.

SHERIFF IVORY'S MOUNTAIN AND HIS MICE.

TRIAL OF THE MEN OF GLENDALE AND VALTOS.

THE trials of the Glendale and Valtos men charged with mobbing and rioting, assault, and breach of the peace, who were arrested by Sheriff Ivory on his last military expedition to the Isle of Skye, came off before Sheriff Speirs, at Portree, on the 17th and 20th of March. The prisoners, ten in number, were ably defended by Mr Kenneth Macdonald, solicitor, Inverness. The names of the Glendale men were Peter Mackinnon, Peter Macdonald, Donald Grant, Donald Macpherson, Norman Morrison, John Maclean, Colbost; and John Maclean, Fasach. After several witnesses had been examined for the prosecution, the Procurator-Fiscal, Mr Joshua Maclennan, finding that he had no case, agreed to a verdict of "Not Guilty" as regarded five of the prisoners, on condition that the other two, Peter Mackinnon and Donald Macpherson, would plead guilty to mobbing and rioting only. This was accordingly done, and Mackinnon and Macpherson, both young lads, were sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment; the other five men being dismissed from the bar.

The Valtos prisoners were Norman Stewart, better known as "Parnell"; Alexander Stewart, his nephew, a young boy; and Murdo Macdonald; and the result of their trial was that the first named two were found "Not guilty" and set at liberty, while Alexander Stewart was found guilty, and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment. It was fully brought out in the evidence of even the sheriff-officer himself, and other witnesses for the prosecution, that Norman Stewart had actually been doing all in his power, and pretty successfully, to induce the poeple to leave the officers alone, and that, instead of taking part with the crowd, he had been trying his best to break it up. Alexander Stewart, the lad who was sentenced, is said to be half-witted, and, indeed, his conduct at the trial seems to have borne out that assertion.

The result of both trials gave general satisfaction, and such a ludicrous wind-up of Sheriff Ivory's foolish police and military expedition to Skye in February last, is convincing proof of that

gentleman's unfitness for presiding over the judicial affairs of the County of Inverness.

During the trial of the Glendale men all present were particularly struck with the appearance in the dock of one of the prisoners, Donald Grant, whose unconcerned demeanour throughout the whole proceedings, was an interesting feature of the trial. He was a big, stout man, about fifty years of age. His face, which was almost completely covered with a bushy, black beard, inclining to grey, displayed both intelligence and good humour. One watching his actions would imagine that sitting in the prisoner's dock was as much an every day experience to him as sitting by his own fireside, and much amusement was created when, at an important point of the trial, he coolly leant over the partition separating the dock from the bar, and filled a glass of water for himself from the bottle which stood on the table within the bar, persumably for the use of the agents and the officials of the Court. The action, while perfectly right and natural in itself, seemed strangely opposed to the usual demeanour of a criminal in a court of law, and plainly demonstrated the fact that the prisoner was quite conscious of being there as an innocent man, and that he had done nothing to make the action appear in the least out of the way.

Shortly afterwards the same man, in a perfectly natural and self-possessed manner, rose from his seat during the examination of a witness, opened the door of the dock, and coolly walked out of the Court-room, the astonished policeman at the door mechanically opening it as Grant came towards him. The Court was transfixed with amazement; the examination of the witness in the box was suspended, and every eye was turned towards the retreating figure of this cool prisoner, who considered the formalities of a Court mere trifles in comparison with his own convenience. A breathless pause ensued before it dawned upon the Court that perhaps Grant did not mean to keep away altogether; and to avoid further interruption, permission was given to the other prisoners temporarily to leave the room if they chose. The event of the trial proved that Grant's cool, self-possessed, and natural bearing was not without good grounds and a *mens conscia recti;* for, along with four of his companions, he was, as already stated, found "Not guilty," and dismissed from the bar.

LORD NAPIER AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Apropos of your recent remarks on the controversy with reference to the Land Question in the Highlands, between the Duke of Argyll and Lord Napier, it may be interesting to call the attention of your readers to an incident which occurred in the House of Lords, in the year 1873, and which shows that the anxiety of Lord Napier to supply the public with correct information regarding the agricultural condition of the country is not of yesterday, and that the laudable efforts of his lordship were on that occasion frustrated through the opposition of the Duke of Argyll. The result is that the country has not yet been furnished with the statistics which Lord Napier then desiderated, and which could not have failed to prove most useful and important.

On the 27th June 1873, Lord Napier rose to ask Her Majesty's Government whether, in compiling the agricultural returns for Scotland in future years, they will be enabled to introduce the following returns:—

"I. A return of the number of acres of land now under cultivation, which would be susceptible of remunerative improvement by underground drainage.

"II. A return of the number of acres of land now classed as heath or mountainland, susceptible of profitable reclamation and improvement in connection with underground drainage.

"III. A return of the number of acres of land now classed as heath or mountainland, appropriated exclusively to the support of deer.

"IV. A return of the number of acres of land now classed as heath or mountainland, incapable of cultivation, and unsuitable for the support of live stock of any description other than deer."

'And whether the Government will direct the agricultural returns for Scotland to be compiled in Scotland, and to be published in a separate volume with a distinct report?"

In support of his proposal Lord Napier said—

The increase which had taken place in the price of provisions, and the great extent to which we had become dependent upon

foreign countries for our supply of food, made it extremely important to ascertain, if possible, in what degree the productive powers of our own kingdom could be developed. He had limited his inquiry to Scotland. If their Lordships would refer to the agricultural returns which were already in their possession as coming from Scotland, they would find that the acreage of that country was set down as 19,639,000 acres. Under the head of arable and improved pasture land there were stated to be 4,538,000 acres, and upwards of 15,000,000 acres were put down as heath and mountain land, and upwards of 4,000,000 acres were set down as altogether unused for any agricultural purpose. He hoped that the Government, if these returns were granted, would order that they should be printed in a separate and distinct form. It was undesirable that the agricultural returns for Scotland should be mixed up with those of England. The land in Scotland was held in a different manner from that of England—it was transferred in a different way; the inhabitants' customs of tenancies were all different from those of England. He also thought that the returns should be accompanied by a preface or report, composed by some distinguished and intelligent Scottish agricultural authority, a task which might with great propriety be entrusted to the secretary of the Highland Society, who would be enabled to frame such a report as might be thought highly interesting, popular, and instructive.

The Duke of Argyll entirely agreed with his noble friend in the desire to enlighten the public as to the tenure of land in Scotland, and as to the productive capabilities of the soil; but he distinguished between facts and opinions, and maintained that the returns asked for were really, with the exception of the third, returns of mere opinion, and even it could not be separated from opinion. Even when we had the surveys of Scotland completed we should, although we might have the acreage of deer forests, still be dependent upon opinion as to how much of them were fit for cultivation.

The motion was negatived without a division.

CAMUS-MOR.

THE "SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—We are pleased to learn that Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and author of numerous valuable historic works, is about to begin a new weekly paper, for the purpose of advocating the claims and promoting the interests of the Highland people. It will be started in June, under the title of "The Scottish Highlander," and in Mr Mackenzie's hands success and wide popularity is certain.—*Brechin Advertiser.*

ANCIENT ALLIANCE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

II.

FRANCE having become, as shown in our previous paper, a sort of second home for the aspiring Scots both as soldiers and churchmen, it followed as a matter of course, that their countrymen engaged in commerce, with that sagacity and foresight so characteristic of the race, soon seized the opening for new enterprise, and the foundation of a large and steadily increasing trade was laid. A great number, availing themselves of the letters-patent of naturalisation, settled down permanently in their adopted country; while a still larger number engaged in the shipping trade, both export and import. The exports comprised salmon, herring, cod, and other fish, wool, leather, and skins, while the latter was principally composed of wine, of which large quantities were annually imported; also silken cloths, sugar, and spices. The first privileges that we can find granted exclusively to Scottish merchants were by Francis I. in 1518, from which the following is an extract:—

"Francis, by the Grace of God, King of France. Be it known to all present and to come, that we mean to treat favourably the subjects of our most dear and most beloved brother, cousin, and ally, the King of Scotland, in favour of the great and ancient alliance subsisting between us and him, and of the great and commendable services which those of the Scottish nation have done to the crown of France: for these causes, and in order to give them greater occasion to persevere therein, and for other considerations thereunto us moving, we have all and every the Scottish merchants, who are and shall be hereafter trading, frequenting, and conversing in this our kingdom, freed, acquitted, exempted, and do, of our special grace, full power, and royal authority, free, acquit, and exempt, by these presents, signed with our own hand, in perpetuity and for ever, from the new impost of twelve French deniers per livre, raised in the city of Dieppe upon foreign merchandise, beside the sum of four French deniers per livre, which hath been anciently collected and raised upon the said foreign merchandise."

In 1554 King Henry II. granted further privileges and

exemptions to Scottish merchants trading to the Duchy of Normandy, from which the following is extracted :—

"And do, of our own accord, certain knowledge, special grace, full power, and royal authority, say, declare, and ordain, that, by our said letters hereunto annexed, as said is, we have intended, and do intend, that the subjects of the said country of Scotland shall not be bound to pay for the commodities which they shall take and carry out of our country and Duchy of Normandy, the cities, towns, and havens thereof, whatsoever they be, if designed for the said country of Scotland, other or greater subsidies and duties than they have heretofore been wont to pay, and did pay in our city of Dieppe."

During the last few years of the 16th century, France was so unsettled, and in such a state of confusion—almost approaching anarchy—that the Scottish merchants were in danger of losing their wonted privileges and exemptions. To prevent this they approached King Henry IV., who graciously granted them, in 1599, letters-patent comprising all the privileges and exemptions hitherto enjoyed by them, as shown by the following :—

"But whereas, on occasion of the troubles which have prevailed in this kingdom, especially within these ten or twelve years past, things have been so altered, and the privileges of the Scottish merchants so enervated, that, if we were not pleased to continue and confirm the same to them, they feared therein to find obstacles and difficulties which might deprive them of the benefit of the grace that hath been unto them granted and continued by the said Kings, our predecessors; be it known, that we desire no less favourably to treat the said Scottish merchants, than the said Kings our predecessors have done, as well in consequence of the ancient alliance and confederacy which subsists between this kingdom and that of Scotland, as for the friendship and good correspondence which subsisteth between us and the King of Scotland, James VI. of the name, our most dear and most beloved good brother and cousin, now reigning in the said country; we have, of our special grace, full power and royal authority, said, declared, and ordained it is our will and pleasure, that the said Scottish merchants, trading, frequenting, and conversing in this our said kingdom, enjoy for the future, in our whole said country and Duchy of Normandy, the same franchises, privileges, and immunities, from foreign customs and imposts, and after the same sort and manner that they enjoyed them in the day of the Kings Francis and Henry, our most honoured grandfather and brother-in-law."

Historians differ as to which king first instituted the Scots

Guard: some say St Louis, others Charles V. We are inclined to think it was Charles VI. It appears strange at first sight that a monarch should chose foreign and mercenary troops for a body guard; but when one looks at the state of France at the time, it seems the wisest course for him to have taken. Half of his kingdom was in revolt against him, and even those who were ostensibly on his side were so wavering and uncertain in their attachment that he could not trust them. In these circumstances the Scots would naturally present themselves as the most suitable. They were the staunch allies of the French King, and the sworn enemies of the English. They were poor, fond of adventure, daring, and faithful, while their good descent and gentle blood made them more fit to approach the person of the Sovereign than ordinary soldiers. And never had a French monarch cause to regret the great trust thus placed in the hands of the Scots. This is how a French writer—Claud Leyist, Master of Requests to Louis the XII., and afterwards Archbishop of Turin—speaks of them:—"The French have so ancient a friendship and alliance with the Scots, that, of four hundred men appropriated for the King's Life Guard, there are an hundred of the said nation who are the nearest to his person, and in the night keep the keys of the apartment when he sleeps. There are, moreover, an hundred complete lances, and two hundred yeomen of the said nation, besides several that are dispersed through the companies; and for so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found that hath committed or done any fault against the Kings or their State; and they can make use of them as of their own subjects."

Philip de Comines, in his *Memoirs*, speaking about the storming of Liège, at which both the French King, Louis XI., and the Duke of Burgundy were present, says:—"The King was also assaulted after the same manner by his landlord, who entered his house, but was slain by the Scotch Guard. These Scotch troops behaved themselves valiantly, maintained their ground, would not stir one step from the King, and were very nimble with their bows and arrows, with which, it is said, they wounded and killed more of the Burgundians than of the enemy." Another French writer relates that in a contest with the Spaniards in Calabria in 1503, the banner-bearer, William Turnbull, a Scot, was found dead with the staff in his arms and the flag gripped in his teeth,

with a little cluster of his countrymen round him, killed at their posts. These and numberless other instances of courage and daring on the part of the Scots Guards gave rise to the saying long prevalent in France, "*Fier comme un Ecossais.*"

Although Charles VI. instituted the Guards, it was Charles VII. who gave them the form in which they served for so many generations. Out of the hundred Life Guards, there were chosen, twenty-five who were called "Gardes de Manche," or Sleeve-Guards, and were in constant and close attendance on the King. Two of them were always present at mass, sermon, vespers, and ordinary meals. On State occasions, such as the ceremony of the Royal touch, the erection of Knights of the King's Order, at the reception of Ambassadors, public entries into cities, and so on, there were on all such occasions six of them close to the King—three on each side. Whenever it was necessary for his Majesty to be carried, only these six were allowed that honour. The twenty-five picked men—the Gardes de Manche—kept the keys of the King's sleeping apartment, had charge of the choir of the Royal Church, and the keeping of the boats used by the King on the river. Whenever he entered a city the keys had to be handed to the Captain of this band, who was also on duty on all state ceremonies, such as coronations, marriages, funerals of the Kings, baptisms and marriages of the Royal children; and the coronation robe became his property after the ceremony was over.

Sir Walter Scott writes:—"The French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honour; and their near approach to the King's person gave them a dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the

cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend or relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur. The *coutelier* and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities." The same author thus describes the dress and appearance of one of them in the time of Louis XI:—"His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guards in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain-General. The Archer's gorget, arm pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich, blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white St Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad, strong poniard (called 'The Mercy of God') hung by his right side—the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside." The exceptional honour and privileges bestowed upon the Scots Guard naturally made Frenchmen anxious to enter such a renowned and favoured corps, and a few did manage to get enrolled; but the sturdy Scots would brook no interlopers, and laid their complaint before King Henry II., who gave a breviate, signed by his own hand, of date June the 28th, 1558, wherein he promises that he will allow no person to enter the Scots Guards who is not a gentleman of Scotland, and sprung from a good family. In spite of this, however, Frenchmen did find their way by degrees, for an old writer says—"This regulation did not hinder afterwards others than Scots from being sometimes ad-

mitted, as appears by the remonstrances made upon that subject from time to time by the Queen Mother, and her son, James VI., and by the Privy Council of Scotland, in the roll of the year 1599, given in by the Captain of the Scots Guards to the Chamber of Accounts. Three-fourths of the yeomen, as well of the Body as of the Sleeve, was still, however, Scots. It was but afterwards and by degrees that this Company became filled with French, to the exclusion of Scotsmen, so that at last there remained no more than the name, and the answer, when called, *I am here.*"

John Hill Burton, in his *Scot Abroad*, says that "Down to the time when all the pomps and vanities of the French crown were swept away, along with its substantial power, the Scots Guards existed as pageant of the Court of France. In that immense conglomerate of all kinds of useful and useless knowledge, the 'Dictionnaire de Trevoux,' it is set forth that 'la première compagnie des gardes du corps de nos rois' is still called 'La Garde Ecossaise,' though there was not then (1730) a single Scotsman in it. Still there were preserved among the young Court lackeys, who kept up the part of the Hundred Years' War, some of the old formalities. Among these, when the *Clerc du Guet* challenged the guard who had seen the palace gate closed, 'il repond en Ecossois, I am hire—c'est à dire, me voilà;' and the lexicographer informs us that, in the mouths of the Frenchmen, totally unacquainted with the barbarous tongue in which the regimental orders had been originally devised, the answer always sounded, 'Ai am hire.'"

In *Knox's Tour in the Hebrides*, published in 1787, occurs the following passage—"It appears from history that Inverlochy was anciently a place of considerable note; a resort of French and Spaniards, probably to purchase fish, for which it was a kind of emporium, particularly for salmon. But the place is still more noted for its being a residence of kings, and where the memorable League, offensive and defensive, is recorded to have been signed between Charlemain and Achaius, King of Scotland, in 791."

In another paper it will be shown how the Alliance was brought to a close, and how it affected the customs and language of the Scottish people. M. A. ROSE.

(To be continued.)

THE FRASERS OF FAIRFIELD, INVERNESS.

ABOUT a year since, when certain repairs were found to be necessary at the Chapel-yard of Inverness, the state of a once handsomely-carved tomb, at the north-east wall, was declared dangerous. It was reported that not only did no one claim right to the ruined tomb, but even its original owners were unknown, and after some discussion the tomb was repaired and pointed at the town's expense, but has only been partially restored.

The tomb was that of the once well known and influential burghal-county family, the Frasers of Fairfield, and the above circumstance shows how completely they are forgotten. Some of the Fairfield papers are in my possession, and from them and other sources, the following notes have been framed:—

The first of the family I can trace was Andrew, styled in 1594 Vic-Coil-vic-Homais Roy. Thomas Fraser the Red, grandfather of Andrew, probably came from the Aird, and settled near Inverness when the Barony of Kinmylies was acquired by the family of Lovat. In 1595 Andrew was possessed of a rood of land bewest the River Ness, and in that year acquired from William Paterson, burgess of Inverness, another rood adjoining, described as bounded by the lands of Robert Neilson on the north, the miln lade at the west, and Andrew's own lands on the south. The lands are described as holding of the Kings and the reddend is five pennies. Two of the seals of the charter and sasine are in good preservation. The granter, William Paterson, could not write.

Andrew Fraser had a charter of four ox-gang of land, or one-fourth of the lands of Merkinch, with commonty and common pasturage used and wont granted by the Magistrates and Council, dated 1st June 1605. Amongst the witnesses to the taking of Sasine passed thereon by James Cuthbert, Bailie of Inverness, were James Cuthbert elder, burgess of Inverness; Jaspard Cuthbert, burgess there; Andrew Vic-William-Mor, burgess there; and Findlay dhu-Vic Phaill, burgess there.

Upon the 31st of July 1631, the Provost and Bailies pronounce a decree that the commonty of Merkinch was common

to the whole burgh, as against Andrew Fraser's contention that it belonged exclusively to the owners of the four-quarters of Merkinch.

The burial ground has over the door the date 1685, and inside

F. F. I. R.
D. F. C. D.

The initials "F. F." refer to Finlay Fraser, son of Andrew Fraser, and "I. R." to Isobel Robertson, his wife, to whom he was married in 1656.

The right to a seat in church was held of great moment in old times, and Finlay Fraser, who became a considerable owner of property in Inverness, and filled the office of Provost, got an Act of the Session in regard to a pew in the High Church, more particularly referred to hereafter, dated 20th January 1662, and a decree arbitral, dated 29th May 1663.

The dispute as to the commonty of Merkinch again arose in Provost Finlay's time; for I find that he, as heir served to his father, Andrew, raised letters of Suspension before the Lords of Council and Session of the above-mentioned decree against his father, dated 11th September 1678; and again in June 1690, Alexander Fraser complained to the Provost and Magistrates that Finlay Fraser, late Provost of Inverness, had interrupted Alexander's servants from casting, binding, or leading fuel in the Carse on the west side of the Merkinch, which is commonty to the Town of Inverness; and assuming the heritable right thereof to belong to him, the said Finlay Fraser. This question of commonty was disputed all through the eighteenth century, but finally determined in favour of the late Hugh Robert Duff of Muirtown, who had become sole owner of Merkinch.

The initials "D. F.," "C. D," refer to David Fraser, merchant in, and one of the Bailies of, Inverness, younger son of Provost Finlay Fraser, who married in July 1693 Christian Dunbar, eldest lawful daughter of Umquhile John Dunbar of Bennetsfield. David Fraser had as cautioner for his obligations under the marriage contract his eldest brother Andrew Fraser, burgess of Inverness, and the lady had her mother, Christian Mackenzie, Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, and Simon Mackenzie of Torridon.

David Fraser was the first styled of Fairfield, and in his time the family was at its highest point. His elder brother, Andrew, probably died without issue. The fine old house of Fairfield, part of which remained till recently, was built by either Finlay or David Fraser, and is a prominent object in Flezer's view of Inverness. David Fraser gets an Act of the Session in regard to the pew, in his favour, dated 14th October 1703.

David Fraser was succeeded by his son Alexander Fraser. John Maclean, the Inverness centenarian, says that the downfall of the Fairfields' arose from their exertions on behalf of the Stuarts.

One of his first alienations was the church pew which his father and grandfather had so much prized. In respect of a sum of £10 sterling, Alexander Fraser of Fairfield sold to John Fraser, junior, merchant in Inverness, "All and haill these two pews now made ane desk, situated on the east side of the north aisle of the High Church of Inverness, bounded by Provost Alexander Fraser his pew at the north, and the common entry twixt the said two pews, and Commissar Fraser, deceased, his pew at the south, with free ish and entry thereto by the common passage leading to the said aisle." The disposition is signed by Fairfield "att the House of Kinmylies," 19th July 1738. There is a deed also signed by his mother at the House of Kinmylies, whereby it may be inferred she lived there in her widowhood, after the fall of the Polsons'. By disposition dated 17th July 1739, Alexander Fraser sold to the said John Fraser two acres of his ten arable acres of his land of the Carse.

Alexander Fraser sold, by deed dated 14th May 1743, to Duncan Fraser, merchant in Inverness, son of the said John Fraser, the two roods bewest the Ness, which had pertained to the family since 1596, also roods and acres in St Thomas's Chapel, roods, riggs, and acres in the Carse called Lochnagaun, Gairbread, Knockandow, Little Carse, Whinbush Carse, and Sandy Acre. Christian Dunbar, Fairfield, mother and liferentrix, renounced her liferent by a deed, the witnesses being John Fraser, her brother-in-law, and Alexander Fraser, her son. The deed is dated 28th May 1745.

Upon the 1st day of September 1743, Fairfield disposes the lands of Wester Ballifeary to Robert Fraser of Phopachie.

Prior to 1754 he had disposed of his quarter of Merkinch, as in a list of "The Burgage Maills and Feu-duties of the Burgh of Inverness," prepared in that year, William Duff of Muirtown appears as owner "from Fairfield, from Bailie David his father," the feu being £1. 6s. 3d. Scots. Fairfield still appears in the list of 1754 as feuar of various subjects, amongst others the owner of "Shop under the Tolbooth, the fourth from the east from Bailie David his father."

Alexander Fraser of Fairfield, as heir of the deceased Alexander Fraser, gets a precept of clare constat from the Provost and Magistrates of Inverness, dated 30th August 1755.

The decay of the family continued. Alexander was succeeded in 1794 by Andrew Fraser of Fairfield, Captain in the H.E.I. C. S. Andrew Fraser still possessed some lands, for he is charged with nearly four bolls of victual for stipend. He continued selling, disposing of the grounds called the Hard Croft to Colin Munro of Grenada, on which Mr Munro erected the large house known as the Blue House. In 1809, Captain Fraser disposed to Lachlan Mackintosh of Raigmore for a consideration of £500, "All and whole these three roods of burgh bigged land, with houses, biggings, garden, dovecot, and office houses, sometime pertaining to, and possessed by, Alexander Fraser of Fairfield his grandfather, with the parts, pendicles, and pertinents of the same, lying on the west side of the River Ness, bounded between the garden sometime pertaining to the deceased Jaspard Cuthbert, thereafter by progress to Alexander Duff of Drummuir, and now to Colin Munro at the west and north, by the road leading to the River Ness at the east, the lands sometime belonging to the deceased John Kerr, burgess of the said burgh, thereafter by progress to Robert Robertson of Shipland, thereafter by progress to the deceased Alexander Fraser, my grandfather, his now by the vennel at the south and the old waulk miln lade, now the King's high way, at the west parts respectively."

Captain Fraser was dead prior to 1814, and though some fragments remained to his minor children, he may be said to have been the last of the Fairfields. His character may be inferred from the following letter, viz.—A man of good education and business habits, determined to have his own, but without a spark of family pride or intention to re-establish himself:—

"Blairgowrie, 30th January 1809.

"Dear Sir,—Upon receipt of this I beg the favour of you immediately to advertise the house and garden for public sale on the 15th of February next, unless previously sold by private bargain, also the three acres (English measure) at the north end of the Park, at present set to Cameron, and another man whose name Dallas will tell you. You will of course take steps if any be requisite to nullify Cumming's lease and prevent any trouble from that quarter. Shall, if possible, be North myself in 10 or 12 days. In the meantime, if you receive an offer of 600 guineas for the house and garden you may close with it. I suppose you must place 26s. of each feu charge to my account, but as I shall be North soon, we can arrange the matter then. The advertisement will be time enough for next Friday, and the Friday following, and is not after that to be repeated. Make it as short as possible.

"I am, &c.,

(Signed) "ANDREW FRASER.

"P.S.—The ground in the Park will be sold in acres or half acres to accommodate those who may wish for a small piece."

And so the Fairfields have disappeared, and in 1884 the Town Council of Inverness knew not even their tomb. One of the last acts was to "sell out" a poor widow paying a rent of 30s. who is called "Widow Subley Thomson," no doubt her then usual designation. What a fall for Miss Sibilla Barbour, a descendant of the Barbours of Aldourie!

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

"THE CELTIC GARLAND."—If anything was required to attest the popularity of this collection by "Fionn" of translations of Gaelic and English songs, Gaelic readings, etc., it is supplied in the fact that a second edition has been called for, and is now in the hands of the public. Excellent as the first edition was, this one is in every respect a great improvement upon it. The work is considerably enlarged, and contains a number of fresh pieces very suitable for reading and recitation at Highland gatherings or for fireside amusement. The work is neatly got up and well printed, while the Gaelic is very carefully edited. In view of the early recognition of Gaelic as a "special subject" in Highland schools, we hail the "Garland" as supplying serviceable material for securing for the language the place from which it has been so long frozen out by the codes and cold comfort applied in the work of modern Highland education. The book is a most enjoyable one, and no Celt who invests in it will regret having done so. It is published by Mr Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow, to whom much credit is due for the neat and tradesmanlike appearance of this Celtic gem.

THE LAND REFORM MOVEMENT IN SKYE.

A WEEK or two before the arrival of her Majesty's Forces in Skye, there was a considerable amount of excitement among the people, who, believing that their cause was just, became very determined in the position they took up. They reasoned thus—"We have in the past tamely submitted to be deprived of our hill pasture, and to have our rents increased; the assertion of our rights is a duty which we have too long neglected. Experience has been uniform for a long series of years that the more submissive we are, the greater the advantage taken by depriving us of privileges which we formerly possessed, till our circumstances are so reduced that we are brought to the verge of starvation. We must now pursue a different course, insist that our grievances be more fully known, use every lawful measure to recover the rights and privileges of which we were so unjustly deprived. It is a matter in which we are all deeply interested; we must be united, resolve not to cease agitating till our grievances are redressed. We want justice, and justice we will have." They entered on the movement fully determined to fight it out to the bitter end. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." This is the feeling which animates the Crofters. Before any one condemns their action, he should make himself acquainted with both sides of their case.

There has been much discontent among the small tenantry of Skye for a long time, which strained the feeling between landlord and tenant to a degree far from desirable. Expectations had been raised, it may be, to an extravagant degree. At any rate, it was evident that some concessions would have to be made on the part of the landlords before a loyal feeling could exist between them and their tenants. The measures pursued brought matters to a crisis sooner than might have been expected. Threats of eviction were resorted to. It was freely circulated among the different townships, that a large force of police, armed with revolvers were to be stationed here and there throughout the Island to cover the action of the process-server. To a people smarting under a deep sense of wrong, these were irritating in the extreme, and roused them in many places to united

action in resisting the progress of an additional force of police whom they believed to be the tools of the landlords in carrying out their high-handed policy. There was no intention of violence on the part of the majority of the people, who endeavoured to restrain the most impulsive among themselves, but it must be admitted that there was a strong feeling against the police, whom they believed, rightly or wrongly, to be forced upon them in the interest of the proprietors. Unfortunately, the events which followed increased the suspicion which it is now difficult to remove.

It is hard to conceive of a more injudicious way of dealing with their tenantry than that pursued by the landlords at this critical time. To imagine that such deep rooted discontent could be eradicated by force, or that anything like good feeling could be established between landlord and tenant by the presence of the process-server, and a few isolated cases of eviction, was simply misunderstanding the signs of the times and misinterpreting the feelings of the people.

The way in which estates were for a long time managed in Skye was through fear—never at best a healthy system. It may serve a certain purpose for a time, but is sure in the long run to lead into difficulty. It has resulted in such a complication of conflicting interests as to make it a hard matter to solve. Once the people feel that they are free in a free country, it is not easy to govern them through fear; nor should the attempt be made, but as seldom as possible. It had become evident that such a change had come over the people as required a very different treatment from what they were previously accustomed to. But the landlord cannot be brought to see that any improvement can be made on the old system, nor that there was any other way of dealing with these people than by a revival of the reign of terror; that nothing short of a wholesale eviction would do, and they would be evicted by the dozen. No policy could be more disastrous to the landlord interest, as may now be seen from its effects. It alienated the more moderate among the people, forced them to unite with the more advanced, and made them more determined to resist the despotic rule under which, they say, they have groaned so long.

We have often heard it stated that the origin of this Land Law Reform Movement was owing to Irish influences. It is

certainly not easy to trace it to Ireland, though there is no doubt that all great movements are contagious. They call forth new agencies, and many subtle influences are set to work. The origin of the movement was not in Ireland; it was local. It can be traced to the action of the landlord and his officials. These did more in this part of the country to raise the land question and press it towards a solution than any Irish influence or agitator that has ever appeared in Skye. Not only so but it seems to be getting more difficult of solution the longer it is delayed. No agitator, however influential and eloquent, could succeed in driving the people to desperation as the estate managers have done by their threats of eviction and other short-sighted actions. Against these threats the people claim the protection of the legislature. They believe, if their grievances were fully known, that the sense of justice which characterises Englishmen will soon give them redress. In this way the agitation went on and spread to the adjacent islands; thence to the mainland; and is still spreading to such an extent, that it is hard to say when or where it may stop.

There is much said of the baneful influence of outside agitators who are alleged to have no real sympathy with the people, and are merely actuated by selfish motives. Of all the arguments used on the subject this point is the most illogical. What could move men from a distance to so much energy and self-sacrifice, if it were not their great sympathy with these people, a desire to get their grievances redressed, and to see them placed on a fair way for a new start in life. They well know that the crofters are far too much steeped in poverty to expect any remuneration from them for their trouble. The real agitators who fan the flame are the estate managers, and all must own that they have been wonderfully successful.

If a conciliatory policy had been adopted immediately after the visit of the Royal Commissioners, the alleged grievances looked into, and if possible, where founded on fact, removed; a better feeling might have been restored between landlord and tenant, and could be done much easier then than now. The agitation would have been checked, before it had attained its present proportions. The agitators would have been deprived of their weapons, but instead of that they have been constantly supplied with crushing arguments which cannot be refuted.

Was there anything more likely to rouse suspicion and bring discredit upon the landlords than their attempts to mark those who had given evidence before the Royal Commissioners or who were reputed to sympathise with the Land Law Reform movement.

It was evident from the fact of the Commission being appointed that there was something in the relation between landlord and tenant which needed investigation, and as that investigation proceeded the more apparent it became that the old system required to be overhauled, and placed upon a better basis, that justice might be equally distributed among all classes of her Majesty's subjects. Those who cultivate the soil are as much entitled to the protection of the Government as the landlord, to whom the law at present is much more favourable than to the tenant. As long as it remains so there is ever a danger of individual hardship and injustice. This anomaly must be done away with by an alteration of the law, such as will provide equal justice to both. However much the landlords may concede, it is useless to disguise the fact that no amount of voluntary patchwork will place the foundation of land legislation on a satisfactory basis. Wars and rumours of wars may for a time absorb public attention, and put off a comprehensive settlement, but there is little doubt that we are within measurable distance of a time when the Land Question will become the principal theme on every political platform. As it was forty years ago with the Corn Laws, so will it shortly be with those Acts connected with the Land.

JAMES M. DAVIDSON.

ORAN DO NA CAOIRICH MHORA,

LE DONNACHADH SIOSAL.

[The following song is one of a number read by Mr Colin Chisholm, at a recent meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. He said that the author was Donnachadh Buidhe, Duncan Chisholm, who, early in this century, along with the greater part of the Strathglass people, left their native land, having been evicted from their holdings, which were at that time converted into sheep farms. He said that he was indebted for the words of the song to a gentleman in Nova Scotia, whose father and grandfather he remembered well before they left the upper end of Glencannich.]

Ge b'e h-aon rinn an duanag, chaidh e tuathal an tòs,
Nach do chuimhnich na h-uaislean dha 'm bu dual a bhi mòr;
Na'm biodh feum air neart dhaoin' ann an caonnaig no'n toir,
'S iad a sheasadh an cruadal, 's lannan cruaidhe na'n dorn.

Na Siosalaich Ghlaiseach bho chaisteal nan arm,
Na suinn a bha tapaidh 'nuair chaisgt' orra 'n fhearg;
'Nuair theid iad 's a' bhaiteal, cha bu ghealtach an colg,
'S gu'n cuir iad fo'n casan luchd chasagan dearg.

Sibh a bhuaileadh na buillean, 'sa chuireadh an ruaig,
'S a sheasadh ri teine, gun deireas, gun ghruaim;
Na suinn a bha fulangach, curanta, cruaidh,
Nach leigeadh le namhaid an larach thoirt uath'.

La Blar Airidh-Ghuidhein rinn sibh pruthar air sluagh,
Ged bu lionmhor na daoine air 'ur n-aodann 'san uair;
Cha deachaidh mac mathar dhiubh sabhailte uaith',
'S gu'n do thill sibh a' chreach air a h-ais do'n Taobh-tuath.

'Nuair a dh'eirich na curaidhean curanta, dian,
Gu luath-lamhach, guineach, 's iad ullamh gu gniomh,
Gu'n d' fhag sibh na miltean na'n sineadh air sliabh,
Gun tuigse, gun toinnisg, gun anail na'n cliabh.

'Nuair theid iad an ordugh, na h-oganaich gharg,
Cha 'n'eil 'san Roinn-Eorpa na's boidhch' theid fo'n airm;
'Nuair a gheibheadh sibh ordugh, bu deonach leibh falbh,
'S gu'n déanadh sibh feolach an comhstri nan arm.

'S ann chunnaic mi 'm prasgan bu taitniche leam,
Eadar bun Allt-na-Glaislig a's braighe Chnochd-fhionn.
Nach leigeadh le namhaid dol dan air an cùl,
Ged tha iad bho'n la sin a' cnamh anns an uir.

Gur a tric tha mi smaointean aig an duthaich a th'ann,
Tha'n diugh fo na caoirich eadar raointean a's ghleann;
Gun duine bhi lathair dhe'n alach a bh'ann,
Ach coin agus caoirich ga'n slaodadh gu fang.

'S ann tha aobhar a' mhulaid aig na dh' fhuirich 'san ait',
Gun toil-inntinn gun, taic, ach fo chasan nan Gall;
Bho na dh' fhalbh an luchd-eaglais bha freasdalach dhaibh,
Co a ghabhas an leth-sgeul, 'nuair bhios iad na'n cas?

Gur lionmhor sonn aluinn chaidh arach bho thus
An teaghlach an armuinn a bha tamh an Cnochd-fhiunn;
'S bho'n a dh' fhalbh na daoin'-uaisle, chaidh an tuath air an glùn,
'S gu'm beil iad bho'n uair sin gun bhuachaille cuil.

B'iad sud na daoin' uaisle 's na buachaillean ciuin—
Easbuig Iain 's a bhrathair, a's Iain Ban bha'n Cnochd-fhiunn—
Na daoine bha feumail gu reiteachadh cuis,
Chaidh an duthaich an eis bho'n la dh'eng iad na'n triuir.

Dh' fhalbh na Cinn-fheadhnab' fhearr eisdeachd 'sa' chuirt—
An ceann-teaghlaich bu shine dhe'n fhine b' fhearr cliu;
Tha gach aon a bha taitneach air an tasgadh 'san ùir,
'S iad mar shoitheach gun *Chaptain*, gun acfhuinn, gun stiuir.

Dh' fhalbh an stiuir as na h-iaruinn 'nuair a thriall na fir bhan'—
Na h-Easbuigean beannuichte, carranta, tlath;
'S ioma buaidh agus cliu bha' air an cunntas n'ur gnath;
'S ann agaibh bha'n t-ionntas a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàis.

Cha bu bhas e ach aiseag gu beatha na b' fhearr,
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh an Athar tha 'n Cathair nan Gras
Na seirbheisich dhileas do 'n Ti tha gu h-ard,
'S a tha an toil-inntinn nach diobair gu brath.

'S mi-fhortan do 'r cairdean thug sibh thamh anns' an Lios,
Na h-armuinnean priseil, lan sith agus meas,
Na coinnlean a b' aillte dheanadh dearsa na'r measg,
'Sann a tha na cuirp àluinn air an caradh fo lic.

'S ann fo lic air an aineol tha na feara gun ghruaim,
Nach fuiligeadh an eucoir ann an eisdeachd an cluas ;
Gur e a bh' aca na'n inntinn toil-inntinne bhuan,
Le Soisgeul na Firinn ga innseadh do 'n t-sluagh.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n comunn a bha toilichte leinn,
'Nuair a bha sinn mu'n coinneamh bha sonas ri'n linn ;
'Nuair a chaidh iad 'san uaigh sgiot an sluagh as gach taobh,
'S iad mar chaoirich gun bhuachaill' air am fuadach thair tuinn.

Cha'n 'eil buachaillean aca no taic' air an cùl,
Bho na leigeadh fir Shasuinn a fasgadh an Dùin,
'Se naigheachd is ait leam mar thachair do'n chuis,
Gu'n do shleamhnaich an casan a mach dhe' na ghrunnd.

Tha mi 'n dochas gun tionndaidh a' chuis mar a's coir,
Gu'n tig iad a dh' ionnsuidh an duchais bho thos ;
Na fùranan aluinn chaidh arach ann og,
Gu'n cluinneam sibh 'thamh ann an aros nam bò.

Ged' a thuit a' chroabh-mhullaich 's ged' fhrois i gu barr,
Thig planndais a stoca an toiseach a' bhlais ;
Ma gheibh iad mo dhurachd mar a dhuraichdean daibh,
Bidh iad shuas an Cnochd-fhionn, 's e bhur duchas an t-ait'.

Agus Iain Chnuichd-fhinn, bi-sa misneachail treun,
Glac duthchas do sheanar, 's gu meal thu a steidh ;
An t-ait' robh do sheorsa, bho 'n'oige gu 'n eug,
Am mac an ionad an athar, suidh 'sa' chathair 's na treig.

Bi togradh air d'eolas, a bhuain chno anns' an Dùn,
Far an goireadh an smeorach am barr oganan dlu ;
Eoin bheaga an t-sleibhe deanamh beus mar chruit-chiuil,
'S a chuthag 's a' cheitein a' seinn a Gug-Gùg.

Dh' fhalbh gach toil-inntinn a bh' aig ar sinnsreadh bho thos,
'S e mo bharail nach till iad ris na linntinnean òg ;
Cha n'eil fiadhach ri fhaotainn ann an aonach nan ceo ;
Chuir na caoirich air fuadach buidheann uallach nan cròc.

Dh' fhalbh an earb as a' choille, dh' fhalbh coileach an duin,
'S am buicein beag, biorach, bhiodh fo shileadh nan stùc ;
Dh' fhalbh na feidh as an aonach—cha 'n ioghnadh sud leam—
Cha chluinnear guth gaothair no faoghaid 'san Dùn.

Leam is duillich mar thachair nach d' thainig sibh nall
Mu'n deachaidh 'ur glacadh le acanan teann ;
Na'm biodh uachdaran dligheach na shuidh' air 'ur ceann,
Cha rachadh 'ur sgapadh gu machair nan Gall.

Cha b'i mhachair bu taitnich le na Glaisich dhol ann,
'Nuair a thigeadh an samhradh, ach braighe nan gleann ;
Bhiodh aran, lm, agus càise, ga'n arach gun taing,
Crodh-laoigh air an airidh, bliochd a's dair ann's an am.

Cha 'n'eil 'n 'ur ceann-cinnidh ach duine gun treoir,
Tha fo smachd nan daoin-uaisle chuireas tuathal a shron,
Nach iarradh dhe'n t-saoghal ach caoirich air lòn,
An aite na tuatha a bha buan aig a sheors.

Sgrios as air na caoirich as gach taobh dhe'n Roinn-Eorp',
Cloimh a's cnamhag a's caoile, at nam maodal a's cròic,
Gabhail dalladh nan suilean, agus mùsg air an sroin,
Madadh-ruadh agus fireun a' cur dìth air a' phòr.

Guidheam bracsaidh 'sna h-oisgean, 's ploc a's tuaineal na'n ceann
'Sa' chnoimheag 'san iorbal, gu ruig an eanachainn 'san t-sron ;
S gun a h-aon bhi ri fhaicinn, ach craicinn gun fheoil,
Na cibeirean glas a' tarsuinn as gun snaithn' bhrog.

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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SIMON LORD LOVAT, 1739-1743.

No matter that turns up in connection with Simon Lord Lovat ever fails of being interesting. At present the North is moved by the appearance of a claimant to the Scottish Lovat Peerage and Estates, whose success would add a hundred-fold to the romance and interest attaching to Lord Lovat's career.

The letters after given show Simon at his best, being written after he had succeeded in assuring his position to the title and estates, and when it would seem his hitherto chequered life would be thereafter one of repose and prosperity. They nearly all concern social and domestic affairs, and are in this respect valuable, indicating his real character by and through his daily life and transactions. The most pregnant public allusion is contained in the letter to Mackintosh in December 1743, and shows that Lord Lovat was in close communication with the Stuarts, and hoped for an immediate landing.

Taking the letters in their order, I make a few comments. They are chiefly addressed to Mr Duncan Fraser, a well-to-do merchant of Inverness, elder brother of Simon Fraser, sometime Commissary at Gibraltar, who purchased the estate of Borlum, calling it Ness Castle, father of the well-known and respected Marjory Lady Saltoun.

The first letter is dated 20th May 1739, and his Lordship's kindness of heart is shown by his determination to right the lady whose cattle were stolen, and which were promised to be restored through Barrisdale, one of the captains of the Watch, known as Coll Ban. Mrs Mackenzie had just lost her only brother, the Rev. William Baillie, minister of the third charge of Inverness, son of the well-known Rev. Robert Baillie, of Inverness. Lord Lovat's correctness in his affairs is shown by his laying down the rule of settlement of accounts taking place monthly. The Governor of Inverness Castle referred to, was no doubt Grant, who was accused in 1745 of somewhat hastily surrendering the Castle to Prince Charles.—

Dear Cousin,—I gave you the trouble of a line yesterday, but received no answer. I hope this will find you and your people in good health, and I assure you and them of my kind humble service. You was yesterday busy at the melancholy occasion of the burial of my dear friend, Mr Wm. Baillie, which gives me great grief and concern. I beg you go from me, and wait of his sister, Mrs Mackenzie, and give her my most humble duty, and tell her that I have not fortitude to write to her upon her brother's death, but that I beg to know how she is, and that she may expect my friendship more than ever, and when the tribute that she must pay to nature is over, that I will expect to see her. In the meantime you may let her know that Barrisdale is my very good friend, and that he has actually a party in pursuit of the thieves that stole her cattle, and acquaints me that he does not doubt of success, so that I make not the least doubt of recovering her payment of her cattle.

Let me know if you have recovered all my things out of the Pledger, and when I may send for them. The bag of hops may be kept in a good place in the town, where you will think it safe from being spoiled, for we have no good place for it in this house. I entreat you may remember what I told you at parting, that we may clear accounts once a month, and then there will be no difficulty about vouchers for payment. Thomas Houstoun is to be out here to-morrow morning. I have desired him to wait upon the Governor, and to make him my compliments. If you have heard anything of his diet for Edinburgh, I entreat you to let me know it.

I likewise entreat you may know as of yourself what day the President comes to Bunchruive and Achnagairn, and goes through this country to Brahan, and if he dines at Bunchruive or Achnagairn, and what day he goes south, that my posts may be in good order as he passes. I shall long to hear from you. If

there is any news in town, I hope you will send them, and I am, with sincere esteem, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 20th May 1739.

The next letter is dated 12th June 1739, and in part refers to Lord Lovat's son, Alexander, who died at Dunmaglass in 1760, unmarried, a General in the Dutch service. At this time he was but a child, his father, however, describing him as having a large head. Notice may also be taken of his Lordship's patriotic intention to purchase a picture of Sir William Wallace, because Lovat, as he says, "always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and ancient families," though his desire was thwarted by Mr Evan Baillie of Abriachan (brother to Hugh Baillie of Dochfour), his Lordship's bailie and cashier, who probably knew that money could ill be spared.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I have sent the bearer, John Young General of our Taylors, to take off clothes for my little boy Sandie, so I entreat you go with him to any shop where you can get it most reasonable, and be so kind as to see him cut off as much good, strong, drugget, as will make the child a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with lining and all other furniture conform. I hope his periwig is now ready, that you bespoke, and a little hat for him. It must not be very little for he has a good large head of his age. Be so kind as let me know the prices of everything, and what you bought out of other shops, that I may send you in the money immediately. If Mr Donald buys any books, and that you pay the money for them, I shall send you in that at the same time.

I am very glad that the Governor is so well. I shall have the honour to write to him to-morrow, and though he should go to Culloden, before I go into town, I will certainly pay my respects to him there, as I would do at Inverness, if he will allow me. I just now got your letter, and I give you a thousand thanks for sending him the salmond in my name; it gives me greater pleasure than twenty times the value of it, for I cannot express the honour and value I have for my dearest Governor.

Pray, tell Evan Baillie, that it was merely for the insinuations that he made to me in his letter, that I yielded my resolutions of purchasing Sir William Wallace's picture, for I always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and antient families. Pray show this to Evan when he comes home.

I offer you, and your father and mother, and all the family,

my kind humble service. I hope your mother will remember what I recommended to her in the Roup. Forgive all this trouble, and believe that I am, very sincerely, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 12th June 1739.

The third letter is dated 1st June 1740, and shows what a good style Simon kept up. Four-and-twenty guests from different quarters was a large assembly, and contradicts the statement that his house and menage were mean.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I received this evening your letter. I am glad that you are well after your great fatigue of drinking, &c.

I have sent in John Forbes with money to pay Lachlan Mackintosh's hogshead of wine, and to see if there be any provisions had for me in town, for I am to have a throng company with me to-morrow. I believe I will have twenty-four covers, for I am to have strangers from several corners. I have ordered John Forbes to cause send in horses for all Lachlan Mackintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine, and for what provisions can be had. I offer you and your worthy mother my affectionate humble service, and I wish your honest father, and my friend William, a safe return home, and I am, with a sincere friendship and regard, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 1st June 1740.

The seal is almost entire. Small deer head, surmounted with coronet, around "Je suis prest."

The fourth letter is dated 23rd June, same month, and is interesting as showing that there was an upper dining-room at Beaufort, and that east winds ran on till midsummer. This circumstance is important, for the prevalence of east winds about Inverness has been supposed to be a comparatively modern evil. Most old people now-a-days will affirm that in their younger days the prevailing winds were from the south-west, and the summers earlier.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and my friend William, and all the family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my kindest respects and humble service.

I have sent in the bearer for my post letters, which I entreat you despatch as soon as possible with any other news you have in town. I got so much cold by going out yesterday with the easterly winds, and by dining in the High Dining Room, that I had the ague all night, and I am just now going to take a vomit.

I hope you have delivered my commission to Mr Grant. I shall long to hear from you. And I am, with a sincere esteem and regard, dear Cousin Duncan,

Your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 23rd June 1740.

Send 1s. 6d. more of farthings per bearer.

The fifth letter is the scroll of one from Duncan Fraser, to Lord Lovat, within which the letters were found wrapped up. It is without date, but the reference to Mr Speaker Onslow's re-election for the third time, fixes it to have been written in December 1741. It will be observed that though Mr Fraser gives gossip, which he knew would please his lordship, yet he knows, though so familiarly treated in the letters, his own position, and addresses Lord Lovat with every respect. I cannot throw light on the identity of the Doctor and Miss Stewart who are mentioned, and the reference to the Duke of Hamilton, through an undecypherable word, is obscure.

No date, December 1741.

My Lord,—I am honoured with your Lordship's. Am concerned you passed last night so ill. But hope the doctor will remove all such, as well as recover your legs, and continue your good spirits, which with your perfect health and happiness I sincerely pray.

The king's speech is here enclosed as in a Tuesday's *Evening Courant.* The Speaker is a third time placed in his chair.

I saw Miss Stewart last night at the Modists (Modistes?) and told her my surprise at her departure from your Lordship's, upon the doctors appearance, to which she made the same answer your Lordship wrote me of the other, which I would fain take to be ominous. Considering they will probably meet at your Lordship's ere the ensuing merry days are over, when I persuade myself your Lordship will not miss to egg the proper parties proceeding, so as to make him quit making one of the number of your country bachelors.

I am concerned for the sad melancholy——* of D. Hamilton. He had 63 prayed for this day.

Word unintelligible.

The sixth letter, dated 7th February 1742, is highly amusing, and shows the unhappy position of his Lordship, when the youth Maclean who shaved him ran off. He complains that though he has 18 to 20 men servants, no one was qualified to shave him.—

My Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and all the family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my affectionate humble service.

That lazy, light-headed rascall, John Maclean, has behaved so insolently and impertinently for this long while past, that I was determined to keep him no longer than till Whitsunday next in my family. But some capricious whim having seized him, he left my service this day, without the least provocation, and I am resolved that he shall never put a razor on my face again. I have wrote to Edinburgh myself, and my secretary has wrote to Aberdeen to get me a riding footman that can shave and dress, but as I have not among eighteen or twenty men servants any one that can shave me till I get a new servant, I entreat, my dear Cousin Duncan, that you will find out some boy in Inverness that will come out with the bearer, or to-morrow evening, and if he pleases me I will keep him till I get another servant, and if he is inclined to stay with me I will, perhaps, engage him to serve me as riding footman. I don't think you can miss to find some lad that will be fit for my purpose amongst your barbers in town, and I shall pay him thankfully for his pains.

If you will be so kind as to do me the favour to come out here to see me on Tuesday, I will send in my own pad early on Tuesday morning for you, and you will bring my post letters along with you. But if the day be as bad as this day is, I must delay the pleasure of seeing you till a better day. William, Culmiln's son, who came in to see me an hour ago, says that this is the worst day that came this winter. Jenny, and the Chamberlain and his wife, and Mr Baillie, and Gortuleg, who are all here, join with me in making you our affectionate compliments. And I am, without reserve, my dear Duncan,

Your most affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 6th and 7th February 1742.

The seventh and last, dated 21st November 1743, is addressed to the Laird of Mackintosh, and the politeness of the courtier is here seen to its full. It is sad to think that so soon after its date, such trouble fell on his Lordship and the Earl of

Cromarty. At this time, 1743, Simon states there was nothing but "mirth and affection," and that the Earl and Doctor Fraser "were enough to make a hundred rejoice if they were in company."—

My Dear Laird of Mackintosh,—It gives me vast joy to know by Invercauld and Dunie, that you, and the worthy Lady Mackintosh, and dear Miss Farquharson, are in perfect health. I pray God it may long continue. There is no man on earth wishes it better, and I humbly beg leave to assure you, and the good Lady Mackintosh, and Miss Farquharson, of my most affectionate humble duty, best respects, and good wishes, in which my son joins me.

I owe my dear Lady Mackintosh ten million of thanks for doing me the honour to engage her lovely brother, the young Laird of Invercauld, to see me in this little hutt. His visit has given me vast pleasure, and I have enjoined my son to live in great friendship with him all his life. He will make the prettiest gentleman that ever was called Farquharson, which I wish from the bottom of my heart. I was so lucky as to have here the Earl of Cromarty, and Lord Macleod, his son, and his Governor, and Doctor Fraser, when Invercauld came here. They are all still here, except Lord Macleod, who is gone to Edinburgh to his colleges. I never saw more delightful company than they have been, and continue so. The Earl and Doctor Fraser are enough to make a hundred rejoice, if they were in company. There was nothing but mirth and affection among us. Dunie will do me justice that I drank your health, and the good Lady Mackintosh's, as a family health every day, and when the toast went round, Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson were not forgot,

I am sorry that young Invercauld is so pressed with time, that he could not stay two or three weeks to make up a thorough acquaintance with my son, that they might contract such a friendship as would last all their days, after I am dead and gone. But I hope after this, their acquaintance wont be to make wherever they meet.

I beg my dear Laird of Mackintosh that you may do me the honour to let me hear from you once every week or ten days, that I may know how you and the good Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson do. You have only to send your letters to Duncan Fraser's, by any person that comes to Inverness, and I will send my letter to him for you, so that we may correspond without you having the trouble of sending a servant to Beaufort, or my sending one to Moyhall, unless some extraordinary thing happen.

We expect great news by this post. If I have anything extraordinary, I will acquaint you. I pray God preserve our

friends, and restore the liberties of our country, and I am, with a most uncommon esteem, attachment, and respect, my dear Laird of Mackintosh, your most obedient and most faithful, humble servant, and most affectionate cousin,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 21st November 1743.

Altogether, these letters show Simon to have been kindly, hospitable, and charitable; for it must be presumed that the lot of farthings he wished were intended for wandering beggars, a class he used to converse with when he met them.

I have the good fortune of possessing several other letters from Lord Lovat; also a volume, "Crawford's Officers of State," which was in his library, with his book-plate, wherein part of his designation is "Governor of Inverness." It has also on an early blank page a long holograph note in Latin. Books with his plate are rare, as the Castle and whole contents were utterly destroyed by fire by the Hanoverian troops immediately after the battle of Culloden.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

FASSIEFERN'S FOSTER-BROTHER AND THE FRENCHMAN.

COLONEL John Cameron of Fassiefern, while serving in the Netherlands, was attended by his foster-brother, a young Highlander named Ewen Macmillan. One day this youth was at one of the British outposts, when he observed a Frenchman some distance off, and it immediately occurred to him to try and stalk the Frenchman, as he used to do the deer in his native forests of Loch-Arkaig. Accordingly, he crept silently towards the unsuspecting Frenchman, and was in the act of taking aim over a low dyke when his intended victim, having probably heard some slight sound, turned about, and seeing a head peering over the dyke, and the long barrel of a rifle pointed full at himself, he fired his musket, the shot carrying off Ewen's ear. Ewen, however, was revenged; for he brought down the Frenchman next moment, and then rushed forward and transfixed him with his bayonet. He then returned to his master, the Colonel, and, in his expressive native tongue, said, "The devil's son! Do you see what he did to me?" Fassiefern, though sorry for his mishap, said, "You well deserved it, Ewen, in going beyond your post." "He'll no' do it again, faith!" was Ewen's pithy reply.—*Mackenzie's History of the Camerons.*

ANCIENT ALLIANCE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

III.

LEAVING the vexed question of when the Alliance originated, we proceed to note when it ended; for like all other temporal things it came to an end at last. Several influences were at work for many years before this was accomplished. One thing which tended to weaken the friendly feeling between the two nations was the overbearing and arrogant conduct of the Guises, who, under the pretence of protecting the rights of their young relative, Mary Queen of Scots, then newly married to the Dauphin, veiled the most ambitious designs on Scotland. To show this, the following abridged quotation is given from *The Scot Abroad*:—Scotland had improved in wealth, yet the relative proportions of the two countries had vastly altered. Their diplomatic relations had changed, at least on the French side, in the assumption of a protecting and patronising nomenclature. The papers revealed to the world by M. Teulet, show that from the time when the heiress to the crown of Scotland came into the possession of her ambitious kinsfolk, they were laying plans for governing Scotland in Paris, and annexing the country to the throne of France. Dated in the year 1552 is a "Declaration" or Memorandum of the Parliament of Paris, on the adjustment of the Government of Scotland. In this document one can see, under official formalities, the symptoms of an almost irritable impatience to get the nominal government vested in the young Queen, in order that the real government might be administered by her kinsfolk.

The Scots Lords now saw sights calculated, as the Persians say, to open the eyes of astonishment. A clever French statesman, M. D' Osel, was sent over as the adviser of the Regent, to be her Prime Minister, and enable her to rule Scotland after the model of France. A step was taken to get at the high office of Chancellor, with possession of the Great Seal. The office of Comptroller of the Treasury was dealt with more boldly, and put into the hands of M. Villemore.

These arbitrary proceedings naturally alarmed the national

pride of the Scots, and went far to undermine the friendship which had so long existed; but there was yet another influence at work equally if not more powerful. The Reformed religion, already established by law in England, was making rapid strides among the Scots, and when John Knox arrived in Scotland, fresh from experiencing the horrors of a galley slave in France, and lifted his powerful voice against the French, their religion, and their policy, the whole nation was aroused, and the breaking of the hitherto inviolate alliance was determined upon. To effect this, it was necessary that the leaders of the movement should negotiate with England for sympathy, and, if need be, for substantial help. Knox himself conducted the first embassy to England, which was one of considerable danger, as the Queen Regent already suspected that there was some understanding between the discontented Scots and the English Court. Queen Elizabeth was anxious to make peace with Scotland, as is abundantly shown from the State papers of the time; for instance, it is said—"We think the peace with Scotland of as great moment for us as that with France, and rather of greater;" and again—"And for our satisfaction beside the matter of Calais, nothing in all this conclusion with the French may in surety satisfy us, if we have not peace with Scotland," with many similar passages.

It being definitely settled to enter into a league with England, the next question was where should the Commissioners meet to sign the agreement. It was not to be supposed that England should go to Scotland, and the Scots were equally determined that they would not enter upon English ground. The dispute was amusing, as showing the jealous care with which the Scots guarded their national honour. One of the Commissioners, Bishop Tunstall, says—"Our first meeting was in the midst of the river between us both; for the Scots do regard their honour as much as any other king doth." Again, the Earl of Northumberland, writing to Cecil, says—"They were ready to meet the Scottish Commissioners on the first day, on the boulders that are in the mid stream; but they claimed customs, and caused the messengers to go to and fro so often, that they forced the English Commissioners to come over the water into Scottish ground, or else would not have met at all." So the Scots vindicated their independence to their own satisfaction, and a league

was formed, which, unlike the French one, was only cemented stronger as time went on, until there was no longer any occasion for either leagues or alliances.

The long connection between France and Scotland left many traces behind, in terms of every day use, as well as in customs. According to Hill Burton, the Scottish Law system was copied from the French. The Scots also followed the French style of pronouncing the Classic languages, which is different to the English style. The Scotch Bankruptcy laws also followed the French. The Scotch "cessio" being nearly an exact parallel to the French "cession," and when, in 1533, the Court of Session was established, it was a very distinct adaptation of a French institution. The University of King's College, in Aberdeen, was constructed on the model of that of Paris, and the titles and officers of Chancellor and Rector were both taken from France. So also the term Censor, one who calls over the roll of names to mark those absent. Deans and Faculties are French terms still in use in Scottish Universities, and though long since discontinued in those English ones, the former is retained still as a dignity of the Church. "The *Doyens* of all sorts, lay and ecclesiastical, were a marked feature of ancient France, as they still are of Scotland, when there is a large body of lay deans, from the lawyer, selected for his eminence at the bar, who presides over the Faculty of Advocates, down to 'my feyther and deacon,' who has gathered behind a 'half-door' the gear that is to make his son a capitalist and a magistrate. Among the Scottish Universities the Deans of Faculty are still nearly as familiar a title as they were at Paris or Bologna."

The term Lauration is another French word still preserved in Scottish Universities as the classical name for the ceremony of admission to a degree. Again, there is "Humanity," as applied to Philology in Scotland. Hill Burton says—"The term is still as fresh at Aberdeen as when Maimbourg spoke of Calvin making his humanities at the College of La Mark. The "Professor of Humanity" has his place in the almanacs and other official lists, as if there were nothing antiquated or peculiar in the term, though jocular people have been known to state to unsophisticated Cockneys and other simple people, that the object of the chair is to inculcate on the young mind the virtue of exercising humanity towards the lower animals; and it is be-

lieved that more than one stranger has conveyed away, in the title of this professorship, a standing illustration of the elaborate kindness exercised towards the lower animals in Scotland." During his first year at Aberdeen, a student is called a Bejeant; three hundred years ago, a student of the first year at Paris University was called a Bejanne, and the name often turned up in old French writers.

Presbyterianism even has retained a relic of the old French League in its Church nomenclature; indeed some say that the whole system, its doctrines and forms, were imported from France ready-made by the Huguenots. In any case the Scotch Presbyterians adopted the terms of "Moderator" from the French Moderateur, a name applied to the President of the Huguenots' Ecclesiastical Courts; and also the word "overture" as used when a motion is made in a presbytery "to overture" the General Assembly. This is taken from "œuverture," by which solemn business was commenced in Huguenot meetings.

The architecture of the Scottish castles bore a striking resemblance to the French Chateau, and was quite different to the style then in vogue in England.

The same author traces at great length the connection between the Hogmanay of Scotland and the Eguimené of France, and proves that while the earliest notice of Hogmanay by Scotch writers goes no further back than the middle of the seventeenth century, there are numerous references made to the French custom of Eguimené by old French writers of an early date. He says:—"In two numbers of the French paper 'L' Illustration,' I happen to have seen a representation of children going about on New-Year's eve demanding their eguimené. The word had a sort of rattling accompaniment not unlike our own—thus Eguimené, rollet follet, Tiri liri." Again, speaking of the etymological dictionary of Menage, he says:—"Under the word Haguignétes he quotes information furnished by M. de Grandemesuil, who says he remembers in his youth that, in Rouen, the word was pronounced hoguignétes, and he gives a specimen of the way in which he remembers the boys in his own quarter singing it as they solicited their New-Year's eve gifts. Menage records his correspondent's theory of the origin of the word, without either impugning or adopting it. The root is *hoc in anno*—in this year—as inferring a hint that it is still

time before the year expires to do a small act of generosity to the suppliant, so that the giver may pass into the New Year with the benefit of his gratitude."

Then there are a great number of words which people use every day, little thinking that they are a remnant of the kindly old French alliance, such as Gigot (leg of mutton); Groset, gooseberry, from *Groseille;* Haggis, from *Hachis*, hashed meat; Kickshaws, from *Quelque chose*, a made-up dish; Kimmer, from *Commère*, gossip; Demented, from *Dementi*, deranged; jalouse, from *Jalouser*, to suspect; Ashet, from *Assiette*, a plate or dish; Gude-brither, from *Bonfrère*, brother-in-law; Dour, from *Dure*, obstinate. A great many more could be given, but enough has been said to show the close connection of the two peoples.

Though the Union of Scotland to England is in all respects the most natural, as well as the most advantageous, still we should not be unmindful of the benefits Scotland derived from her ancient alliance with France. Besides providing a refuge for wandering Scots, it was instrumental in polishing the rude and somewhat barbarous manners of Scotland in the middle ages. It also helped the Scots to maintain their independence as a nation, against the repeated attempts of England to subdue them, while, on the other hand, the open hospitality extended by the French was always nobly requited by the devotion and faithfulness of the Scots.

M. A. ROSE.

ORAN,

LE MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé
Gum b' fhearr leam i agam,
No earras'us spréidh.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Mo chion air an òg-bhean,
Lùb ùr a' chuil bhòidhich,
Gur binne a còmhradh,
No 'n smèorach air ghéig.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Mo chion air an aingil,
Lùb ùr a chuil chlannaich,
'S gur gil' i fodh h-anart
No cannach an t-sléibh.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Gur mise bhiodh deònach,
Air d' fhaotuinn ri phòsadh
A chuachag an òr-fhuilt,
Is bòidhche fodh 'n ghréin.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Gur milse leam t-anail,
No caoin ubhlan meala,
'S do bhriathran chò banail,
Ri d' cheanal 's ri d' bhéus.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Ged gheibhinn-se fearann,
Le spréidh agus earras,
Gum b' fhèarr leam mar leannan thu,
'Bhean a' chuil réidh.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Gur riomhach am fiùr thu,
'S gur uasal do ghiùlan,
'S bidh mise fodh thùrsa,
Mu dhiùlt thu dhomh spéis.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

Do mhiog-shuil tha boisgeadh,
Le drillse an daoimein,
'S do chridhe lan caoimhneis,
'S tu aoibhneas mo chléibh.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

'S a ribhinn nam blàth-shul,
Nach toir thu do làmh dhomh,
'S gur briodal do mhànrain leam,
Ailleas gach féisd.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' againn an dé.

KING ROBERT BRUCE: HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AFTER the death of King Alexander the III., King of Scots, in 1285, the royal race of Scotland in a direct line became extinct by the death of his grand-daughter, the only child of the King and Queen of Norway. Although heirs in a direct line ceased to exist, there were no lack of claimants for the Crown by distant relatives of the late King. After the claims of various parties were investigated, it became evident, that John Baliol and Robert Bruce were the nearest heirs. John Baliol was the great-grandson of David Earl of Huntington by his eldest daughter, Margaret; while Robert Bruce was a grandson by the second daughter, Isabella. David Earl of Huntington was brother to William King of Scots, grandfather to King Alexander the III., who was the last that sat on the throne. It then became a disputed question amongst the nobles, who of these two was the nearest heir, Baliol, the great-grandson of the eldest, or Bruce, the grandson of the second daughter. Both parties had powerful supporters, and to save the nation from civil commotion and bloodshed, it was agreed to submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward King of England. The use to which that cruel and unscrupulous monarch applied the power with which he was entrusted, is matter of history, which became wound up in the triumphant victory of the Scots over the English army on the gory field of Bannockburn.

And let it never be forgotten, that but for the heroic patriotism of the noble Wallace, Scotland ceased from that date to exist as an independent kingdom.

John Baliol, although crowned King, was compelled to submit to such degradation at the Court of Edward, that he preferred to forfeit the crown and become an exile, and, therefore, removed from London to the Court of France. John Cumming, a powerful noble, and cousin to John Baliol, who, himself, was a claimant for the Crown, and Bruce accidentally met on the road near Stirling (after the exile of Baliol), both deploring the condition to which Scotland was reduced under the yoke of England,

and entered into a bond to free their country from its condition, Cumming agreeing to accept the Lordship of Annandale on condition that he gave Bruce every possible assistance to become possessed of the Crown. This done, Bruce repaired to the Court of Edward, and the treacherous Cumming lost no time in sending his copy of the bond to that Monarch with the advice that Bruce should be slain without delay, as he was a man who endangered the peace of the kingdom. Edward resolved to act on the advice of Cumming, but he delayed the execution of Bruce until he could first lay hands on his three brothers, least there might spring up new claimants for the Crown. Bruce became a suspect at the Court of Edward, and was for a time under surveillance in London. The Earl of Montgomery was also at the Court, and, becoming aware of the design against the life of Bruce, sent him, to his place of confinement, a pair of gilt spurs, which were intended as a warning to him to make tracks for Scotland. Accordingly he does make tracks, with the design of putting the hounds off the scent too. He gets a pair of horses shod the reverse way, that his tracks in the snow might not be followed. Then with his man attending, he made his escape for the north, and in five days he arrived in Lochmaben Castle, where he met his brother Edward, and told him of his adventure and the treachery of John Cumming. Edward informed him that the Red Cumming was at that very time in Dumfries. Without delay he sprang into his saddle and set off. Barbour, the historian says, that he showed Cumming with a laughing face the indenture, and "Syne with a knife, right in that stead, him reft of life. Sir Edward Cumming also was slain, and many others of meikle main." After this tragedy in the Friar's Kirk of Dumfries, Bruce returned to Lochmaben, and called a meeting of his friends, who resolved that he should proceed immediately to Scone and be crowned King, and that they would defend his right to reign with all their power and influence.

About this time the renowned James Douglas (whose father was beheaded by Edward, and his estates given to Clifford, one of his own generals) returned from his exile. He heard, while living with the Bishop of St Andrews, of the intention of Bruce and his party, and prepared to share their fortune, or fall with their failure. He met the party at a place called Ayrik-Stane.

From thence they proceeded to Glasgow and on to the Palace of Scone, got Bruce seated on the coronation stone and crowned King of Scotland in the year 1306. Barbour says—

"When Edward the King was told,
How that the Bruce was so bold,
Had brought the Cumming to ending,
How he syne made him King.
Out of his wits, he went well near,
And called to him Sir Aymer,
And him men and arms ta,
And in by to Scotland ya,
And burn, and slay, and rais dragoon,
To him that might, or tack, or slay,
Robert the Bruce that was his Fae."

Sir Aymer arrived in Perth with 1500 of an army, and Bruce, although near enough to make an attack on the fortified city, refrained. His party, although the best of men, were few in number. The chiefs of his company were the Earls of Lennox and Athole, Edward Bruce, Hugh Hay, David Barclay, Somerville, and James Douglas; Chrystal of Seaton, and Robert Boyd. Barbour says that, although they were few they were worthy, and filled with great chivalry. The town of Perth at the time was walled and fortified, where the English army was secure from attack. For the purpose of gaining time, and the increasing of their number, the Scots removed to Methven, got encamped in a wood, and sent out a foraging party to procure provisions. Sir Aymer with his forces came unexpectedly on the camp. Bruce cried, "To arms." The combat did not continue long; although the Scots fought bravely, they were compelled to give way. Barbour says of Bruce, that—

"He did ding on so heavily,
That those who seen him in that feight,
Should hold him for a doughty knight;
But they fled and skailed here and there,
For their small folks began to fail."

Sir Aymer was the victor at Methven, and returned to Perth with several of the nobles of Bruce's party prisoners, of whom the historian says—

"Some they ransomed,
Some they slew,
Some they hanged,
And some they drew."

The number of Bruce's forces at the Battle of Methven was about 500. Many of the lower orders deserted after his defeat; so also did Malcolm Earl of Lennox, although it is stated by some historians that he was one of the two nobles who stood by the King in all his trials. There remained, however, with him the Earl of Athole, James Douglas, Gilbert Hay, and Sir Neil Campbell. Here (at a very early period in the history of our little kingdom) is the head of the noble family of Argyle, coming to the front in defence of civil liberty. It is said that he was a man of singular merit, and a true patriot; and although he submitted to the rule of John Baliol for a time, no sooner did Bruce assert his title to the crown than he joined him heartily, and never afterwards deserted him, even in his utmost distress. He assisted at his coronation in Scone in 1306. He afterwards commanded a party of Loyalists against the Lord of Lorn, and reduced him to the King's obedience. He entered into an association with Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Alexander Seaton, and other Loyalists, wherein they bound themselves till death to defend the liberties of their country, and the right of King Robert Bruce to the crown against all enemies, French, English, and Scots, to which they put their hands and seals at Cambuskenneth, the 9th day of September 1308.

After their defeat at Methven, Bruce and his party retreated to the east, and found refuge for a time in the city of Aberdeen. There they met numerous sympathisers, amongst whom was Neil Bruce, the Queen, and a number of ladies, whose lords had risked their lives to share the fortunes of their King. In Aberdeen they remained in comfort till driven forth by the English, thereafter betaking themselves to the mountains. The Queen and her lady associates became a source of care and a hindrance to their progress, but they all desired to share the fate of their husbands. It is somewhat difficult to trace the footprints of Bruce and his party up Braemar, over Braeriach and Druimuachdar. But their path can be traced past Sithchaillion. On the north side of that mountain is seen the ruin of the Castle of Donnachadh Reamhar. One historian says that Donnachadh was a Cowal man, but the author of the *Historic Scenes of Perthshire* says that he was the ancestor of the Robertsons of Struan. Donnachadh was a supporter of Bruce, and for a time the Royal party took refuge in his castle.

Previous to their arrival, however, Macdougall of Lorn came to Rannoch with his forces to subdue Donnachadh, but was defeated, and returned to recruit his forces, with whom he afterwards met Bruce at Dailree. In Dailchoisnie, in Rannoch, Bruce had an encounter with a party of the English sent in pursuit of him, whom he defeated. The field of victory (Dailchoisnie)—the field on which they fought—has its name from the event. The name of the hut in which he rested on the night after the battle is called Seomar-an-Righ, that is, the King's Chamber. The ford on the Tummel, near the field, is called the King's Ford, and the eminence above is called the King's Watch Tower. From Rannoch the party went in a south-westerly direction to Glenlyon, thence to Glenlochy, entered Glendochart by a pass in the mountain on the farm of Clachan, and down hill to the old Priory of St Fillan. Here there is undoubted traces of the footprints of the Royal party. The topography of the country has preserved, in the language of the Celtic race, the most astonishing and unmistakeable traces of their identity, after the lapse of 578 years. Here the Royal party was met by Macdougall of Lorn with an army of 1000 men, while the muster roll of Bruce did not exceed 200. With the disadvantage of having the Queen and her lady friends to protect, he must have been sorely pressed.

The King's adventures in this mountain region have left conspicuous traces of his presence. The night before his encounter with Lorn was passed in devotions with the Prior in the old Cathedral of Strathfillan. Tradition says that the King received, not only the good man's hospitality, but also his sincere blessing, a kindness which the Bruce never forgot, as is clear from the Royal favours bestowed on the Prior and on the Priory, after the King got himself securely seated on the Throne. The charter bestowing the lands of Auchtertyre on the Priory is still preserved, and the confirmation of that charter by King James the II., and King James the IV. in 1488, can still be seen. While the King was having the hospitality of the Prior, his sentinels were posted about half-a-mile to the west of the Cathedral, in which direction he looked for the coming of his foe, Macdougall, who, be it observed, was nephew to the Red Cumming, whom Bruce slew behind the alter in the Friar's Kirk of Dumfries. The knoll on which the sentinels were posted is in the narrowest part

of the glen, and is known by the name of Uchdarire (Uchd-an-Righ-fhaire, or the knoll of the King's sentinels), immediately to the west of which is Dail-Righ (or the King's Field), where the skirmish between the opposing forces must have taken place. There could not have been much of a battle, the opposing parties being so very unequal in numbers. Bruce must have been an expert strategist, shown here as well as elsewhere.

There is no district in the Highlands that I have visited of which the scenery is so intensely interesting as the historic scenery of Strathfillan. While standing on a heathery knowe close by Loch-nan-arm the spectator is within a few yards of the spot where King Robert delivered himself of those felon-faes-three, as they are called by Barbour—men who have sworn to slay the King or perish in the attempt. Close by is the spot where these men are supposed to have been laid in the earth. And also near at hand is the knoll where must have stood the Lord of Lorn when he rebuked the Baron Macnaughton for expressing his admiration of the King in laying his fellows-faes prostrate on the heath. A short way eastward is the ford where fell the piper of King Robert. This ford was at a more recent period used by the renowned Rob Roy, when, in the garb of a beggar, he carried across a party of Englishmen, for which he received a few coins, and acted as a guide to them on their way to Crianlaraich, where they were stripped of their arms by the dread-nought Clan Gregor. Full in view, and within the distance of one mile, is the ruin of the Priory of Strathfillan, once an extensive pile of buildings, where the gospel of truth was first taught to the native races by the venerable St Fillan, who left his blessing on the waters of the river at a spot which pilgrims from distant parts continued for a thousand years to visit, and to bathe in the holy pools for the cure of some real or supposed ailment. Nearer still is the battlefield of Dail-Righ, to the east of which is the knoll on which were posted the sentinels of King Robert on the night before the battle. The name of the knoll still commemorates the event, viz., Uchd-an-Righ-fhaire (Auchtertyre), or the knoll of the King's watchers.

Within a few yards of this knoll can be seen the circular ruin, supposed to be the seat of the Court, where the claims of Lady Glenorchy and John MacCallum Macgregor to the lands of Coryhenan were settled, February 19, 1468.

Close to the Holy Pools, on the lands of Achariach, may be seen the place of execution where criminals stood in full view of the gallows while on their trial at the Court or Mòd of by-gone days.

About one mile to the west is Ari-Mhòr, where tradition says the King's party passed the first night after the defeat of Dail-Righ, and the King slept in a goat-hut without the luxury of either bed or bed-clothes. On getting up the following morning Bruce was so pleased and surprised at finding his dress none the worse, nor requiring the use of even a brush, that he proclaimed that goats should for ever have free pasture.

In the recollection of men still living there were large flocks of goats in Glendochart which were never charged for pasturing, even if straying on a neighbour's lands; while sheep and cattle were always driven away if they crossed the march boundary. To the east rises the massy crest of Ben-More, towering higher than its neighbour mountains, towards the sun-rising. And to the west is the still higher Ben-Luie, with its chasms full of winter's snow, bidding defiance alike to torrents of rain and summer sunshine.

To the north, and full in view, as if threatening to invade Cloud-land, towers majestically the never-to-be-forgotten Ben-Dorain, rendered classic by the celebrated Donnachadh-Ban-Macintyre, whose song in praise of Ben-Dorain must continue to be a gem of the poetic gift, so long as a remnant of the native race remains, and so long as Gaelic continues to be the language of song.

After crossing the River Dochart, and ascending the hill, with the design of passing up the Glen of Achariach and down Glenfalloch, Bruce was defending the rear of his retreating army when he was attacked by three of Lorn's party, two of whom had been bound by an oath to slay the King or perish in the attempt. The first laid hold of the bridle of the King's horse. Barbour relates the incident as follows:—

> "One him by the bridle hint,
> But he reached him sic a dint;
> That arm and shoulder flew him frae,
> With that another cam him tae;
> And by the leg,
> Between the stirrup and the foot;

And when the King felt there his hand,
In the stirrup stily did he stand,
And spurred his steed,
So that the other failed feet;
The third with full great hy with this,
Did stert behind him on his steed;
Syne with the sword sic dint him gave,
That he the head to the harns clave;
Then strake the other vigorously,
That he after his stirrup drew,
That at the first stroke he him slew;
On this wise him delivered he,
Of all these fellows faes three."

Although the style of Barbour's writing is somewhat peculiar, it is quite intelligible and interesting. From the foregoing, it is evident that the three men must have fallen within a few yards of each other. It was the man who got behind him on the steed that took with him in his dying grasp the King's plaid, and the brooch that remains a memorable relic in the British Museum, known as the Brooch of Lorn. Barbour writes that when the fallen heroes had seen the King turn and face so many of his pursuers—

"They bate till that he was entered
Into a narrow place betwixt the lochside and the brae,
That was so strate I underta,
That he might not well turn his steed
Then with a will they to him geed."

The King and his party had a very narrow escape in this mountain region, which he did not incline to forget. Seeing that so soon as he got securely seated on the Throne, he bestowed on the Prior of St Fillan's Chapel a substantial endowment from the lands of Auchtertyre, we have reason to believe that the Prior with his crook (or pastoral staff) was in attendance at the battle of Bannockburn. It is also believed that Bruce gave orders for the adorning of the crook with a case or cover of silver, which crook and case is still preserved, and can be seen in the Museum of Antiquaries in Edinburgh; the Society having got possession of it a few years ago from Alexander Dewar, Province of Ontario, Canada.

After the defeat at Dail-Righ, and the conflict with the Mac-Geoichs, Lorn pursued the Royal party no further. The first night being passed at Ari-Mhor, their second encampment was in Glenfalloch.

The spot where they passed the night is still pointed out. A large boulder-like rock is called Creag-an-Righ (the King's Rock), in memory of the encampment. There they passed the second night. On the morrow the Earl of Athole requested that, on account of his failing health, he be allowed to leave and make his way to Blair-Athole. A Council was held. The Queen and the ladies also wanted to be removed to a place of safe retreat. Accordingly it was resolved to give up all the ponies to the Queen and her lady friends, and that Neil Bruce, the Earl of Athole, and a staff of attendants, proceed from the mountains of Glenfalloch to the Castle of Kildrummie, a stronghold near the River Don, in Aberdeenshire. Barbour says—

> "The Queen and all her company
> Lap on their horse, and forth can fare,
> Men might have seen who had been there,
> At leave-taking the ladies grat,
> And made their faces with tears wat,
> And the knights for their looves' sake;
> Both sigh and weep, and mourning make,
> And kissed their loves at parting."

It is quite impossible for us who know these mountain ranges, stripped of their native forests, as they now are, and intersected with roads, to picture to ourselves the hardships and fatigue to which those noble patriots were compelled to submit while travelling from Glenfalloch to Kildrummie Castle.

Barbour informs us that they accomplished their journey, and found themselves secure for a time in a well-fortified stronghold—so strong as to defy the efforts of the English to reduce it, until they found among the besieged, a traitor of the name of Osborne, who set fire to the stored-up forage, by which the Castle was destroyed, and which compelled the besieged to surrender.

The Queen, her daughter, Neil Bruce, and the others were taken prisoners to England, Edward at the time being on his deathbed. Nevertheless his order in reference to the male prisoners were, "Hang and Slay." The Queen and her daughter remained prisoners till after Bannockburn, when they were exchanged for English nobles, who were prisoners in the Castle of Bothwell.

King Robert and his party, now relieved of the care of the Queen and the ladies, threaded their way down the east side of

Loch-Lomond, and on the third day's march, in snell and showery weather (it being then the beginning of winter), they found a small boat, somewhat leaky, which could ferry only three men at a time. With it, however, they succeeded in getting ferried in a day and a night. Before leaving the camp at Glenfalloch, it was resolved that an effort should be made to get conveyed to the Castle of Dunaverty, in Kintyre, a stronghold of the Macdonalds, whose chief was a supporter of Bruce and his party. Accordingly, Sir Neil Campbell was dispatched, and his expedition is described by the historian as follows:—

"Sir Neil Campbell before sent he,
To get him maving and meat,
And certain time to him set,
When he should meet him at the sea.
Sir Neil with his menzie (men) went his way
Without more leting,
And left his brother with the King,
And in twelve days so travelled he,
That he got shipping good and plenty,
And victuals in great abundance."

Having got ferried across Loch-Lomond, as we may suppose about Tarbert, the chief of Macfarlane (and no doubt some of his clan) being of the party of Bruce, would have been a sure guide in those rugged mountain ranges through which they must have passed. Macfarlane was son-in-law to the Earl of Lennox, who parted with Bruce after the defeat at Methven. Some historians say that the Earls of Lennox and Athole were the only parties who remained with the King after his defeat at Dailree; in this they are mistaken, as Lennox parted with the King at Methven; and Athole, in company with the Queen in Glenfalloch, having got across the lake safely, their frail ferryboat being insufficient to carry much provision, they formed into foraging parties after landing—the King in charge of one party, and Sir James Douglas in charge of the other. Whether they got astray in a cloud of mountain mist, which often forms a nightcap for the Cobblar, is not exactly stated by the historian. The King having occasion to blow his horn, Lennox, who was also on the hills on a hunting expedition, heard it, and knowing that the blast came from the horn of Bruce, proceeded in haste to meet him. Barbour describes this meeting as follows:—

" He went right to the King in hy,
So blyth and so joyful as he,
For he the King wend had been deed,
And he was also will of reed;
And all the Lords that were there,
Right joyful of their meeting were,
And kissed him in great dainty;
It was great pity for to see
How they for joy and pity grat,
When they with their fellows met.
The Earl had meat, and that plenty,
And with glad heart it them gave he,
And to the Lord syne loving made,
And thanked him with full good cheer.
After meet soon rose the King,
When he had learned his speering,
And busked him with his menzie (men),
And went in by towards the sea,
Where Sir Neil Campbell soon them met,
Both with ships and also with meet,
With sails and oars and other thing,
That were speedful to their passing;
Some went to steer and some to oar,
And rowed by the Isle of Bute.

So far on his perilous journey have we followed the footprints of King Robert the Bruce. He and his party arrived safely in the Castle of Dunaverty, on the Mull of Kintyre, where they remained for a short time, after which crossed to the Island of Rathlin, on the coast of Ireland, where they passed the winter.

COIRE'N-T-SITH.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.—The New York *Scotsman*, in a recent issue, says—"On this Continent, also, the bitter, burning wrongs of the crofters, and their wail of distress, have struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of their countrymen in the United States and Canada, and active measures are being taken to provide means for their defence and relief. In Chicago measures for the relief of the crofters have assumed a more tangible form, and recently a Society was organised there by the Scottish Residents, which is designated the 'Scottish Land League of America.' The Rev. Duncan Macgregor was appointed president, and the organisation proposes to collect 20,000 dollars for the defence of the so-called 'deforcing crofters,' and for aiding these oppressed fellow-countrymen in other ways. At the last session of the organisation, a committee appointed to prepare an address to be presented to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone submitted it to the meeting. The address was approved, and forwarded at once to the British Premier."

WIRE-FENCING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IN the *Field* of the 4th of April, an excellently written and graphic description of wire-fencing extraordinary in the mountains of Strathglass and Kintail appeared from the pen of Mr W. J. Smith, of Messrs Smith & Son, ironfounders, Inverness, who have recently invented and patented one of the best and most simple wire-fencings hitherto brought under the notice of the public. The erection of the fence was carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr Smith himself, and keeping in view that, though in business in the Highland capital, he is a Lowlander by birth and education, his reference to the excellent qualities of the Highlanders who worked for him under such hard conditions is worth tons of the rubbish written against them by those who know nothing of their qualities by experience, and who are almost in all cases governed by old race prejudices. We are very glad indeed to give the following extracts a permanent place, based, as they are, on the personal experience of one so well qualified to state the facts, and who is honest enough to do so in an impartial spirit. After describing the journey to Glencannich, Mr Smith proceeds:—

"On the following day the first contingent of workmen was to have arrived, along with supplies of food, tools, tents, and other necessaries. The contractor and his staff set out for Lub-na-damph, a shooting lodge six miles down the glen, in order to convoy the new arrivals to their destination. Although expected at an early hour, the men and horses did not come in sight along the mountain track which leads from Cannich till the afternoon, and a more sorry-looking cavalcade never was seen on the road to Siberia. Here were all kinds and conditions of workmen, from the skilled stonemason to the Irish navvy, for times were hard; but one look was enough to show that some of them—these half-clad, tea-fed town birds—were not the men for such a job as this. . . . . It was clear that a rebellious spirit was abroad, for during the night the store tent had been broken into, and all sorts of provisions stolen; mutterings could be heard from many of the malcontents, and it was more than ever manifest that this scum of the town, some of them jail-birds, were quite unfit for what they had undertaken to do. After breakfast over twenty of them came in and demanded their pay to be doubled, which the contractor, with the insight already gained, at once refused, and thus got rid of them; for, after making a demonstration, during which Joe, the cook, had to defend his store-tent with a six-shooter, they left in a body. This voluntary process of weeding out was fortunate and opportune, for shortly afterwards

THE HARDY WEST COAST MEN

began to make their appearance, and very soon a contingent of over one hundred were gathered together. These West Coast men seem to belong to a different race from the inhabitants of the towns on the east of Scotland. They are always well clad

and well shod; they care little for fatigue, and can work under rain as well as in sunshine. Although most of them live on potatoes and herring, or oatmeal brose, when at home, they are fastidious in matters concerning their food when away from home. To provide for them all was no easy matter. For their shelter a regular camp, with full equipment of tents, beds, bedding, fuel, food, and complete arrangements for field cooking, was systematically organised at the outset. Besides this, a commissariat department, with head-quarters at Inverness, had to be established and maintained; and a regular service of carriers and pack horses traversed the route to carry food for man and beast, and this became more and more difficult as the work progressed, and the camp was shifted further and further away.

THE HIGHLANDERS AT BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal porridge and treacle was the first course, and each man, carrying his tin pannikin and spoon, made his way to where the cook and his assistants were already surrounded by a score of his comrades, many of them but half-dressed, and each elbowing his way to be next in turn. A plentiful supply of coffee and bread was next served out, and by the time this was over the men were ready for the morning's work, which lasted from 6 A.M. till mid-day. Many amusing scenes were witnessed over the breakfasting of these hungry denizens of the wilds, the pure mountain air imparting an additional keenness to their appetites. Joe, the cook, who was an Englishman, and understood not a word of Gaelic, had many an altercation with the men, most of whom knew little English, and none of whom could comprehend Joe's particular *patois*. Joe was an old artillery-man who had seen some campaigning service, and rather prided himself on his knowledge of cooking; but the simple fare, the staple food of the Highlander, defied his powers at first, and it was not until a big countryman threatened to boil him in one of his own pots that it dawned upon poor Joe that the water should be boiled, and not merely warmed, before the meal was mixed with it. This fact once grasped, however, things got on more smoothly.

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Soon the camp was increased by the addition of thirty horses and their drivers, who were busy carrying the iron and wire, and other material, along the line of fence. The provisions required for such a number of men and horses, so exposed, represented no inconsiderable supply of food and labour in bringing it there. Something like 11 tons of meal, 12 of bread, 70 cwt. of mutton and tinned meats, 500 lb. of coffee, and 30 cwt. of sugar, besides casks of treacle, and all the hundred and one little commodities required by such a community. Corn for the horses, and coal for the cook and blacksmith, were heavy items, and the expense of conveyance, which increased as the work advanced, was considerable, even at the first encampment.

THE HIGHLAND PONIES.

The first half-mile of the journey led across a couple of turbulent streams, and over some disagreeable bog ground, through which the ponies found their way in a wonderful manner. It is strange the instinct which guides those Highland ponies in places like this; they seem to know from the very smell — "they scent danger from afar" — whether it is safe for them to proceed or not; and even by night these sagacious creatures will find their way safely about in bewildering and dangerous places. One of the horses on this work (a south-bred animal), however, was a constant nuisance, as he seemed not to understand the thing at all. He would boldly enter where others "feared to tread," and, like the fly in the honey-pot, would generally stick fast. This horse was called the "Waster," and it was no uncommon occurrence to see a squad of men taken off their work to lift the brute out of some bog he had stupidly entered, and in which he would simply lie down, load and all, when he felt himself

sinking. The true Highland pony, on the other hand, when he feels the surface break beneath his hoofs, will spring forward ere it is too late, and so keep his legs from being overpowered. Many an encomium was passed on these sturdy little animals, who were indeed a constant source of admiration for their pluck and endurance. They would climb the most rocky passes, and walk quite unconcerned at the most perilous heights, sure-footed and brave, where the "Waster" would tremble like an aspen leaf.

Soon the work proceeded so far that the camp had to be moved higher up to the mountain top, where the men experienced a terrific

HIGHLAND THUNDERSTORM.

The site for the new camp had been chosen a day or two before, and now no time was lost in occupying it. As the day wore on the heat became oppressive, even at this altitude, and the air seemed to be surcharged with a strange vapour, which made work or activity intolerable. Ere sunset, faint murmurs of distant thunder made it evident that an exceptional storm was brewing, and scarcely had the men turned in for the night when, sure enough, it broke over the camp in stern reality. With covered head each attempted, but in vain, to shut out from his terrified vision the vivid flashes of lightning which seemed to play round the tent poles, while peal after peal of thunder, increasing with awful suddenness, and echoing still louder and louder amidst the giant mountain tops, struck terror in the hearts of the most fearless there. The rain fell with alarming force on the canvas, and rapidly flooded the tents; but closely wrapped in and protected from above and below by the waterproof sheet supplied to them, the men lay motionless, though cowering with fear. At intervals they could hear the sound of a hundred newborn torrents rushing madly down the mountain crevices, sweeping all before them in their headlong course. In the midst of all this, each had his own thoughts; old Hamish fled in fear to his tent, leaving the camp fire to the ponies, who formed a terrified group around the temporary erection which sheltered its smothering embers.

Another flitting of the camp, and the highest peak of Scur-nan-Cearinan was reached, and here, about an altitude of 3500 feet, the men were allowed to select such sites as they thought best, as suitable camping area for all together was unobtainable; but, as a set-off, it was determined that the stay here would be as short as possible. With this intention the camp was removed; yet, although man proposes, God disposes. During the previous four weeks there had been as many miles of fencing erected, and twice was the camp shifted. For the next four weeks not a mile of fence was built, and at the end of that time not as much had been done as would have of itself justified the removal of the camp; but this course had to be taken, as living at this altitude, even in the middle of summer, was unbearable when the weather was bad. Tremendous storms broke over the camp, by day and night, from the middle of June till the middle of July. The weather in this cloudy region, during these four weeks of misery, was varied occasionally with slight blinks of the sun, but more frequently with thick mist, rain, wind, and snow. To keep men together under such circumstances required considerable tact and liberal treatment; but, with occasional treats of the real "mountain dew," which these Highlanders love so fondly, work was continued under the most trying circumstances. With every stitch of clothing wet, and no facilities for drying them. it is simply a wonder that the men could have been prevailed on to brave it out. What a contrast to the first batch of men who arrived! There is still the same stern determination about these West Coast men which has shown itself on many a battlefield, and has earned their country's thanks.

However, flesh and blood could stand it no longer on these stormy peaks. By night many tents were blown down about the sleeping men, who, springing from their warm beds, clutched wildly for some article of clothing, but ultimately gathered round their fallen abode with nought but a shirt to shelter their limbs from rain and wind: and as each shouted louder than his fellow, cursing their misfortunes, their cries were echoed by exasperating neighbours, the snug inmates of still standing tents, who generally showed their sympathy and commiseration for the naked and houseless by joining in one continued howl of laughter.

With other two shifts of the camp the contract was completed; and so ended the carrying out of a piece of work which presented no inconsiderable difficulties in its execution, and was unique in its way, as being the most extraordinary in the history of wire-fencing; for this fence has been here erected in the most exposed position, and at the greatest altitude, that a fence has been hitherto known to occupy.

JOHN MACKAY, C.E., HEREFORD.

IN the *Crofter* for April, a striking portrait of this well-known Highlander is given, along with a biographical sketch. Most Highlanders would like to have got a more detailed account of the life of one to whom we are all so much indebted for his noble example, exhibiting many of the virtues, and following the best characteristics of the race from which, it must be admitted, many of us have greatly degenerated. The writer of the sketch says—

It has often been remarked that Mr John Mackay can't make a speech or write an essay without making some reference to the martial deeds of the Highland regiments in general, and the Ninety-Third in particular. His father, a Black Watch soldier, was so full of anxiety to serve his king and country that he enlisted three times before he passed the standard height, and though he only succeeded the third time by placing some moss between his stockings and his heels, he grew until he became the right hand man of his company. John inherited the military spirit of his father. When the Highland straths and glens were peopled, the recruiting officer had no difficulty in enlisting men, for the ambition of most Highland youths was to serve their country. The County of Sutherland was no exception to other districts. In 1760 it sent forth 1100 of its best men to fight the country's battles; in 1777, 1100; and in 1794, 1800. In 1800 the famous 93rd was raised in a few days by the Countess of Sutherland, and four years later a second battalion.

On the return of the British army of occupation from France, its strength was reduced, and Mr Mackay's father, after having

served eight years, received his discharge in 1818, and settled down in his native parish of Rogart. It was in the early part of this century, while so many Sutherland men were under arms upholding British honour, that the Sutherland Clearances took place—clearances dishonourable to the house of Sutherland, and discreditable to the nation. Hundreds of soldiers who had served in Spain, France, and Flanders found on their return to Sutherland that their families had been evicted, their homes unroofed or given to the flames, and that the lands which they and their forefathers held for generations had been let to strangers for sheep farms. In the parish of Rogart hundreds of families had been evicted, and their homes and homesteads destroyed. Mr Mackay's father was shocked at the result of the revolution which had taken place in his absence. His sense of what was due to a population who had loyally served their chief and country was so deeply wounded that he vowed "if he had twenty sons, that none, with his approval, would serve a country whose laws permitted the Highland chiefs to perpetrate such gross outrages as had occurred during the clearance period."

It is computed that in about nine years 15,000 people were evicted in Sutherland, and driven across the sea, or compelled to eke out a miserable existence on land unfit for grazing sheep. It was fortunate for Mr Mackay's father that his parents escaped eviction through their croft not forming part of the property of the house of Sutherland. Being the only son, he [John's father] settled down at home, and succeeded to the croft on his father's death. As a matter of course he took unto himself a wife, and the subject of our sketch, born in 1823, is the third of eleven children. Schools in those days were not so numerous as now, but the standard of school work was high. The parish schoolmaster, with few exceptions, was able to teach Latin, Greek, and mathematics, in addition to the ordinary branches of education. Young John Mackay, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was a diligent student, and was reputed the best Latin and Greek scholar in the school. Like most crofters' sons, he did his share of the work of the croft, and at twenty years of age he left home and entered the employment of the late Mr Thomas Brassey, the eminent railway contractor, where he gradually rose by his energy and unwearied attention to duty from the lowest to the highest grade in the service. In Sir Arthur Help's "Life and Labours of Thomas Brassey," John Mackay's name is frequently mentioned. During the last ten years of Mr Brassey's life Mr Mackay superintended the construction of railway and other works, the value of which amounted to £1,750,000, and in the same period made out tenders and estimates for Mr Brassey amounting to £4,500,000, which others carried out. On Mr

Brassey's retirement Mr Mackay commenced business on his own account, and as a railway contractor the reputation acquired in Mr Brassey's service has been fully sustained. A Highlander by birth, lineage, and rearing, Mr Mackay takes a pride in the military history of his kith and kin. Long before it was fashionable to do so, he denounced the system which cleared the glens and pauperised the people, and advocated justice and redress for the remnant of the Highland people. Unlike many who have risen from the ranks, he never forgot that he was a crofter's son and one of the people, knowing the prose and poetry of the Highland croft. He has identified himself with the crofters' cause, not from sentiment or as a theorist, but from a sense of duty, and as a practical man fully acquainted with crofters' grievances and the reforms that are necessary. In all efforts to preserve the Highland people and promote their welfare, from instituting the Celtic Chair to promoting the Highland Land Law Reform Association, Mr John Mackay has done his part with a singleness of aim and honesty of purpose that has earned for him the esteem of Highlanders at home and abroad, and the gratitude of the oppressed crofters.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

MOR, NIGHEAN A' GHIOBARLAIN.

WE recently came into possession of a small collection of Gaelic songs which contains the following version of the song, "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain." We understand this little volume is very scarce. Though published in 1829, it seems to have escaped the notice of Mr Reid, the vigilant compiler of the "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica." The following is the title-page—"Dain agus Orain Ghae'lach, le Ailein Mac an t-Saoir, Sealgair, Shionnach ann an Ceann-tire. Glaschu: Clo-bhuailte air son an Ughdair, le A. Young, 1829." It is believed the collection was known in the author's native county, Argyleshire, as "Orain Ailein nan Sionnach." Only a portion of the songs are Ailein's own compositions. In the introduction, he says, "Although the author is an untutored, illiterate son of the muses, yet he can honestly assure the subscribers to this volume that the poems bearing his name are his own composition." The following does

not bear his name, and we surmise it is not the original song of "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain;" indeed, we have an opinion that the incense offered at the shrine of the real Mor was not sufficiently pure to admit of its being given to the world, and that the version given by Ailein nan Sionnach is but an attempt to preserve a justly popular air by attaching it to words which would not offend "gentle ears polite." In this respect the attempt is so far successful, but after all we cannot discover much merit in the song. The melody seems also to have recommended itself to the ear of Tannahill, who has further extended its fame by adopting it as the musical environment of one of his neatest lyrics, "Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my faither, O." Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne bard, in "Rosan an Leth-bhaile," as well as several others of our Gaelic bards, have been moved to song by the music of "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain. We are confirmed in our opinion that the following is not the original song, by the introduction of the refrain between every two lines of the real composition, in complete disregard of its incongruity. No poet apostrophising the real Mor would have dragged her in so awkwardly and inappropriately at every second line. Burns managed a similar composition differently, and to better purpose, in "Duncan Gray." We shall be glad to hear from any of our correspondents as to whether our surmises are correct, as also regarding the history of Ailein nan Sionnach and his songs.

Esan.—O' cuim' nach biodh tu boidheach,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
Le d' bhucaill ann ad bhrogan,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
Leine chaol d' an olaind,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
Ad a's bile òir rith',
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain?

Ise.—'S duilich dhomh bhi boidheach,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
Is tric an tigh an òil thu,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'Cur d' airgid anns na stopan,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'S am fear a thig ga ol leat,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,

Esan.—Na 'm biodh tu leis an déideadh,
Mo Mhor nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Cho olc 's tha thu 'g eigheach.
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Cha bhiodh tu riumsa 'beulais,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
Air chinnte dh' òl mi d' eiric,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Na 'n cluinneadh mo chairdean,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
A' chainnt tha thu 'a ràdhainn,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Gum beireadh iad air spaig ort,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'S gun sgeilpeadh iad do mhàsan.
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Esan.—Chan 'eil e air an t-saoghal,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
De d' chinne no dè d' dhaoine,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.
Na 'm bithinns' air an daoraich,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
A bheireadh mis' o m' ghaoilein,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Labhair i le faobhar,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'S a guth an deaghaidh caochladh,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Guileag aic' air caoineadh,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
"Theid mis' air feadh an t-saoghail,"
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Esan.—A bheil ach fealadha ann,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain?
Fuirich mar a tha thu,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
Bheir mise mo lamh dhuit,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Nach ol mi deur gu brath dheth,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Is tric thu toirt nam boidean,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
Cha toir thu air a' chòir iad,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;

Cumaidh tu fo d' shroin e,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'S air deireadh na cluich', òlaidh,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Na toir boid an traths' ris,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Ma bhios againn paisdean,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Abair mar a b' abhaist,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
"Sud e air ur slainte,"
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Sin agaibh mar dh' eirich,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
Do 'n te air 'n robh 'n deideadh,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain;
'S their gach te tha 'm eisdeachd
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
'S math leam nach mi fhein i,
Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

A MINISTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL ENFORCING THE ARGUMENT.—Mr Cook, who was the minister of the North Church before the Disruption, was a man of genuine piety and devoted zeal, and admirably suited to his congregation, but his sayings in the pulpit were often extraordinary. On one occasion he is reported to have said, "I wouldna' be a king, I wouldna' be a queen; no, no, my friends, I would rather be a wo-rum, I would rather be a paddock, for its easier for a cow to climb a tree with her tail and hindlegs foremost, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Another time he said, "Many of you are thinking that you'll get into heaven hanging to the skirts of my coat, but I'll disappoint you and wear a spencer."—*Inverness before Railways* [*in the press*].

AN INVERNESS TEMPLAR OF FORTY YEARS AGO.—The same genial and hospitable gentleman, who was the hero of the episode of the umbrella [and which the author had just related], had been for so many years without drinking cold water that he had quite forgotten the taste of it. On one occasion he did not feel well, and intended taking a dose of medicine in the morning, so his wife placed it, along with a tumbler of water (to take away the taste), at the side of his bed, to be in readiness for the morning. When the lady got up she perceived that her husband had not taken his medicine, and challenged him about it, when he exclaimed, "Not taken my medicine! To be sure I have, every drop of it!" and pointed triumphantly to the empty tumbler, which he had drained, in the belief that he had performed a most praiseworthy action by swallowing a large quantity of medicine!—*Inverness before Railways.*

THE CROFTERS' HOLDINGS (SCOTLAND) BILL.

ON Tuesday, the 19th of May, between 1 and 2.30 A.M., we had the pleasure of listening in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons to the Lord Advocate's speech introducing the Crofters' Holdings Bill; and the reader can easily understand with what feelings one who has for years been so active in educating public opinion, and in forcing the necessity of reform in this connection on the Government, must have listened in such circumstances. It will at once be admitted that the Bill is a remarkable acknowledgment of the justice of the claims of the Highland people, and a complete justification of all that has been urged by ourselves and other advocates of reform in their behalf; and particularly so, when it is remembered how, only two or three years ago, the Lord Advocate, speaking for the Government, cavalierly declared in the House of Commons that the Crofters had no grievances to speak of, and that there was not the slightest necessity for the inquiry by Royal Commission then demanded by their friends, and since granted, with the result of opening the eyes of the Lord Advocate, the Government, and the public at large, to their position, and the introduction of this Bill, containing principles and concessions of considerable immediate advantage and far-reaching results in the future agricultural conditions, not only of the Highlands but of the whole United Kingdom.

The Bill makes provision for complete Security of Tenure, Fair Rents to be ascertained by independent Government Valuators, and Compensation for all Improvements made by the present tenants or their predecessors in their holdings, being of the same family, within the last thirty years. These are valuable concessions, though they by no means go far enough. They will, however, provide the leverage power by which other necessary reforms can be secured. The right of "Free Sale" we have never considered of such consequence to the smaller tenants as some others have done; but the compulsory provision of more land for the people must be pushed and ultimately secured, though Government refuses it in this Bill. When, however, the

Crofters shall have secured security of tenure, they will find themselves in a much better position to agitate successfully for enactments that will enable them to get re-installed on the best portions of the land from which they or their forefathers had been so harshly evicted in the past to make room for sheep or deer. It is now, however, proposed to give them rights, which, had they been given them early in the present century—before the country was laid waste—would have secured a prosperous and thriving people in the Highlands. When this Bill becomes law, inadequate even as it is, any more Highland Clearances will have become impossible; the natural independence of the Highland spirit will re-assert itself, and the slavish cringing of the present will soon disappear. There will be no more rack-renting, no further appropriation of the tenants' property by the landlords, when the rent shall be fixed and compensation for improvements provided for and ascertained by Government valuers. An incentive hitherto undreamt of in the Highlands will be given to industry, and the face of the country shall become transformed by the energies of a people secure in the results of their labour. Had this been secured to the tenant by the simpler process of the Free Sale of his improvements, it might have been preferable, but seeing that the principle is conceded, there need be no fear but the best manner of giving effect to it will be secured at no distant date, now that the people have received electoral privileges, and when they shall have obtained the confidence and independence which security of tenure in their holdings will give them. Indeed, we are not at all sure, but it may be far better for the present tenant to get compensation from the landlord, who is sure to pay, for his improvements, under the Act, than to be allowed the free sale of them to a brother-crofter, who, in many cases, may never be able to pay for them; and, if we may judge from the past, such improvements are not likely to be valued to the landlord at a lower figure than they would realise, if offered for free sale among the tenants themselves. It would be different were the principle of the Bill applied to the larger holdings; but in the case of the Crofters free sale might really be of no practical advantage.

In our "Analysis of the Crofter Royal Commission Report," we pointed out how utterly inadequate and unjust the Commissioners' proposals of improving leases were to the great mass of

the people, and we congratulate the Government on having disregarded the recommendations of the Commission on that point, but we regret that they have not adopted the principle of compulsion involved in the Township proposals of their Report, without at all necessarily following its details; and we have no hesitation in saying that some plan of that kind, or some other which will secure more land to the people on equitable terms, must be adopted before the Highlanders can or ought to be satisfied. When this is done, and the country is all taken up, and occupied on the conditions laid down in the Government Bill, it will then be time enough to make provision for assisting those to emigrate for whom no more land can be found in their own country.

On a previous occasion, referring to the improving lease recommended by the Royal Commission, we declared that had the Commissioners carried their proposals "sufficiently far to provide complete security of tenure, they would not have disturbed the equanimity of the landlords any more than they have done with the more limited but practically inoperative proposals made; and they would have satisfied all reasonable claims, and secured general peace and contentment among the people. We have always held that, given security of tenure, everything else required would naturally follow; without it, any other proposals will be found of little practical use, except in so far as the admission of the principle involved in them will help the people at no distant date to secure the thing itself;" and we further maintained that the "limitation of the improving lease to the absurdly high figure of a £6 rental would confine its application within such narrow limits, even if the other impossible conditions were removed, as to make the leases practically of little use, satisfying but a very small share of the fair claims of an extremely small section of the people"—about one-twelfth of the small tenants.

The Government are to be congratulated on having in their Bill adopted this view, and for ignoring the recommendation of the Commissioners, which they tell us, in their Report, was only a "compromise between the opinions of those in the Commission who favoured a higher, and those who favoured a lower figure" —an absurdly unjust compromise, which the Government very properly disregarded.

A proprietor proposing to enlarge any of his Crofter holdings may apply to the Public Works Loan Commissioners, who may advance to the landlord, making such application, on the security of the estate, a sum which will enable the Crofter to stock the additional land given him, the sum to be advanced not to exceed five years' rent, not of the addition to be made, but of "the entire holding of the Crofter including such addition." No doubt good, far-seeing proprietors will take advantage of this, and benefit their tenants and themselves by so doing; but there is surely no hardship in compelling bad landlords to do what the good are willing to do of their own free will; and the people should never cease to agitate and press their claims until this is compulsorily secured to them. Care must be taken that the landlords shall not be able to charge more than the Government rate of interest.

There are various objections to some of the sub-sections and to what are called the "statutory conditions," non-compliance with which is to determine the tenancy, but these cannot now be dealt with at length.

In section four provision is made for an arrangement between landlord and tenant as to the rent payable for any period agreed upon; but, curiously enough, at the expiration of that period, in the absence of a new agreement, the rent payable before the agreement was made is to revive. The reasonable provision would be that the new rent should continue until another arrangement was arrived at. It appears by section seven, sub-section *b*, that if *any* assistance or consideration was received from the proprietor in the past, the improvements, partly or mainly, executed by the tenant are to be wholly confiscated to the landlord. The tenant should surely get the value of these, less only the amount of the assistance or consideration received by him. The same objection holds good against similar provisions regarding what has been executed by the tenants in virtue of "understandings" and estate regulations, of which the people generally know nothing.

The provisions as to Cottars, will be found of no real value; for their houses, in case of removal, are only to be valued and their value secured to their owners, provided any permanent improvements made "are suitable to the holding" of the Crofter. Cottars' houses are not only not suitable to the holdings on which they are, as a rule, built, but will be found an incumbrance

upon them, to be removed as soon as possible, and, therefore, representing no value to the incoming tenant. Cottars who were placed in their present position by circumstances over which they had no control—by eviction and other harsh proceedings under the vicious laws now to be reformed—must secure better consideration than this Bill proposes or rather pretends to give them, or they will very properly come to the conclusion that they are better off as they are than they can possibly be under the provisions of an Act which assumes the right of the landlord to remove them—and that without any real compensation—whenever its clauses come to be applied to their case. Take, for instance, the Parish of Bracadale, in the Isle of Skye, described in the Report of the Royal Commission, and in which in a population of 929 souls, there is only one solitary tenant (paying £3. 10s. a-year) to whom any of the clauses of the Bill can apply; and this is true to a certain degree, as far as the Cottars are concerned, of the whole Highlands.

It is a great pity that the Government did not see their way to go further, and introduce a measure which would settle the question, at least for a generation. Instead of the present Bill doing so, it will open it up more than ever. If passed into law, however, it will place the Crofters in a better position to agitate for a complete measure, without any fear of being evicted for asserting their claims more effectually than ever. This is, indeed, the strongest recommendation in favour of the present Bill; and, though it is far from satisfactory, we consider it best that the people should aid in getting it improved and passed into law, so as, when that is done, to make it the lever for procuring their full rights, by getting the lands from which their forefathers or themselves were evicted, restored to themselves and their descendants.

We give below the principal reforms which had been urged by the present writer before the Royal Commission at Inverness. They are copied *verbatim* from the Government Blue-Book, those of them printed in italics being those which have been adopted in the Government measure. The others have at present been withheld. How long they can be so withheld, is a matter for the people themselves, which they will not be slow in deciding, after the lessons they have already learned from

the recent agitation in the Highlands; and we are much mistaken if it be not found very soon that it would have been much the wiser course for the Government to have gone a little further now, and settle the question for the present generation. We are decidedly of opinion that the landlords will have much greater cause for regretting any delay in passing the present or a better Bill into law than the tenants. Indeed, many of the people's friends would much rather see the question left to a new House of Commons.

The following are the principal remedies proposed by the writer at the conclusion of his statement before the Royal Commission, those adopted by the Government being in italics:—

1st, To break down the present deer forests and great farms, compulsorily if need be, and divide them among the people in small holdings, ranging from a few acres to moderately-sized farms, so that the man at the bottom may fairly hope, by industry and economy, to climb further up the ladder of success. Under the present conditions there is nothing for a man to hope for between a small croft and a farm that will take several thousands of pounds to stock. The system could not have been more admirably planned had it been intended to drive the people to despair, with the view of their being finally forced by sheer necessity to leave their native land.

2nd, *I would have the present value of the land ascertained by independent Government valuators, and give it to the people at that valuation on a permanent tenure, and on such conditions that they or their representatives could never be removed so long as they paid their rents. In the event of their being unable to pay their rents, and having in consequence to give up their holdings; or in the event of their leaving of their own will, I would have the value of the land ascertained, and on the landlord refusing to pay the difference,* capitalised between its original and improved values, I would allow the tenant to dispose of his holding to the highest offerer. Thus the results of the tenants' improvements as a class would be secured to themselves. instead of, as hitherto, periodically appropriated by the landlords.*

3rd, *I would accept no leases, on any conditions; for a lease only means that the landlord will get the tenant's improvements—the results of his expenditure of labour, brain, and money—for nothing, a little later on.*

4th, Government should also form a scheme of peasant proprietary, by buying up estates coming into the market, and granting them in small holdings of various sizes to those who could pay a portion of the price down, the Government leaving the balance as a loan on the land at a moderate rate of interest, sufficient to pay up capital and interest in forty or fifty years.

5th, Landlords in legal possession of their estates, in the event of their being required by the State for a scheme of peasant proprietary, should get full compensation for the present agricultural value of their land, wherever any part of it may be acquired for the public by the nation. Thus, the legal rights of those in possession

* By the Government Bill the landlord will be *obliged* to pay the value of the tenant's improvements.

may, to some extent, be brought into harmony with the moral and higher rights of the Crown and the people.

From this it will be seen that the Bill comes far short of what we consider to be the requirements of the case, though all will admit that it is a great step in advance, and that it may be improved into a fairly good measure as far as it goes. It must, however, make provision for the protection of the thousands who are now landed in hopeless arrears, in consequence of the periodical increase of rent on their own improvements, or by other means over which they had no control. To have these unfortunate people excluded from the benefits of the Bill would be grossly unjust. Another cause of increased rents, and consequent inability to pay, is the fact that in many places the sum charged by the landlord for Government money, for drainage, and other improvements to pay off capital and interest in twenty-two years, and which has been fully exacted from the tenants years ago, has been continued as a permanent increase to the rents previously charged, amounting in come cases to more than the original charge. No doubt the valuators under the Act will take this addition into consideration, and hold the improvements made by the tenants with this money, who have since paid capital and interest, and much more, before they fix the Fair Rent of the future; for though the money was advanced originally more than thirty years ago—the period to which compensation under the Act is to be limited—it has within that period been applied to its present purpose of a permanent addition to the rent. Care must be taken that justice is done regarding these and other important points; and it will be well to keep in mind the recommendations of the Royal Commission respecting game, the cutting of peat, seaware, and thatch, as well as in reference to various other matters which at present prove sources of irritation, and produce misunderstandings and mischief between landlord and tenant.

A. M.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE" will be removed next month to the NEW OFFICES, in course of erection, at 47 HIGH STREET, for the *Scottish Highlander* Newspaper, to be issued early in July.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

I.

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the average Highlander than to recall and muse over the best characteristics of the race to which he belongs. Taking these all in all, no Highlander need fear the result of a comparison of the history and character of his ancestors with those of any other nation in the world. The following are a few anecdotes illustrative of several pleasing characteristics of the race, extracted from General Stewart of Garth's famous "Sketches of the Character, Institutions, and Customs of the Highlanders of Scotland," just published by Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of the *Celtic Magazine*:—

JACOBITISM.—Attachment to the Stuart dynasty was always a prevailing characteristic of the Highlanders, and the following is a pleasing instance of it:—

"In the reign of King William, immediately after the Revolution, Lord Tullibardine, eldest son of the Marquis of Athol, collected a numerous body of Athole Highlanders, together with three hundred Frasers, under the command of Hugh Lord Lovat, who had married a daughter of the Marquis. These men believed that they were destined to support the abdicated king, but were, in reality, assembled to serve the Government of William. When in front of Blair Castle, their real destination was disclosed to them by Lord Tullibardine. Instantly they rushed from their ranks, ran to the adjoining stream of Banovy, and, filling their bonnets with water, drank to the health of King James; and then, with colours flying, and pipes playing, 'fifteen hundred of the men of Athole, as reputable for arms as any in the kingdom,' put themselves under the command of the Laird of Ballechin, and marched off to join Lord Dundee, whose chivalrous bravery, and heroic and daring exploits, had excited their admiration more than those of any other warrior since the days of Montrose."

For many years after the suppression of the Rising of 1745, the memory of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was fondly cherished by those who had lost their relatives, their friends, their lands, their all, in his cause:—

"When the late Mr Stewart, of Ballachulish, returned home, after having completed a course of general and classical education at Glasgow and Edinburgh, he was a promising young man. A friend of the family happening to visit his father, who had '*been out*' in 1715 and 1745, congratulated the old gentleman on the appearance and accomplishments of his son. To this he answered, that the youth was all he could wish for as a son; and 'next to the happiness of seeing Charles restored to the throne of his forefathers, is the promise my son affords of being an honour to his family.'

"A song or ballad of that period, set to a melancholy and beautiful air, was exceedingly popular among the Highlanders, and sung by all classes. It is in Gaelic, and cannot be translated without injury to the spirit and effect of the composition. One verse, alluding to the conduct of the troops after the suppression of the rebellion, proceeds thus:—'They ravaged and burnt my country; they murdered my father, and carried off my brothers; they ruined my kindred, and broke the heart of my mother; but all, all could I bear without a murmur, if I saw my king restored to his own.'"

SELF-DEVOTION.—There are many stories told of noble self-sacrifice for one another; but the following incident, which occurred at the battle of Killiecrankie, will bear the palm:—

"In this battle Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and, turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back, with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath before he expired to tell Lochiel, that seeing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow from the rear, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. This is a species of duty perhaps not often practised by aides-de-camp."

Another touching instance of self-devotion occurred during the proceedings which followed the battle of Culloden, when a young man named Mackenzie, who bore a strong likeness to the hunted prince, shouted, through his gurgling blood, "Villains, you have killed your Prince!" and by thus deceiving his slayers, gained the real Prince a short respite from pursuit. General Stewart narrates the incident in the following terms:—

"The similarity of personal appearance was said to be quite remarkable. The young gentleman was sensible of this, and at

different times endeavoured to divert the attention of the troops in pursuit of the fugitive prince to an opposite quarter of the mountains to that in which he knew Charles Edward was concealed after the battle of Culloden. This he effected by showing his person in such a way as that he could be seen, and then escaping by the passes or woods, through which he could not be quickly followed. On one occasion he unexpectedly met with a party of troops, and immediately retired, intimating by his manner as he fled, that he was the object of their search; but his usual good fortune forsook him. The soldiers pursued with eagerness, anxious to secure the promised reward of £30,000. Mackenzie was overtaken and shot, exclaiming as he fell, in the words noticed above; and it was not till the head was produced at the next garrison, for the purpose of claiming the reward, that the mistake was discovered."

The following is a touching instance of fraternal love and disinterested affection, which occurred shortly after 1715:—

"Two brothers of Culdares were taken prisoners at the same time, and sent to Carlisle Castle. After a confinement of some months they were released, in consideration of their youth and inexperience; and immediately set off to London to visit their brother, then under sentence of death. Being handsome young men, with fresh complexions, they disguised themselves in women's clothes, and pretending to be Mr Menzies' sisters, were admitted to visit him in prison. They then proposed that one of them should exchange clothes with their brother, and that he should escape in this disguise. But this he peremptorily refused, on the ground that, after the lenity shown them, it would be most ungrateful to engage in such an affair; which, besides, might be productive of unpleasant consequences to the young man who proposed to remain in prison, particularly as he was so lately under a charge of treason and rebellion. They were obliged to take, what they believed to be, their last farewell of their brother, whose firmness of mind, and sense of honour, the immediate prospect of death could not shake. However, he soon met with his reward; he received an unconditional pardon, returned to Scotland along with his brothers, and lived sixty years afterwards in his native glen—an honourable specimen of an old Highland Patriarch, beloved by his own people, and respected by all within the range of his acquaintance. He died in 1776."

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.—Perhaps the strongest feeling of the Highlander is love of country. Any one who has seen a party of Highland emigrants leaving their homes for other countries, cannot fail to have been struck with the anguish displayed in

tearing themselves away from the well-known and long-remembered scenes of their childhood. So strong is this feeling that it is often brought out by a mere removal from one district to another, and General Stewart relates the following instance of it which came under his personal observation :—

"A tenant of my father's, at the foot of Shichallain, removed, a good many years ago, and followed his son to a farm which he had taken at some distance lower down the country. One morning the old man disappeared for a considerable time, and being asked on his return where he had been, he replied, 'As I was sitting by the side of the river, a thought came across me, that, perhaps, some of the waters from Shichallain, and the sweet fountains that watered the farm of my forefathers, might now be passing by me, and that if I bathed they might touch my skin. I immediately stripped, and, from the pleasure I felt in being surrounded by the pure waters of Leidnabreilag (the name of the farm), I could not tear away myself sooner.'"

The following is a still more striking instance of this feeling, which in this case resulted fatally :—

"I shall state two cases of men who seem to have died of what is commonly called a broken heart, originating in grief for the loss of their native homes. I knew them intimately. They were respectable and judicious men, and occupied the farms on which they were born till far advanced in life, when they were removed. They afterwards got farms at no great distance, but were afflicted with a deep despondency, gave up their usual habits, and seldom spoke with any seeming satisfaction, except when the subject turned on their former life, and the spot which they had left. They appeared to be much relieved by walking to the tops of the neighbouring hills, and gazing for hours in the direction of their late homes ; but in a few months their strength totally failed, and without any pain or complaint, except mental depression, one died in a year, and the other in eighteen months. I have mentioned these men together, as there was such a perfect similarity in their cases ; but they were not acquainted with each other, nor of the same district. When they suffered so much by removing from their ancient homes only to another district, how much more severe must their feelings have been had they been forced to emigrate, unless, perhaps, distance and new objects would have diverted their attention from the cause of their grief? But be that as it may, the cause is undoubted."

The Highlanders were most particular about the manner of their burial, and their last moments were sometimes spent in

minute directions as to their own funeral obsequies. The following is a good instance of this anxiety :—

"Alexander Macleod, from the Isle of Skye, was some years ago seized with a fatal illness in Glenorchy, where he died. When he found his end approaching, he earnestly requested that he might be buried in the burying-ground of the principal family of the district, as he was descended from one as ancient, warlike, and honourable ; and stated that he could not die in peace if he thought his family would be dishonoured in his person, by his being buried in a mean and improper manner. Although his request could not be complied with, he was buried in a corner of the churchyard, where his grave is preserved in its original state by Dr Macintyre, the venerable pastor of Glenorchy."

Here again is a striking example of the dislike the Highland people had to the idea of being buried away from their own district :—

"Lately, a woman aged ninety-one, but in perfect health, and in possession of all her faculties, went to Perth from her house in Strathbraan, a few miles above Dunkeld. A few days after her arrival in Perth, where she had gone to visit a daughter, she had a slight attack of fever. One evening a considerable quantity of snow had fallen, and she expressed great anxiety, particularly when told that a heavier fall was expected. Next morning her bed was found empty, and no trace of her could be discovered, till the second day, when she sent word that she had slipt out of the house at midnight, set off on foot through the snow, and never stopped till she reached home, a distance of twenty miles. When questioned some time afterwards why she went away so abruptly, she answered, 'If my sickness had increased, and if I had died, they could not have sent my remains home through the deep snows. If I had told my daughter, perhaps she would have locked the doors upon me, to prevent my going out in the storm, and God forbid that my bones should lie at such a distance from home, and be buried among *Goill-na-machair*, the strangers of the plain.'"

FIDELITY.—The following is a touching instance of the fidelity of a servant to his master :—

"James Menzies of Culdares, having engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and been taken at Preston, in Lancashire, was carried to London, where he was tried and condemned, but afterwards reprieved. Grateful for this clemency, he remained at home in 1745, but, retaining a predilection for the old cause, he sent a handsome charger as a present to Prince Charles when advancing through England. The servant who led and delivered the horse

was taken prisoner, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and condemned. To extort a discovery of the person who sent the horse, threats of immediate execution in case of refusal, and offers of pardon on his giving information, were held out ineffectually to the faithful messenger. He knew, he said, what the consequence of a disclosure would be to his master, and his own life was nothing in the comparison. When brought out for execution, he was again pressed to inform on his master. He asked if they were serious in supposing him such a villain. If he did what they desired, and forgot his master and his trust, he could not return to his native country, for Glenlyon would be no home or country for him, as he would be despised and hunted out of the Glen. Accordingly, he kept steady to his trust, and was executed. This trusty servant's name was John Macnaughton, from Glenlyon, in Perthshire; he deserves to be mentioned."

During the terrible times that followed the defeat of the Highland army at Culloden, several instances of noble fidelity on the part of the Highlanders occurred. The following is one of them :—

"In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentlemen '*who had been out*' in the rebellion were occasionally concealed in a deep woody dell near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, intrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they would not imagine that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and, consequently, no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends of the gentlemen, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way. Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. 'He did not know what they wanted;—he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them,' and turning away, walked in a quite contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum (five shillings were of some value eighty years ago, and would have purchased two sheep in the Highlands), he suspected that they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap him into a disclosure of the gentlemen's retreat."

When the state of the country in 1746 is considered, and the

abject poverty of some of the people with whom the ill-fated Prince trusted his life, the fidelity of the Highland people to the Stuart line is brought out in all its noble disinterestedness. The tempting allurements of the immense reward offered by the Government for the Prince's body, dead or alive, met with no response at the hands of the poverty-stricken but noble-minded Highlanders. Here is an instance of the feeling of the people in the matter :—

"Of the many who knew of Prince Charles's places of concealment, was one poor man, who being asked why he did not give information, and enrich himself by the reward of £30,000, answered, 'Of what use would the money be to me? A gentleman might take it, and go to London or Edinburgh, where he would find plenty of people to eat the dinners, and drink the wine which it would purchase; but, as for me, if I were such a villain as to commit a crime like this, I could not remain in my own country, where nobody would speak to me, but to curse me as I passed along the road.'"

THE CLANS.—The following extract is interesting as showing the numbers and names of the Highland Chiefs who fought at Bannockburn :—

"Twenty-one Highland Chiefs fought under Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. The number of their direct descendants now in existence, and in possession of their paternal estates, is remarkable. The chiefs at Bannockburn were, Stewart, Macdonald, Mackay, Mackintosh, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Drummond, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Sutherland, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Munro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie. Cumming, Macdougall of Lorn, Macnab, and a few others, were also present, but unfortunately in opposition to Bruce. In consequence of the distinguished conduct of the chief of the Drummonds in this battle, the King added the calthropes to his armorial bearings, and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Perthshire. It is said to have been by Sir Malcolm Drummond's recommendation that the calthropes, which proved so destructive to the English cavalry, were made use of on that day."

In these days when fixity of tenure is agitating the minds alike of landlords and tenants, we would recommend the former to follow the good example shown by the landlords in this extract :—

"At Inch Ewan, in Breadalbane, a family of the name of

Macnab occupied the same farm, for nearly four centuries, till within these few years, the last occupier resigned. A race of the name of Stewart, in Glenfinglas, in Menteith, has for several centuries possessed the same farms, and, from the character and disposition of the present noble proprietor (the Earl of Moray) it is probable that, without some extraordinary cause, this respectable and prosperous community will not be disturbed. It would be endless to give instances of the great number of years during which the same families possessed their farms, in a succession as regular and unbroken as that of the landlords. The family of Macintyre possessed the farm of Glenoe, in Nether Lorn, from about the year 1300 down till 1810. They were originally foresters of Stewart, Lord Lorn, and were continued in their possession and employments after the succession of the Glenorchy and Breadalbane families to this estate by a marriage with a co-heiress of the last Lord Lorn of the Stewart family in the year 1435."

At the present day, when a sufficient number of clansmen can scarcely be found in some districts to bear the corpse of a Highland chief to its last resting-place, the following figures, showing the number of men which each clan could put in the field about the year 1745, are almost incredible. They appear, however, in a Memorial compiled by Lord President Forbes of Culloden, and brought under the notice of Government at the time:—

"Duke of Argyll	3000
Breadalbane	1000
Lochnell and other chieftains of the Campbells ...	1000
Macleans	500
Maclachlans	200
Stewart of Appin	300
Macdougals	200
Stewart of Grandtully	300
Clan Gregor	700
Duke of Athole	3000
Farquharsons	500
Grant of Gordon	300
Grant of Grant	850
Mackintosh	800
Macphersons	400
Frasers	900
Grant of Glenmoriston	150
Carry forward	14,100

Brought forward	14,100
Chisholms	200
Duke of Perth	300
Seaforth	1000
Cromarty, Scatwell, Gairloch, and other chieftains of the Mackenzies	1500
Menzies	300
Munros	300
Rosses	500
Sutherlands	2000
Mackays	800
Sinclairs	1100
Macdonald of Sleat	700
Macdonald of Clanranald	700
Macdonald of Glengarry	500
Macdonald of Keppoch	300
Macdonald of Glencoe	130
Robertsons	200
Camerons	800
Mackinnons	200
Macleods	700
The Duke of Montrose, Earls of Bute and Moray, Macfarlanes, Colquhouns, Macneils of Barra, Macnabs, Macnaughtans, Lamonts, etc., etc....	5600
	31,930

"In this statement the President has not included his own family of Culloden, and his immediate neighbours Rose of Kilravock, and Campbell of Calder; nor has he noticed Bannatyne of Kaimes, the Macallasters, Macquarries, and many other families and names." H. R. M.

(To be continued.)

NATIVE VITALITY OF CROFTER YOUTH.—A most interesting and encouraging circumstance, and one indicating a commendable desire among the poorer peasantry of the Highlands, in spite of the most adverse conditions, to give a good education to their children, as well as testifying to the inherent aptitude and capability for achieving proficiency and even eminence in scholarship, is the fact that at recent Government examinations in the Raining School, Inverness, a very large proportion of the young pupils who presented themselves for examination in art and science were the children of Highland crofters. Not a few of such, year after year, so distinguish themselves that they are able to secure bursaries, of which there ought to be more, which enable them to afford very substantial help to their parents in their most laudable desire to give their children the best education within their reach. Given a fair chance to the Highland peasantry, with their due share of the possibilities of living comfortably in their native country, and we have no fear of the application of the doctrine of the "survvival of the fittest" to our Highland youth.

MACINTYRE'S GAELIC DICTIONARY.

WITH reference to recent inquiries and notes in these pages on the subject of lost and unknown Gaelic dictionaries, we have one or two additional items of information to give which will be of interest to the reader, and which may, perhaps, lead to further discoveries in the same field. It will be remembered that Dr Stratton, in the *Celtic Magazine* for January, makes reference to a dictionary compiled by some person of the name of Macintyre, which is referred to in Dr Charles Mackay's "Gaelic Etymology." We have been subsequently informed, however, by Dr Mackay that "Macintyre" in this case ought to have been "Macalpine."

Reverting to the subject, our friend, Mr John Mackenzie of Auchenstewart, the male representative in Scotland of the Mackenzies of Letterewe, writes:—"About 1836 I was for some days with John Mackenzie of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' in Glasgow. He introduced me to a John Macintyre who kept a young boys' school in an obscure part of Glasgow. When I was returning to Edinburgh, Macintyre gave me some message to deliver to a printer in the High Street, with whom he was in treaty for the printing of a Gaelic Dictionary. John told me that Macintyre was a natural son of John Macintyre, then tacksman of Letterewe. I think this is likely to be the dictionary referred to."

Some time ago we came into possession of a manuscript bearing on its title-page to be "An Etymological Dictionary of the Names of Places in Scotland; by the late *James* Macintyre, Schoolmaster, Glasgow, who died February 1835." In another part of the MS., there is a pencil note stating that "James Macintyre was born July 4, 1783."

Surmising that the Macintyre of the MS. might be the person referred to by Mr Mackenzie, Auchenstewart, notwithstanding the difference in the Christian names given, we inquired of Mr Mackenzie whether he was sure that *John* was the name of the Glasgow schoolmaster to whom he referred. In reply, he says—"I am *not* sure that Macintyre's name was *John*. It is probable that I said and thought so from having known that his father's name was John. If the James Macintyre, schoolmaster,

Glasgow, who died in 1835, was the same, it must have been in that year that I saw him there. He was then apparently about middle age, and did not look robust. His father died an old man at Letterewe several years before 1835. Macintyre showed me his MS. My recollection of it (now fifty years since) is a volume of what is known in the trade as 'demy octavo,' a little larger than your *Magazine*, and from one to two inches thick. I know that he had completed the work, and that he was only prevented from publishing it by his poverty. It is probable that he was treating with a printer direct, because, as you know, publishers were not liberal to Gaelic authors in those days."

The MS. in our possession being foolscap quarto, and not more than three quarters of an inch thick, does not quite correspond with the description and dimensions above indicated by Mr Mackenzie If it is, as is probable, by the same Macintyre, it appears to be an entirely different work. It is exclusively topographical, and as a record of observations on Gaelic place-names, it is full of interesting suggestions. We may, at some future time, give a few extracts from it; meanwhile, our quest is for the Macintyre Dictionary, which is said to have been published, and of which, if this be the case, copies must still be extant. Any of our correspondents who can throw any further light on the subject will greatly oblige by communicating such additional items of information as may be at their command. The subject is, in many respects, important, as the credit of constructing our first real Gaelic dictionary is still an "unsettled award."

After the foregoing was in type, we have received one or two fragments of additional information which enable us to state with a degree of certainty that the Glasgow schoolmaster's name was *James*. We further find from John Mackenzie's introduction to Macalpine's Dictionary that he was the author of one of a series of essays on Gaelic orthography contributed to a Philological Society in Glasgow, and that his production, and other three by well-known Highlanders, were "distinguished for ability and research." Mr Macintyre's half-brother, the Rev. Mr Murdo Macintyre, Dingwall, never heard of his publishing any dictionary, nor of his writing anything of that description, except a vocabulary of the Gaelic names of places and their meanings. This latter is doubtless the MS., portion of which is in our possession. There never was, therefore, any Macintyre Gaelic Dictionary published.

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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

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THE CROFTERS' HOLDINGS (SCOTLAND) BILL.

II.

IN our last we indicated generally our opinion of the Crofter Bill introduced by her Majesty's Government, and laid greater weight on its best provisions than upon its defects. On this occasion we shall go over it in greater detail, and point out the many respects in which it falls short of what is justly demanded by the Highland people.

While, as pointed out in our June issue, the concession in principle of Security of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Compensation for Improvements, is a long step in the right direction, these, as clogged by so many conditions in the Government Bill, will be found of scarcely any practical value. Security of Tenure, for instance, is only granted—(1) On condition that the Crofter shall pay his rent when due; (2) That he shall not assign his tenancy to another; (3) That he shall not injure the buildings on the croft, nor allow any deterioration of the soil; (4) That he shall not sub-divide nor sub-let his holding without the consent in writing of the landlord, and that he shall not build any dwelling-house thereon otherwise than in substitution of that upon it at the date of the passing of the Act; (5) That he shall do no act by which he shall become Notour Bankrupt, and shall not execute a trust deed for behoof of his creditors; (6) That the landlord or any person authorised by him shall have the right to enter on the holding for the purpose of mining, or

searching for minerals, quarrying stone, gravel, sand, brick, clay, or slate; cutting timber or peats; making roads, fences, drains, or water-courses; and, worse than all, for hunting, shooting, fishing, or taking game, which latter is described to mean deer, hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, quails, landrails, grouse, woodcock, snipe, wild-duck, widgeon, and teal; and (7) That the Crofter shall not open any house on his Croft for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The most cursory perusal of these "statutory conditions," will convince the reader that the security of tenure proposed in the Bill is no security at all, and that a Crofter would be less likely to be removed under existing circumstances than subject to an Act fenced by conditions, which would legalise his removal for the breach of any one of them.

The Crofter must have some reasonable time allowed, within which he shall be at liberty to pay up his arrears; and any arrears incurred prior to the passing of the Act, should not affect the tenant holding under the Act, but should be collected as an ordinary debt; for, as previously shown, those arrears were incurred under conditions which it is the intention of this Bill to remove; and it would be extremely harsh to make the existence of arrears so incurred a condition of the tenancy under the new Act.

We do not see why the Crofter should not be allowed to assign his tenancy, subject to the approval of the landlord, and, failing his approval, subject to the decision of the arbiters under the Act, as in the Irish Land Act of 1880.

It is quite right that provision should be made against the dilapidation of buildings, provided that they belong to the landlord; and against any deterioration of the soil, if such deterioration be not the natural consequence of circumstances over which the tenant has no control.

The conditions as to sub-dividing or sub-letting are likely to prove advantageous to the tenants themselves. We do not, however, see why, in the event of a tenant becoming Notour Bankrupt (which simply means that a decree for debt has been obtained against him in any court, and a charge served upon it, and that he is unable to pay before the expiry of the charge), or executing a Trust Deed for behoof of his creditors, should forfeit his

tenancy to the landlord, and by so doing enable the proprietor to appropriate all the tenant's improvements, while all his other creditors get nothing for whatever may be due to them, even for the materials and manure which went to increase the value of the holding. This appears to us nothing less than a re-imposition of Hypothec in a new and most offensive form. The landlord, with the aid of his subordinates and friends, can never have any difficulty with the great majority of Crofters in bringing about the state of things necessary to constitute a Notour Bankruptcy; and there is no doubt at all that many will, through their agents, take full advantage of it to get rid of the people, and, at the same time, appropriate their property, and that of their creditors.

It is difficult to see how the tenant can be fairly asked to submit to his land being cut up for mining and quarrying purposes, or opened up for making roads, drains, or water-courses, by the landlord. This means that the tenant may be persecuted by estate officials who may have any grudge against him—and there are plenty men capable of such at present in office in the Highlands—to such an extent that he may be driven to obstruct his landlord, and so forfeit his tenancy; but the worst condition of all is that the Croft should be made a game preserve for deer, hares, rabbits, and all other game—an insidious means of introducing a new set of Game Laws, intolerable to the tenant, and calculated to make his life miserable and his labour useless.

We have previously pointed out how absurd it is, in the event of the landlord and tenant agreeing upon the Fair Rent to be paid, for a period of years, that the rent payable prior to such an arrangement should revive at the termination of the agreement come to. This is distinctly opposed to the custom hitherto acted upon in Scotland, where, by tacit relocation, any existing agreement continues until a new one is entered upon.

The clauses providing for a Fair Rent and Compensation for Improvements are on the whole just, but like that for Security of Tenure, they are rendered almost useless by the unjust conditions attached to them. Why, for instance, should a tenant be debarred from getting the value of his improvements because he had received some slight assistance or consideration from the landlord? In nearly every case in the Highlands, the landlord gave wood for roofing the Crofters' houses, and, if this

absurd condition of the Bill is to remain, the clause will prove a delusion and a snare to the tenant; for no Crofter receiving such assistance will be entitled to any compensation under the Act. The reason why this wood was always given is, that while, according to the one-sided law of Scotland, the walls of any house erected by the tenant became the property of the landlord, the tenant could remove the roof, which was his own, but the proprietor of the land, to whom a roofless house would be of little value, found his way out of the difficulty by supplying a few sticks of growing wood, which the tenant usually had to cut and convey to his holding, in most cases, for many miles distance. Thus, the landlord became the owner of the entire building, the tenant having to leave the wood as well as the walls when he was removed. By the present Bill, if passed as it stands, this will have the effect of making the proposed Compensation for Improvements a complete farce—an imposition so far as the Crofter-tenant generally is concerned. After and in the light of this, it was scarcely necessary to have declared that no compensation should be given for any improvements made "in virtue of any agreement or understanding expressed in estate regulations, or other writings;" though this makes the position of the Crofter utterly hopeless. And, at the same time, we have here presented to us the extraordinary proposal to place agreements or understandings expressed in estate regulations above the law of the land.

It was previously shown that the provisions of the Bill are of no practical value to the Cottars. Any improvements made by them will be found of no value to the occupier of the Croft on which their houses are built, and it is provided that under this Bill compensation is only to be allowed on what the improvement is worth to an incoming-tenant; which, in the case of a Cottar living on a Croft, will be worth nothing at all. Therefore, the only effect of the proposed legislation, as regards the Cottars, is a cruel suggestion to the landlord to remove them at his discretion, by machinery now being provided by the Legislature for that purpose.

The only remark which it is necessary to make on the Valuation clauses of the Bill is, that it is not clearly pointed out whether, when the landlord and tenant mutually agree to accept

the decision of a sole arbiter, the expenses of the Valuation in that case is to be provided in the same way as if the arbitration were conducted by the valuators under the Act. There should be no doubt as to this. The parties should be held free of the expenses of the arbitration, just the same as if the proceedings were carried through by the Government valuators in terms of the Statute.

For the purpose of determining the area to which the Act shall apply, her Majesty is to appoint three Commissioners who, after due inquiry, shall ascertain the parishes, islands, or districts forming aggregates of parishes within the Highland counties, which are henceforth to be Crofting Parishes, and to which the Act shall apply, the condition being that a "Crofting Parish" shall mean a parish in which there are, at the commencement of the Act, or have been within the last eighty years, holdings consisting of arable land, held, with a right of pasture land in common with others, and in which there are still Crofters at the commencement of the Act. By this definition, glens which were at one time occupied by a thriving tenantry, but which have been cleared by the action of the proprietors, such as Strathnaver, in Sutherlandshire, and many similar straths and glens throughout the Highlands, will be entirely excluded from the benefits of the Act; and, as we apprehend it, even when there are one or two Crofters remaining in such a district or parish, the Act shall only apply to those few who have escaped the hands of the evictors, and it makes no provision as regards the remaining portion of the district, strath, or glen.

A Crofter is designed as "a tenant of a holding from year to year, who habitually resides on his holding, the rent of which does not exceed £30 in money, and which is situated in a Crofting Parish." Thus, all those holding leases of any description are excluded from the operation of the Act. It will be interesting to find out how this will affect certain estates with which we are acquainted, where, as in one instance, the Crofters are all said to have leases of twelve years, these leases being in terms of estate regulations, printed in, or affixed to, the rent-books. Will these printed documents, "agreements, understandings expressed in estate regulations, or other writings," be held to have the effect of legally executed and stamped leases, in a Bill which

raises estate regulations to a higher position than the ordinary law of the land? We fear they will. At any rate, it is important that attention should be called to the existence of such.

The proposal to advance Government money to enable Crofters to stock additional land is one of the most important in the Bill, and, therefore, it is a pity that the proposal is made in a manner which is almost certain to secure its ultimate failure for carrying out the object which the Government seems to have had in view. This money, it is declared, may be advanced "on the application of any landlord stating that he intends to enlarge the holding of a Crofter who is his tenant, or whose holding is conterminous with his property, and that such Crofter is unable, without assistance, to stock the additional land," by the Public Works Loan Commissioners, who may, "if they think proper, advance to such landlord, on the security of the estate of which the intended addition to the holding forms part, a sum, to enable the Crofter to stock such additional land, not exceeding five years' rent of the entire holding of the Crofter, including such addition," this sum to be "repayable in such half-yearly instalments as will repay the whole sum, with interest at 3½ per centum per annum, in twenty-five years." The first thing to be remarked in connection with this proposal is that the money is to be advanced, not to the tenant himself, but to the landlord, and that it is only to be so lent if the Public Works Loan Commissioners think it proper to do so, and they, we apprehend, will only do so on the security of the estate being considered amply sufficient to cover the risk. It is notorious that the greatest necessity for advances of this kind exists on the estates of poor proprietors in the Highlands, who have already, even in prosperous times, mortgaged their estates to the last penny that they could borrow on them, and now, when land has become less valuable in the market, and hereafter, when Fair Rents shall have been fixed under the provisions of this Act, it will be found that not only are these estates not good enough security for any further loans, but they will not be found anything like sufficient security for the money already advanced upon them. How are the tenants on such estates as these to get money for the extension of their holdings, even supposing the proprietors were quite willing, if able, to aid them in doing so, by taking advantage of the Government

proposal. But, further, even should the security be considered sufficient by the Public Works Loan Commissioners, will anyone, who knows the present state of matters and the feeling existing among proprietors, factors, and other estate officials, believe for a moment that these gentlemen will borrow money for the purpose of lending it to any of those who have taken a leading part in the agitation which has procured even the small concessions already extracted from the Government and from Parliament? Those who know the country and the people will have no hesitation in concluding that those gentlemen will do nothing of the kind, but that, on the other hand, the money, if obtained, will only be lent to persons who shall cringe to estate officials, and on the understanding that they shall continue their virtual slaves in all time coming.

To make this clause of any practical use to the tenants, the money must be advanced through some other channels than the landlords, and on some other security than the majority of Highland estates. Care must also be taken that no proprietor shall be allowed to charge, as was done in the case of the money borrowed for drainage and other improvements some thirty years ago, a much higher rate of interest than that at which the Government advanced the money, and that the period of repayment shall be determined in terms of the Statute.

We have previously pointed out that any measure which does not make provision for the acquisition of more land by the Crofters can not and ought not to satisfy the Highland people, and those specially interested and their friends have already indicated their opinion in this direction in a very unmistakeable manner. In short, a Bill, which does not provide for the compulsory breaking down of the large sheep farms and deer forests will never be accepted as a measure of redress, nor satisfy those who have been so harshly treated by the evicting landlords of the past. It would, in fact, be unjust to those who have kept their people about them, to have the provisions of this Bill applied to their properties, while the proprietors of those estates from which the people had been so harshly removed were allowed to go scot-free. This would be punishing the wrong people, and paying a premium to the wrong-doers for gross misconduct.

Apart from this latter outstanding defect, the result of a careful consideration of the clauses, conditions, and omissions of the Bill has convinced us that what appears at first sight a fairly good measure, as far as it goes, is whittled down within limits that make it almost worthless; and we are almost ready to believe the truth of the current allegation, that the only persons consulted by the Lord Advocate, during the preparation of the Bill, were two Highland Members of Parliament—the Tory and Whig lairds who convened the meeting of Highland proprietors a few months ago at Inverness. Some prominent persons, however, maintain that a Bill which is opposed by the *Scotsman*, the Duke of Argyll, and Major Fraser of Kilmuir, cannot be altogether bad, either in principle or effect.

A. M.

"HUNTER'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO PERTHSHIRE."—It will be a surprise for those who know what a "happy hunting ground" the county of Perth is to the tourist, to learn that hitherto there has been no complete "Guide to Perthshire," but such would seem to be the case. There are several very excellent guides to Scotland, which include notices of the most famous scenes in Perthshire, but in general works of this kind the notes are necessarily of a rather fragmentary character; and although there are a few of the districts of the county for which special guides have been prepared, the bulk of tourists are not disposed to invest in such literature in every little place they may visit. Mr Hunter, of the *Perthshire Constitutional*, and the author of the well-known work on the "Woods, Forests, and Estates of Perthshire," has, in the book before us, hit upon an idea that is pretty certain to commend itself to all who may visit this delightful county. He has published a book which conducts the tourist to every corner of the county, and, without being profuse, he tells the visitor everything he is most anxious to know in whatever part of the county he may find himself. As illustrating how largely Perthshire embraces the tourist district of Scotland, it may be mentioned that we have here attractively-written descriptions of the districts of Monteith, Callander, and the Trossachs, Creiff, and Lochearnhead, the historic city of Perth and its beautiful environs, the Carse of Gowrie, the whole of the northern section of the Caledonian Railway within the county, with their many places of interest; the district between Blairgowrie and Braemar (the Royal route to Balmoral), the Highland Railway, including the famous districts of Breadalbane, Glenlyon, Athole, and Rannoch. While all the more familiar places are fully described, there are many other places mentioned not to be found in the other guides, but which the tourist would not willingly miss, if he knew of them. The Guide is well got up, and profusely illustrated with wood engravings, making it at the same time a guide and an album in one. There is a good map of the county, and a large plan of the city of Perth. As the price is only one shilling, it is a marvel of cheapness, and will doubtless secure a large sale in the holiday season.

"A CANDID AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF SIMON LORD LOVAT."

EVERY phase of the remarkable history of the notorious Simon Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-five will always prove interesting. The manner in which he behaved between the date of his sentence and his execution, his remarkable coolness on the scaffold—which showed him at his best—proved him indeed, notwithstanding his career, to have been possessed of a great and heroic mind—and are specially interesting, particularly so just now, when we have a contest actually proceeding in the House of Lords regarding the rightful possessor of the Lovat Peerage. The following account, from a very rare print,* of his last moments upon earth will, we doubt not, be read with mixed feelings, not altogether devoid of admiration, for the old man in his terrible position. The only change we make on the original is to modernise the spelling. The writer proceeds :—

Though I was an eye-witness of the extraordinary behaviour of this nobleman during his trial, I little thought to find that uncommon gaiety and jocoseness accompany him in his last moments. I was, indeed, too well acquainted with his Lordship to imagine he would shudder much at the sight of death ; but yet I expected that it would abate somewhat of his natural vivacity, and reduce him to a more serious turn of mind ; however, neither the apprehension of pain and agony, or the thoughts of his speedy dissolution seemed to give him any uneasiness.

This I don't offer by way of panegyric on his Lordship's intrepidity, nor do I presume to censure a conduct so seemingly indifferent ; I only take notice of his particular turn of mind to

* *A Candid and Impartial Account of the Behaviour of Simon Lord Lovat, from the time his Death-Warrant was delivered, to the day of his execution. Together with a faithful narrative of the particular incidents which happened that day in the Tower, in the Sheriff's apartment, and on the scaffold. Interspersed with some of his Lordship's remarkable sayings, a letter to his son, and a copy of a paper which he delivered to the Sheriff. By a gentleman who attended his Lordship in his last moments. Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun in St Paul's Church Yard, and W. Eaden, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. 1747.*

apologise for my inserting some very extraordinary facts, which would otherwise hardly meet with credit from the reader.

FRIDAY.

On Friday, the 3rd of April, when the warrant came down for his execution, and the gentleman told him he was sorry to be the messenger of such bad news; his Lordship replied very cheerfully, "God's will be done," and then taking him by the hand, drank his health, thanked him kindly for the favour (as he called it) and assured him he was so well satisfied with his doom that he would not change stations with any Prince in Europe. His Lordship then sat down with the gentleman, drank part of a* bottle of wine with water, and seemed very composed.

In the evening he smoked his pipe, mentioned some circumstances relating to his trial, and was very cheerful. About ten o'clock he called for the warders to undress him, and while they were taking off his shoes told them he should not give them that trouble much longer, for that he was to take his leave of this world the next Thursday.

SATURDAY.

The next morning, which was Saturday, his Lordship was informed of the report that was raised of an engine to be erected to take off his-head; at which he grew pleasant, and said it was a fine contrivance; for as his neck was very short the executioner would be puzzled to find it out with his axe; and if such a machine was made they might call it "Lord Lovat's Maiden."

He was very cheerful all this day, talked a good deal of his own affairs, and, among other things, said that he was concerned in all the schemes that had been formed for restoring the Royal Family since he was fifteen years old; but that he never betrayed a private man, or a public cause in his life; that he never shed a drop of blood with his own hand, nor ever struck a man, except one young nobleman, whom he caned publicly for his impertinence and impiety.

* As his Lordship has been often branded with the name of a drunkard in the public papers, I must do so much justice to his memory, as to assure the public, that he never drank more than two pints of wine a day during his whole confinement, and never any without water; and I have often heard his Lordship say he was never drunk in his life. It is true a considerable quantity of brandy and rum was used every night and morning to bathe his legs, which might probably give birth to this report; for he never drank a dram himself unless he was indisposed, and then he generally took a little burnt brandy with bitters.

SUNDAY.

On the next morning, which was Sunday, he rose pretty early, and behaved with his usual gaiety; talked for some time about his family, and showed us the copy of a letter he had sent to his son, which I shall here insert, because it contains his Lordship's sentiments of religion, and a future state; and the person who wrote it for him assures me it is an exact copy of the original.

A Copy of Lord Lovat's Letter to his Son, Simon, now Prisoner in Edinburgh Castle.

"MY DEAR SIMON,—Notwithstanding my great distress and affliction you are always present with me, and I offer my prayers to Heaven for you. You see now by experience, that this world is but vanitiy of vanities, and that there is no trust to be put in the arm of flesh; you see that God's providence rules the world, and that no man or family but must yield to it, whether he will or not. Happy is the man, that in all the cross accidents of this life, submits himself to the will and providence of God, with sincere humility and patience. It is the blessed trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit that can deliver you and me from our present melancholy situation: We have provoked God by our sins, which most certainly have brought those troubles upon us: I do sincerely thank God for those troubles, because they have brought me from the way of sin that I lived many years in, to a way of repentance and humiliation, and instructed me to follow my dear Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ as I ought to do; I, therefore, my dear child, earnestly beg of you with the sincere heart of a tender and affectionate father, to repent of all your sins and transgressions, and to throw yourself at the foot of the cross of Christ, begging for his sufferings' sake, which you know were great, to give you true repentance, to forgive your sins, and be reconciled to you for the sake of His blood, that He shed upon the cross for sinners, and beg of Him to preserve you from the snares of the devil, the world, and the flesh; which will be too many for you without his divine assistance, and if you have a true contrition for your sins, and are reconciled with zeal and affection to your Saviour, you'll find comforts that cannot be expressed. If you put your sole confidence in Jesus Christ, He will certainly bring you out of all your troubles, and make you the happiest Lord Lovat that ever was; so, my very dear child, I beg of you for God's sake, for your own sake, for my sake, and for the sake of your brothers and sisters, to throw yourself upon God's mercies, which have been ever of old; repent of your sins and live a sincere Christian, and righteous life, and you will certainly bring God's

blessing upon yourself, your family and kindred; and if you neglect this my paternal advice, which by the laws of God and nature, I am obliged to give you, you may assure yourself of being miserable in this world, and eternally miserable in the next; I know not yet what my fate may be, but bless God, I am prepared to go to the scaffold and block to-morrow, if God in his divine will and providence hath ordered it so; so, my dear child, don't be in the least concerned for me, for I bless God I have strong reasons to hope, that when it is God's will to call me out of this world, it will be by his mercy, and the suffering of my Saviour Jesus Christ to enjoy everlasting happiness in the other world. I wish this may be yours, and am,

My dear child,

Your affectionate father, &c.

MONDAY.

His lordship arose about seven, and according to his usual custom called for a glass of wine and water: upon which the warder asked his lordship, what wine he would please to have "Not white wine," says he, "unless you would have me go with the s——r to the block." For it seems white wine generally gave him the flux. Some time after this, the Major came to see him, and asked how he did. "Do?" says his lordship; "why, I am about doing very well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place, where hardly any Majors, and very few Lieutenant-Generals go."

A certain nobleman came to see his lordship this day, and asked him some questions concerning his religion; to whom he answered, that he was a Roman Catholic, and would die in that faith; that he adhered to the rock upon which Christ built his church; to Saint Peter, and the succession of pastors, from him down to the present time; and that he rejected and renounced all sects and communities, that were rejected by the Church. The declaration of his being a Jansenist was occasioned by the same nobleman's asking him of what particular sort of Catholic? "Are you a Jesuit?" "A Jesuit, no, no, my lord," answered he, "I am a * Jansenist." And then owned that he was acquainted with several in France that were Jansenists, and was more intimate with them, than any other learned and religious men in that kingdom; and upon this occasion assured his lordship that in his sense of a Roman Catholic he was as far from being one as his lordship, or any other lord in the House.

* The Jansenists are great enemies to the Jesuits.

Having occasion this afternoon to speak of the late King George I. he gave his majesty a great character, and added, "he was my friend, and I dearly loved him." But we don't think proper to insert the whole conversation.

TUESDAY.

This morning he rose as usual about seven, and after drinking a glass of wine and water, desired one of the warders to lay a pillow at the feet of the bed, that he might try, whether he could kneel down properly and fix his head low enough for the block, which being done, he made the essay, and told the warder he believed by this short practice he should be able to act his part in the tragedy well enough. He then asked the said warder if he thought the executioner would be able to take off his head, without hacking him; "for," says he, "I have reserved ten guineas in a purse, which he shall have if he does his business well."

"My Lord," said a gentleman that came to wait upon him, "I'm sorry you should have occasion for him at all." To this his lordship replied, "So I believe are many of those who were the cause of my coming hither, and for aught I know, all of them will by-and-bye. The taking off my head, I believe, will do them no service, but if it will, God bless them with it; though I can't but think myself hardly dealt by: In the first place, I was stripped of everything, and might have wanted even the common necessaries of life, had not my cousin, Mr William Fraser, advanced a considerable sum of money to General Williamson, and promised on certain conditions to pay for my further subsistence; and then to be convicted by my own servants, by the men that had been nurtured in my own bosom, and I had been so kind to, is shocking to human nature; but I believe each of them has a sting of conscience on this account, that will bear him company to the grave; though I am very far from wishing either of them any evil. 'Tis a sad thing, sir, for a man's own servants to take off the head of their master and chief." His Lordship then asked the gentleman, how he liked the letter he had sent to his son. He answered, "I like it very well, 'tis a very good letter." "I think," says his Lordship, "'tis a Christian letter."

After this the gentleman informed his Lordship, that one Mr Painter, of St John's College, Oxon, had sent three letters, viz.,

one to the King, one to the Earl of Chesterfield, and the other to Mr Pelham, desiring he might suffer in his Lordship's stead. And that that to his Majesty concluded in the following manner, "In one word, let Lovat live! punish the vile traitor with his life, but let me die; let me bow down my head to the block, and receive, without fear, that friendly blow, which, I verily believe, will only separate the soul from its body and miseries together." To which his lordship expressed his surprise. "This," says he, "is an extraordinary man indeed! I should be glad to know what countryman he is, and whether the thing is fact. Perhaps it may be only a finesse in politics, to cast an odium on some particular place or person: but if there be such a person, he is a miracle in the present age, and will be in the future, for he even exceeds that text of Scripture, which says, 'Greater love than this hath no man, than that a man lay down his life for his friend.' However, this man offers to suffer for a stranger, nay, for one that he stigmatises with the name of a 'vile traitor.' In short, sir, I'm afraid the poor gentleman is weary of living in this wicked world, and, if that be the case, the obligation is altered, because a part of the benefit is intended for himself."

WEDNESDAY.

This morning, about two o'clock, his Lordship prayed very devoutly for a considerable time, and called upon the Lord for mercy, which he often did before, with great fervency. After this he fell asleep, and we heard no more of him till six, about which time he called for the warder to dress him, and seemed as gay as usual. About ten o'clock he sang part of a song, at which the warder expressed his surprise, and asked his Lordship how he could be so merry when he was to die to-morrow. To which my Lord replied that he was "as fit for an entertainment as ever he was in his life." He then sent for Mr P——, the barber, whose father, they tell me, is a Muggletonian. While his Lordship was shaving, he talked a good deal about his father's principles, and when he was shaved, "Well," says he, "pray give my service to your father, and tell him I shall go to Heaven before him; for I find he don't expect to go till the day of Resurection, but I hope to be there in a few hours."

After this he talked to a gentleman who came to see him about some private affairs, and then calling for a basin of water

to wash himself, "Now, gentlemen, I will show you a wonder," says he, "you shall see a man drown himself who was sentenced to be beheaded, and by that means change the law; and, sir, I heartily wish it was in my power to change all things. If it was, I would make a thorough change indeed."

About this time another of his Lordship's friends came to wait upon him, with whom he had some talk concerning the bill depending in Parliament with relation to the Scotch affairs. His Lordship seemed very uneasy about it, and wished all those gentlemen who voted for it had the s——r.

He then told them he would have his body carried to Scotland, to be interred in his own tomb in the Church of Kirkhill; and said that he had once made a codicil to his will, where all the pipers from John o'Groat's house to Edinburgh were invited to play before his corpse, for which they were to have a handsome allowance, and though that might not be thought proper now, yet he was sure some of the good old women in his country would sing a coronach* before him. "And then," says he, "there will be old crying and clapping of hands, for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands."

About this time Sir H. M. and Sir L. G. came to take their leaves of my Lord. He saluted them on their first coming in, but soon after told them, if he had his broadsword by him, he should not scruple to chop off their heads, if he thought they were in the least concerned in bringing in or voting for the bill now depending for destroying the ancient jurisdiction and privileges of the Highland chiefs. And then added, "For my part I die a martyr for my country."

After eating a hearty dinner he called one of the warders to him: "Now, Willy," says he, "give me a pipe of tobacco, and that will be the last I shall ever smoke, unless people smoke tobacco in the other world."

Soon after this, the Governor of the Tower came to pay him a visit, when his Lordship arose, and offered him his easy chair, which the Governor refusing, and saying he was sorry his Lordship should give himself the trouble to rise out of his seat on his account, he answered, "What, sir, I hope you would not have me be unmannerly the last day of my life."

* A ceremony used at funerals, much like the Irish howl.

Upon the Governor's coming in, his Lordship deferred smoking his pipe some time longer, and talked about indifferent matters. Mr William Fraser, his Lordship's agent, and Mr James Fraser, came to wait on him at the same time, with whom he talked a good while concerning his family affairs, and the management of his funeral.

After this he called again for his pipe, and, while he was smoking, asked one of the warders, if his message was carried to my Lord Traquair, and what answer he brought. "His Lordship," replied the warder, "bids you an eternal farewell, wishes you happy, and is offering up his prayers for you." "'Tis very kind of him (says my Lord), and I thank him for it. Come Mr Southbey," says he to the warder, "give me some water, and put a little wine upon it." And then taking up his tobacco-stopper, "My pipe is almost out," says he, "as well as my glass." He then asked about General Williamson's family, spoke very kindly of the General; and being informed that Miss Williamson was so affected that she could not take her leave of his Lordship, "God bless the dear child," says he, "and make her eternally happy, for she is a kind-hearted, good lass." After this, his Lordship sent a message to the cook, desiring her to roast a piece of veal, that it might be ready to mince for his breakfast in the morning. He then desired the warders to sit down and smoke with him, which they did, and drink a glass of wine, and wished his Lordship a good journey. "Amen," quoth my Lord; and then knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "now gentlemen," says he, "the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco." His Lordship seemed to have a great regard for his two warders. After his pipe was out, he thanked them kindly for taking so much care of him; "and now, gentlemen," says he, "I have but one favour more to ask of you: and that is to go upon the scaffold with me, and not leave me till you see this head cut off this body." They both promised his Lordship; and afterwards one of them told him, that if ever he lived to see his son the Master of Lovat, he would let him know with what tenderness his Lordship parted with him. "Do," says my Lord, "and he will take notice of you. If he don't, he won't do well. But pray," says he," have you got any wine for me in the morning, and some bitters, if I should want to carry any to the scaffold." Upon in-

quiry, there was no bitters left in the bottle, and, therefore, his Lordship gave the warder a shilling to send for a bottle of Stoughton's Elixir. When the man was gone, the warder recollected that there was some burnt brandy and bitters left in a bottle, which his Lordship had with him to Westminster Hall, when on his trial, and informed him of it. "'Tis very well, very well, sir," says he, "pray, take it in your pocket, and give me a sup if I should want it." After this a circumstance happened which surprised me prodigiously. His Lordship, who was eighty years of age, took up a book with a small print (I think it was the size that the printers call Longprimer), and read by candle-light near two hours without spectacles. Upon inquiry, I was informed that his Lordship never used any. I knew he did not in the day time, but I thought he could not be able to see without their assistance by candle-light. This, I suppose, might be owing to his Lordship's manner of living, as also was that circumstance of his never having the headache. I have observed already that his Lordship was never drunk in his life; and he has often declared that he thought eating of suppers was doing violence to nature, and committing a sin against the body. He seldom took any breakfast; always made a very hearty dinner, but never ate a morsel for supper. As his Lordship had a great share of learning, and spoke the Latin, French, and English fluently, and some other modern languages indifferently, we asked his Lordship concerning his education. He said he studied some years at Aberdeen, and disputed his philosophy in Greek. From this topic he went to religion again, and assured us that he was bred a Protestant, but going abroad, and having some disputes with Father———, he found himself very much staggered in his principles, and prayed to God to direct him in the right way.

That after this, he studied divinity and controversy three years, and then turned Roman Catholic. "This is my faith," says he, "but I have charity for all mankind, and I believe every sincere honest man bids fair for heaven, let his persuasion be what it will, for the mercies of the Almighty are great, and his ways past finding out."

After this he pulled out a silver crucifix, and either kissed it, or rubbed his mouth with it, I don't know which. Then handing it about, "Here's a crucifix," says he, "did you ever see a

better? observe how strong the expression is, and how finely the passions are delineated. We keep pictures of our best friends, of our fathers, mothers, etc., and, pray, why should not we keep a picture of Him who has done more than all the world for us?"

His Lordship then asked some question about Mr Secretary Murray, which I can't recollect, for, indeed, I did not very well understand it, and then said, "We had a better secretary when the association was signed." After this he mentioned Mr Solicitor Murray, and said he was a great man, and he believed would meet with some promotion if he was not too far north.

About nine o'clock he desired the warders to undress him, and his breeches, shoes, and stockings being pulled off, he stood before the fire to warm him as usual. The warder asked his Lordship, if he would please go to bed? "Not yet," says he, "I will warm my feet a little more first." "I think we have a very bad fire," says the warder. "That's not my fault," quoth his Lordship, joking; "you may even make a better an you like it;" which he did, and then standing up by his Lordship, told him he was sorry that the morrow was to be such a bad day with him. "Bad! for what," says my Lord, "do you think I'm afraid of an axe? 'Tis a debt we all owe, and what we must all pay, and don't you think it better to go off in this manner, than to linger with a consumption, gout, dropsy, fever, etc.; though, I must needs own, my constitution is so good, that I could have lived twenty years longer I believe, if I had not been called hither." Here my Lord offered to put off his coat and waistcoat, and as it was his custom to pull them off by the bedside, the warder reminded him of it. "Good now," says my Lord, "I had forgot that I was so far from the bed; but perhaps you might have forgot too, had your head been to be cut off to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

MR GLADSTONE'S Private Secretary, the Hon. H. M. Primrose, writes as follows respecting the article on the Crofters' Bill which appeared in our last issue:—"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, 2nd June 1885. Sir,—Mr Gladstone desires me to thank you for sending him the *Celtic Magazine* for June, and to say that he has not failed to peruse your article on the Crofters' Bill, and with interest.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"A. Mackenzie, Esq. (Signed) H. M. PRIMROSE."

TUIREADH AIR CLUAINIDH MAC-A-PHEARSOIN.

LE MAIRI, NIGHEAN IAIN BHAIN.

Fonn—"Cuachag nan craobh."

Oidhche Di-luain thainig glaodh na mo chluais,
Farum le fuaim tàimhidh,
'Thuigeas an sluagh, chuir beachd iomadh uair,
Gu'm biodh teachdair' bho 'n uaigh teann air,
'Sa mhaduinn Di-mairt, nuair dh'eirich mi'n aird,
Bha'm posta fo chràdh, laimh rium,
'Cuir litir nam laimh le sgiala do bhàis,
'Cheann-cinnidh nan sàr ainmeil.

Thionndaidh mi thaobh, 'thoirt furtachd do'n taom,
'Dh-eirich uaith chaomh t'ainme,
Chinn-fheadhna nan laoch, Clann-Mhuirich mo ghaoil,
Cha b'ioghnadh dhomh, thaobh leanmhuinn;
Cha 'n e moladh nam marbh, an deighe dhoibh falbh,
Riamh nach do dhearbh cruadal;
Tha laïnnir do bheus, t'uaisle agus t'euchd,
Cho fad sa theid sgeul seanchaidh.

Bheir sinn taing do gach aon 'thug caismeachd dha'n t-saogh'l,
Le t'eachdraidh gun chlaon chearb oirr',
Uaith t'oige gu t'aois, a Chluainidh mo ghaoil,
'S gun mhèth ort a thaobh dealbha,
Gun robh 'n t-suil san robh 'm beachd, 'sa ghnuis 'san robh 'n dreach,
'Sam beul uath'm bu bhlast' seanchas,
Fo ghlais aig a bhàs, do charaid a b'fhearr,
Thug dhachaidh thu lan earbsa.

Chuir filidh, le loinn, t' eachdraidh an rainn;
Seinnear a phuing shuaibhneach,
Le linn 'n deighe linn theid àrach 's na glinn,
A dh'ùrachadh cuimhne 'n uasail.
Aonghais* mo ghraidh, nuair a leubh mi do dhàn,
Mu Chluainidh is aird inbhe,
Chuirinn le bàigh, clach air do charn,
Fhìr-chinnidh nam bard ainmeil.

Cha b' ann idir air tuairm, mar umha ni fuaim,
Bha iad a' luaidh t' ainme;
Dh'fhag thu do d' shluagh claidheamh nam buadh,
S' gun smal air le ruaidhe meirge;
Chum thu faobhar cho glan, 's gach gniomh san robh math,
Le ciall agus neart t'eanchainn,
'S fear eile do chliu, a dhearbh e le thurn,
Cha d'fhag thu fo chrùn Alba.

* The late Angus Macdonald, who composed a fine Gaelic poem on and during the life of the late Cluny Macpherson.

THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MACLEOD.

IN a former number we published a short sketch, entitled as above,* of Donald Macleod, who was, in many respects, a most remarkable character. Recently we came across a rare pamphlet, written in 1791, giving full particulars of the life and exploits of this extraordinary Highlander, who was then still alive, in the 103rd year of his age. As some readers may not have seen the previous notice of Macleod, we shall give a short resumé of it as an introduction to a more complete account of his career. Born of parents connected with the best families in Skye, his father being Macleod of Ullinish, and his mother one of the Macdonalds of Sleat, he yet, through a variety of family misfortunes, had no better provision made for him than being apprenticed to two brothers of the name of Macpherson, stone-masons, in Inverness. Here he found his life so hard that, after bearing it for two years, he ran off, without a penny in his pocket, in the midst of winter, and made his way, through many difficulties, as far south as Perth, where he obtained a comfortable home with a worthy man, named Macdonald, who took the friendless lad in as shop-boy, and never had cause to repent his kindness, for young Macleod served him well and faithfully, until the martial spirit of his ancestors was roused within him, by the appearance in the town of a recruiting party. Young Donald, although only thirteen years old, and small of stature, was so determined to enlist that, though told by the recruiting serjeant that he was too young and too small, he persistently followed the man about until at last he was induced to speak to his Captain about him. This gentleman, who turned out to be a Macdonald from Skye, on discovering that our hero was the son of a gentleman, and also a relation of his own on the mother's side, consented to enlist him, took him under his protection, and promised him speedy promotion if he proved himself worthy of it. Thus, Donald Macleod entered the army at the early age of thirteen, to serve King William III., as a private in the Royal Scots, then commanded by the

* See *Celtic Magazine* for March 1881.

Earl of Orkney; and it is at this point of his chequered career that we resume the narrative of his life.

On returning with the recruiting party to Edinburgh, the headquarters of the regiment, his Captain introduced Donald to the Earl of Orkney, who, struck with the determination and spirit of his young recruit, received him with great kindness; and, being informed of his good birth, took special care in having him well seen after. Donald must have given satisfaction to his officers, for, in about four years, we find him raised to the rank of serjeant, and sent into Inverness-shire, in command of thirty men, and a considerable amount of money, to raise recruits for the Royal Scots, then ordered on foreign service. Macleod, although only about seventeen, executed this duty to the entire satisfaction of his officers, and soon returned with a large number of recruits. Shortly after he embarked with his regiment for Flanders. Here he saw plenty of active service, for the Royal Scots were engaged in nearly all the battles of the campaign, such as Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, and many minor engagements, in all of which Macleod acquitted himself well and bravely, and, fortunately, escaped without a single wound. By diligent practice he had become by this time a very expert swordsman, which, combined with his high spirits and almost reckless courage, caused him to be regarded by his comrades and officers as the champion of the regiment. This circumstance, added to his own hasty temper, involved him in a number of private encounters or duels, in which he always had the good fortune to come off victorious.

The first of these took place in 1713, during the temporary cessation of hostilities that preceded the peace of Utrecht. While walking quietly round the ramparts of the town in which his regiment was quartered, Macleod was rudely addressed by a French serjeant, who taunted him on the inactivity of the British army. He sharply replied, and in a minute he and the Frenchman were abusing each other in a torrent of words, in which French, German, English, and Gaelic were commingled. A challenge was quickly given by the Frenchman, and as quickly accepted by the Highlander; and at the time and place appointed they duly met to decide their quarrel with the sword. In a short time the Frenchman fell mortally wounded; when,

with his last breath, he acknowledged having been the aggressor, and, giving his watch to Macleod, begged him to accept it as a peace offering.

Shortly afterwards peace was concluded, when the army prepared to return home. Pickets were sent out to bring in deserters, and Serjeant Macleod went with a party for this purpose to the town of Breda, where he found two deserters. On seizing them, he was accosted by a French officer, who declared that he had just enlisted the men in the French service, and swore that he would keep them. Macleod was as determined to take them, and the altercation between the two ended by the Highlander challenging the Frenchman, who, being a lieutenant, had to get permission from his superior officer to fight a duel with a man inferior in rank. This being secured, the two immediately set to; but the lieutenant was no match for Macleod, and was soon disabled. The two deserters were at once give up on the Highlander paying the enlistment money which the men had received, and already spent.

On another occasion, when quartered at Lisle, the Skyeman was taking a walk with two ladies, when a German trooper passed, and, with a scowling brow, muttered in German, "The devil take the whole of such dogs!" "What is that you say?" exclaimed Macleod, starting forward. The German repeated the malediction, when, in a second, he found Macleod's sword flashing in his face. This was too much for the German's courage, and he took to his heels. A German officer, however, who had witnessed the affair, annoyed at his countryman's pusillanimity, rushed forward, sword in hand, and fiercely attacked Macleod, who, confident in his skill, cooly parried the officer's blows, and soon found he would have no difficulty in disposing of his opponent; but having no personal grievance against the German, and admiring his courage, he determined not to kill him, but to give him a good lesson, and by a rapid pass he sliced off a piece of the German's fat leg, and asked him if he was satisfied with that. On receiving an answer in the negative, he wounded him smartly in the sword arm, when the German said "It is enough." Macleod then assisted his late opponent to his quarters, where, after his wound was dressed, he insisted upon the Skyeman staying and drinking with him. This he did, drinking with the

wounded man until a late hour, when they separated the best of friends, with kisses and embraces after the fashion of the country.

His next encounter was in Ireland, his regiment being afterwards stationed in Dublin. In another regiment, also stationed at Dublin, was an Irishman, named Maclean, who was a giant in size, and possessed of great muscular strength. One of this man's officers, a Lieutenant Maclean, was anxious to get up a match between the Irish champion and Macleod, and for this purpose waited upon Captain Macdonald, of the Royal Scots, and begged the required permission. The Captain readily consented, having every confidence in the agility, experience, and skill of his favourite serjeant. The contest created great interest among the officers and men of both regiments, and a large amount of money was laid in bets on the result. Macleod was now in his twenty-sixth year, and, though not a big man—his height was only five feet seven—he was so uncommonly active and such a known master of his weapon, that his backers had no fear of his success.

When the two met, they took a good look at one another, whereupon the Irishman said, "I hear you are a good swordsman, will you fight me for five guineas?" "As you are a Maclean," replied Donald, "it shall not cost you so much; I will, for the name's sake, fight you for one guinea." They then, to show there was no ill-will between them, formally shook hands, when the Irishman squeezed Macleod's to such effect that he roared out with the pain, creating great laughter among Maclean's friends. Macleod, however, soon recovered his composure, and made a mental vow that the squeeze should cost the Irishman his right arm. Before they began the combat, Maclean, who was proud of his great muscular strength, made a bet of two guineas that Macleod could not turn his wrist from the position he should place it in. The bet accepted, Maclean laid his right arm flat on a table; when Macleod, by a sudden jerk, turned it, and won the wager, much to the Irishman's disgust, as this was one of the feats at which he had never yet been beaten. The duel now commenced in earnest, and in spite of Maclean's great height and strength, Macleod's skill won the day, ending by cutting off his opponent's right arm; when he was declared the winner amid the applause of his friends of the Royal Scots.

In 1715 Macleod's regiment was ordered to Scotland, to assist in subduing the Rising under Lord Mar. They joined the main army, under the Duke of Argyll, at Stirling, while the Earl of Mar's army was quartered at Perth. Among his followers was a noted Highland cattle-lifter, from Knoydart, named Captain Macdonald. This man was an excellent swordsman, and boasted that he could beat any man in Argyll's army. Lord Mar, having faith in the man's strength and skill, and wishing to keep up the spirit of his followers, gave his permission to Macdonald to challenge any single man in the opposing army to single combat. Macdonald accordingly appeared before the Duke of Argyll, accompanied by a trumpet from Mar, and boldly challenged any man among his followers to single combat. The Duke, who was an excellent swordsman himself, had no objection to the display, and, on Serjeant Macleod being pointed out to him as the most suitable man to accept the gage of battle, gave his permission for the duel to take place. The combatants met at a place appointed, about half way between the two armies. Before beginning the combat, Macdonald pulled out a flask of whisky, and offered Donald a drink; but, though fond enough of a dram, Macleod knew this was not the time to indulge, so he refused, and the two went at it. Macleod soon found himself master of the position; but, having no grudge against his opponent, he wished to close the fight without bloodshed, so, with a rapid pass, he cut off the Captain's sporran, and, then, demanding a parley, exclaimed, "I have cut off your purse; is there anything more I must cut off before you give up?" Macdonald, finding himself no match for Macleod, reluctantly owned himself beaten, and, leaving his sporran behind him in token of his defeat, went back with a very bad grace to his comrades. The Earl of Mar was so pleased with Macleod's skill, that he sent him a present of ten guineas, which the Duke of Argyll supplemented by another ten, so that Donald made a good day's work, besides getting all the honour of victory.

Macleod, however, did not meet with his usual good fortune at the next battle at which he was engaged—Sheriffmuir—which is thus truly described in the old rhyme:—

"Some say that we ran, and some say that they ran,
And some say that none ran at all, man,
But of one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man."

Donald made himself conspicuous by the havoc his trusty broadsword was making in the ranks of the enemy, and so attracted the notice of a brave French officer, who, on this occasion, had the courage to fight him, but by one powerful sweep of Macleod's sword his head was severed from his body. A French horseman, seeing his officer fall, sprang forward to avenge him, but, fortunately for Macleod, a small water-course lay between him and the Frenchman, though it did not prevent the latter from reaching the Highlander with his long sword, and wounding him in the shoulder. The pain produced roused Macleod to frenzy, and, with a wild yell, he leaped the stream, and plunged his sword in the body of the Frenchman's horse, which at once fell with its rider; but the latter managed to give the Skyeman a fearful cut on the head, fracturing his skull, and laying open his brain. The infuriated Celt, however, kept his feet long enough to dispatch his opponent, and afterwards to tie up his own broken head with his pocket handkerchief, "for fear," as he said, "it should fall in two halves." He was then carried to the rear, and afterwards taken to Stirling. When able to be moved, he was sent to Chelsea Hospital, where he remained until his wound was sufficiently healed to admit of his joining his regiment.

Some time, about the year 1720, while stationed in Newcastle, Macleod heard that a Highland Regiment was to be raised for the service of the Government. It was proposed that the regiment should be composed of independent companies, under different leaders, for the purpose of preventing the numerous robberies then so prevalent in the Highlands, for enforcing the law, and keeping the peace of the country. It was understood that the men should not be expected nor asked to go on foreign service, but only to act as Fencibles at home. Lord Lovat was to have the command of one of the companies. Macleod immediately resolved to join this regiment, though, by doing so, he would lose his position and pay as a serjeant in the regular army. For this purpose, he waited upon Major Wm. Scott, the senior officer then with the Royal Scots, and told him he had come to seek a favour of him. "You deserve any favour, Macleod," said the good old Major, "that I can grant; but I first desire the favour of you to take a dram." This request being readily complied with by the Highlander, he told Major Scott that he wished to

have his discharge from the regiment. The Major expressed his astonishment at this request, especially as he knew that Macleod stood high in favour with Lord Orkney and with all the officers, and that it was generally understood that he would, at no distant date, be raised to the rank of a commissioned officer. He argued with Macleod at some length on the folly of giving up such good prospects, but, finding him immovable, he felt that he had no alternative but to grant his discharge, on condition that he should pay fifteen guineas to pay for another man qualified to take his place and rank.

Having obtained his discharge, Macleod made his way to Edinburgh, and presented himself before Lord Orkney. "How now, Macleod? How do ye do? Is all the regiment well?" "Yes, please your Lordship; but I have left the regiment;" showing at the same time his discharge. "Who dares," exclaimed his Lordship, with an oath, "to give a discharge to any man in my regiment without consulting me?" Macleod then explained how he had requested the favour, and was promised it before Major Scott knew the nature of it, and soon pacified his Lordship, who, though a hasty man, was also a good tempered one. Calling to his servant, he asked him to ascertain how much he was indebted to Macleod. On being told that the sum of £20 was due, the Earl declared, with a volley of oaths, that he had not enough to pay that amount. "Never mind, my Lord," Macleod replied, who well knew that his Lordship was generally poor, "I will wait, when it may be convenient, on your Lordship's mother, the Countess Dowager of Orkney, as I have done before." He then took his leave of his Lordship, who shook him heartily by the hand, at the same time telling him that he was a great fool to leave the regiment. Macleod soon found his way to the Countess, who had often stood paymaster for her son; and she readily paid him, and took his receipt, for all his demands.

Being all impatience to offer his services to Lord Lovat, Macleod set out on foot from Edinburgh about three o'clock one summer morning, and at about the same hour on the second day after, he stood on the green of Castle Downie, Lord Lovat's residence. During this long journey Macleod took only the simplest food, which he carried with him, washed down at intervals with draughts of mountain dew. Nor did he go to bed

the whole time; but once or twice slept in the open air by the road-side for an hour or two.

The following interesting description of Lord Lovat and his interview with Macleod, is taken from the pamphlet already referred to:—"As Macleod walked up and down on the lawn before the house, he was soon observed by Lord Lovat, who immediately went out, and, bowing to the Serjeant with great courtesy, invited him to come in. Lovat was a fine looking, tall man, and had something very insinuating in his manners and address. He lived in all the fulness and dignity of the ancient hospitality, being more solicitous, according to the genius of feudal times, to retain and multiply adherents, than to accumulate wealth by the improvement of his estate. As scarcely any fortune, and certainly not his fortune, was adequate to the extent of his views, he was obliged to regulate his unbounded hospitality by rules of prudent economy. As his spacious hall was crowded by kindred visitors, neighbours, vassals, and tenants of all ranks, the table, that extended from one end of it nearly to the other, was covered at different places with different kinds of meat and drink, though of each kind there was always great abundance. At the head of the table the lords and lairds pledged his lordship in claret, and sometimes champagne; the tacksmen or duinwassels, drank port or whisky punch; tenants or common husbandmen, refreshed themselves with strong beer; and below the utmost extent of the table, at the door, and sometimes without the door of the hall, you might see a multitude of. Frasers, without shoes or bonnets, regaling themselves with bread and onions, with a little cheese, perhaps, and small beer. Yet, amidst the whole of this aristocratical inequality, Lord Lovat had the address to keep all his guests in perfect good humour. 'Cousin,' he would say to such and such a tacksman, 'I told my pantry lads to hand you some claret, but they tell me ye like port and punch best.' In like manner, to the beer-drinkers he would say, 'gentlemen, there is what ye please at your service; but I send you ale, because I understand ye like ale best.' Everybody was thus well pleased; and none were so ill-bred as to gainsay what had been reported to his Lordship. Donald Macleod made his compliments to Lovat in a military air and manner, which confirmed and heightened that prepossession in his favour, which he had conceived

from his appearance. 'I know,' said he, 'without your telling me, that you have come to enlist in the Highland Watch. For a thousand such men as you, I would give my estate!' Macleod acknowledged the justice of his Lordship's presentiments; and, at his request, briefly related his pedigree and history. Lovat clasped him in his arms, and kissed him; and, holding him by the hand, led him into an adjoining bed-chamber, in which Lady Lovat, a daughter of the family of Macleod, lay. He said to his Lady, 'My dear, here is a gentleman of your own name and blood, who has given up a commission in Lord Orkney's regiment, in order to serve under me.' Lady Lovat raised herself in her bed, congratulated his Lordship on so valuable an acquisition, called for a bottle of brandy, and drank prosperity to Lord Lovat, the Highland Watch, and Donald Macleod. It is superflous to say, that in the toast, the Lady was pledged by the gentlemen. Such were the customs and manners of the Highlands of Scotland in those times. By the time they returned to the hall, they found the Laird of Clanronald, who, having heard Macleod's history, said, 'Lovat, if you do not take care of this man, you ought to be shot.' His Lordship immediately bestowed on him the same rank, with somewhat more pay than he had in the Royal Scots, and, after a few days, sent him away to recruit."

We must leave the account of Macleod's further adventures for the next issue.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL STEWART'S "SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLANDERS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

20 ST ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 30th May 1885.

DEAR SIR,—You have done good work in publishing General Stewart's Sketches in the cheap and readable form in which they are issued. I have just finished reading them, and truly I have not words to express my admiration of them. On more than one occasion I consulted the work, but had little idea of its charm till I had read it through. For many years my reading was extensive and various, but never, since first I read the "Pilgrim's Progress," did I enjoy a work so thoroughly as I did Stewart's Sketches. They are altogether fascinating. A more appropriate remark was never made by my friend and clansman of Hereford than when he said that "it ought to be in the hands of every Highland lad; on the bookshelf of every Highland home, next to the Bible."—Yours very truly, ALEX. MACKAY.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

II.

Last month we gave anecdotes from Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, illustrative of the Jacobitism, Self-Devotion, Local Attachment, Fidelity, and other prominent characteristics of the clans. We shall now present the reader with a few more notes from the same source, which throw a strong light upon some other noble characteristics of the Highland people.

POWER OF THE CHIEFS.—At one time the chief of a clan had the right of "pit and gallows," and absolute power over the lives of his retainers. In this connection General Stewart gives the following anecdote:—

"Some time before the year 1745, the Lord President Forbes, travelling from Edinburgh to his seat at Culloden, dined on his way at the Castle of Blair-Athole, with the Duke of Athole. In the course of the evening a petition was delivered to his Grace, which having read, he turned round to the President, and said, 'My Lord, here is a petition from a poor man, whom Commissary Bisset, my baron bailie, has condemned to be hanged; and as he is a clever fellow, and is strongly recommended to mercy, I am much inclined to pardon him.' 'But your Grace knows,' said the President, 'that after condemnation, no man can pardon but his Majesty.' 'As to that,' replied the Duke, 'since I have the power of punishing, it is but right that I should have the power to pardon;' and calling upon a servant who was waiting, 'Go,' said he, 'send an express to Logierait, and order Donald Stewart, presently under sentence, to be instantly set at liberty.'"

ATTACHMENT TO THE CHIEFS.—It is not so very many years ago since the tenants on a Highland property were ready to do anything for their chiefs or landlords, and the following is one of many existing proofs of enduring respect and attachment, testified to them by the Highlanders:—

"A gentleman possessing a considerable Highland property, and descended from a warlike and honourable line of ancestors, long held in respect by the Highlanders, fell into difficulties some

years ago. In this state, he was the more sensible of his misfortune as his estate was very improvable. In fact, he attempted some improvements, by employing more labourers than he could easily afford to pay. But, notwithstanding the prospect of irregular payments, such was the attachment of the people to the representative of a respectable house, that they were ready at his call, and often left the employment of others, who paid regularly, to carry on his operations. To this may be added a circumstance, which will appear the more marked, to such as understand the character of the Highlanders, and know how deeply they feel any neglect in returning civility on the part of their superiors. If a gentleman pass a countryman without returning his salute, it furnishes matter of observation to a whole district. The gentleman now in question, educated in the South, and ignorant of the language and character of the people, and of their peculiar way of thinking, paid so little regard to their feelings, that although a countryman pulled off his bonnet almost as soon as he appeared in sight, the respectful salute generally passed unnoticed: yet this was overlooked in remembrance of his family in the same manner that generous minds extend to the children the gratitude due to the parents."

Here is another instance of the same feeling towards a superior:—

"A very worthy Baronet in the Highlands (Sir George Stewart of Grandtully), who has made the necessary allowances for the prejudices and frailties of men, has allowed his tenants the time necessary to learn the improved mode of culture, and to increase the value and size of their breed of cattle and sheep. This has been done without separating the arable land from the pasture, or diminishing the farms of any, but rather enlarging them, if too small, when it could be done without prejudice to others. At the same time the rents have been gradually rising. The consequence is, that he receives the undiminished rental of his estate; and while considerable distress has been experienced in his neighbourhood, his people are in so different circumstances, that, when lately, he had occasion for a supply of money to assist him in the purchase of some adjoining lands, they came forward with a spontaneous offer to advance £18,000, with a declaration that they were ready with £6000 more if required. This is a pleasing instance of the attachment of the olden times. The manner in which these people pay their rents, and support their families, will appear the more remarkable to the advocates for large farms, as this estate, with a rental of less than £9000 supports a population of 2835 souls, all maintained on the produce; while only 17 disabled paupers, and some poor old women, require parochial relief; and the tenants are so independent, and so grateful to their

humane and generous landlord, that they enable him to purchase the estates for sale in his neighbourhood."

There is yet another anecdote showing how the hearts of the people were in those days bound up in the interest of their landlords :—

"A few years ago, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family got so much involved in debt, that he was obliged to sell his estate. One-third of the debt consisted of money borrowed in small sums from his tenants, and from the country people in the neighbourhood. The interest of these sums was paid very irregularly. Instead of complaining of this inconvenience, his creditors among his people kept at a distance, lest their demands might add to the difficulties of the man whose misfortunes they so much lamented; and many declared, that if their money could contribute to save the estate of an honourable family they would never ask for principal or interest. Speaking to several of these people on this subject, the uniform answer which I received was nearly in the following words :—'God forbid that I should distress the honourable gentleman; if my money could serve him, how could I bestow it better? He and his family have ever been kind,—he will do more good with the money than ever I can,—I can live without it,—I can live on potatoes and milk, but he cannot;—to see his family obliged to quit the house of his forefathers, is cause of grief to us all.'"

We shall give one more instance of the same generous fidelity of the Highlanders to their chiefs :—

"Perhaps it may be thought that I give too many instances of the attachment and fidelity of the Highlanders to their superiors. I shall only give one more from a number of facts of the same description. While the estates forfeited after the rebellion of 1745 were vested in the Crown, the rents were moderate, and the leases long, the latter being generally forty-one or fifty-nine years. In the year 1783, these estates were restored to those who had been attainted, or to their heirs. This event caused general joy in the Highlands, and among many other acts of kindness of his late Majesty towards the Highlanders, has so operated on their ardent minds, long affectionately attached to their kings and superiors, that he is often called the 'King of the people.' The heir of one of the persons attainted succeeded to an estate of considerable extent. Government, with a kindness that might have been imitated to advantage, removed few of the tacksmen, 'kindly tenants' (and followers of the old families). When the tenants of this gentleman found the descendent of their venerated chiefs in possession of the inheritance of his

ancestors, they immediately surrendered their leases, doubled the rents upon themselves, and took new ones for a term shorter by ten years than that which was yet to run of the King's leases; in order, as they said, that the man whose presence among them had diffused so much happiness, might sooner be enabled to avail himself of the price of produce, which they saw annually increasing, and raise his rents accordingly. This was in 1783, nearly forty years after the whole power of the chiefs, except over the minds and affections of the people, had ceased. This is one of the many instances that show how long those honourable traits of character continued, and the importance of such disinterested and generous attachment."

Dr Johnson noticed this pleasing trait in the Highlander's character, and thus describes a meeting between the young laird of Coll and some of his retainers :—

"'Wherever we moved,' says the Doctor, 'we were pleased to see the reverence with which his subjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dress; his only distinction was a feather in his bonnet; but as soon as he appeared, they forsook their work and clustered round him; he took them by the hand, and they were mutually delighted. He has the proper disposition of a chieftain, and seems desirous to continue the custom of his house. The bagpiper played regularly when dinner was served, whose person and address made a good appearance, and brought no disgrace on the family of Rankin, which has long supplied the Lairds of Coll with hereditary music.'"—*Doctor Johnson's Tour.*

This affection and mutual good-will was, however, always tempered, on the side of the retainers, by a deep respect for the chief, of which the following is a good instance :—

"When the first Marquis of Huntly waited upon King James VI. in Edinburgh, on being created Marquis, in the year 1590, he stood in the presence chamber with his head covered; and on being reminded of his seeming want of respect, he humbly asked pardon, assigning as an excuse, that as he had just come from a country where all took off their bonnets to him, he had quite forgotten what he owed to his present situation."

In this connection, General Stewart points out in a foot-note that

"Martin says 'the islanders have a great respect for their chiefs and heads of tribes, and they conclude grace after every meal, with a petition to God for their welfare and prosperity. Neither will they, as far as in them lies, suffer them to sink under

any misfortune, but, in case of decay of estate, make a voluntary contribution in their behalf, as a common duty to support the credit of their families.'"

It is pleasing to look back upon those times when the landlord was able to command such affection, generosity, and respect from his tenants, but how have the proprietors of later years repaid it? Look at the desolated homes, the roofless gables, the neglected enclosures, which are an eyesore to so many Highland landscapes, and the immense tracts of fine cultivable land now given over to sheep and deer; and again ask, How?

PRESENCE OF MIND.—The following is a good instance of presence of mind:—"A Highland lad, with a Lowland farmer, was crossing a mountain stream, in a glen, at the upper end of which a waterspout had fallen. The Highlander had reached the opposite bank, but the farmer was looking about and loitering on the stones over which he was stepping, wondering at a sudden noise he heard, when the Highlander cried out, 'Help, help, or I am a dead man,' and fell to the ground. The farmer sprang to his assistance, and had hardly reached him when the torrent came down, sweeping over the stones, with a fury which no human force could have withstood. The lad had heard the roaring of the stream behind the rocks, which intercepted its view from the farmer, and fearing that he might be panic struck if he told him of his danger, took this expedient of saving him. A young man like this might have been trusted on an out-post in front of an enemy; and, possessing such presence of mind, would have been equally capable of executing his own duties, and of observing the movements and intentions of the enemy."

During the Forty-five, Prince Charles had occasion to thank the presence of mind shown by a noble lady in his behalf, which was the means of saving his liberty and his life. General Stewart relates the incident as follows:—

"Of all the fine ladies, few were more accomplished, more beautiful, or more enthusiastic, than the Lady Mackintosh, a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld. Her husband, the Laird of Mackintosh, had this year been appointed to a company in the then 43rd, now 42nd, Highland Regiment; and, restrained by a sense of duty, he kept back his people, who were urgent to be led to the field. These restraints had no influence on his lady, who took the command of the clan, and joined the rebels, by whom her husband was taken prisoner,—when the Prince gave him in charge to his wife, saying, 'that he could not be in better security,

or more honourably treated.' One morning when Lord Loudon lay at Inverness with the Royal army, he received information that the Pretender was to sleep that night at Moy Hall, the seat of Mackintosh, with a guard of two hundred of Mackintosh's men. Expecting to put a speedy end to the rebellion by the capture of the person who was the prime mover of the whole, Lord Loudon assembled his troops, and marched to Moy Hall. The commanderess, however, was not to be taken by surprise; and she had no want of faithful scouts to give her full information of all movements or intended attacks. Without giving notice to her guest of his danger, she with great, and, as it happened, successful temerity, sallied out with her men, and took post on the high road, at a short distance from the house, placing small parties two or three hundred yards asunder. When Lord Loudon came within hearing, a command was passed from man to man, in a loud voice, along a distance of half a mile: The Mackintoshes, Macgillivrays, and Macbeans, to form instantly on the centre,—the Macdonald's on the right,—the Frasers on the left; and in this manner were arranged all the clans in order of battle, in full hearing of the Commander-in-chief of the Royal army, who, believing the whole rebel force ready to oppose him, instantly faced to the right about, and retreated with great expedition to Inverness; but not thinking himself safe there, he continued his route across three arms of the sea to Sutherland, a distance of seventy miles, where he took up his quarters.

"Such was the terror inspired by the Highlanders of that day, even in military men of experience like Lord Loudon. It was not till the following morning that Lady Mackintosh informed her guest of the risk he had run. One of the ladies noticed by the President, finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready; and perceiving, one morning, that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offer of his services as a loyal subject, contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she dispatched his men to join the rebels under a commander more obedient to her wishes."

Next month we shall conclude these selections with a few anecdotes illustrative of the Honesty, Principle, Religious Tolerance, Hospitality, and other pleasing traits in the Highland character.

(To be continued.)

A LONG ISLAND WITCH.

THE writer, when a boy, frequently heard that witches who were then very common in the Highlands, for the purpose of concealing their identity if they chanced to be observed, while pilfering an unfortunate neighbour's crops, stock, or his cows' milk, generally assumed the form of a hare, or some other small animal. It seems, however, that when a witch resolved to wreak personal vengeance upon an individual, she assumed the form of any being by which she considered she could best attain her object. The following story is to the point :—

In the township of S——, on the west side of South Uist, "waulking" home-made cloth was much more extensively carried on some forty or fifty years ago than at the present time, and as the waulking, which was usually performed by the young maidens of the township, was generally commenced about sunset, these evenings, with song, story, and conversation, were most pleasant, and were accompanied with a considerable amount of courtship; for, as a rule, many of the young men of the district gathered there, ostensibly to keep company with the fair workers, but in reality to make love to them.

One evening, some eighty years ago, a waulking took place in the township above referred to, and, shortly before the time fixed for its commencement, a young man from the east side of the Island left his home for the house where the work was to be carried on. This young man had been courting one of the waulkers, but, for some reason not recorded, he had for some time ceased his attentions to her, and broken off the courtship. The pathless moor over which the young man had to pass on his way to his destination was lonely and rugged in the extreme, and was full of boggy land, lochs, knolls, and rocks. It was nearly dark when he left home, but, being a brave and fearless man, he proceeded with a light heart and step until about half way without any mishap. At this stage, however, he was suddenly attacked from behind by some fierce animal, but, on account of the darkness, he could not for some time discover what it was. At length he found that it was a large and power-

ful otter which tore fiercely at his legs, rending his clothes to shreds, and lacerating his limbs in a fearful manner with his sharp teeth. The young man, who possessed great prowess, and lacked none of the sturdy blood that flows in every true Highlander's veins, endeavoured with all his skill to ward off with his feet the desperate attacks of the brute, and for a time the struggle seemed almost equal. At length, however, the man began to lose his strength, and the otter, seeming to perceive this, redoubled its fury, when, just as the young man was sinking to the ground exhausted, he fortunately invoked the help of St Mary and St Peter, and at the same time, by a well-directed kick on the otter's chest, obtained the victory; for no sooner did the brute receive the blow, than it gave a fearful groan, and instantly vanished in the darkness.

After resting for a while, the young man proceeded, all bleeding and torn to his destination, fully persuaded in his own mind that his late antagonist was some human being in the form of an otter; for he could in no other way explain how the mention of the two Saints had gained him such a sudden victory. If there had been the slightest doubt existing in his mind on this point, it was dissipated immediately he entered the waulking house, where he found the inmates in a state of great commotion, owing to one of their number, who had just then come in, being in great agony from the effects of a severe blow which she said she had received on her breast a few minutes previously from a man who had waylaid her on her way thither. This was the woman above referred to, whom the young man, the hero of the story, had formerly been courting. He was now convinced that she had been his recent assailant, and, having told all the particulars of his adventure and exhibited his limbs and clothes in the girl's own presence, she acknowledged the whole, and admitted that she intended to have killed him, adding in palliation that she considered she was justified in doing so by his having slighted her.

The girl recovered from the effects of the kick, but she was always so much shunned by her neighbours after the occurrence, that in a short time she fell into a deep melancholy and died. The hero of the story married in due time, and became the father of a large family, some of whom are still alive.

MACIAIN.

THE SCOTTISH LAND LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

A newspaper press that conceals from those more immediately concerned important facts, because they may prove unpalatable, fails in its first duty to its patrons. Though our sphere of duty does not quite lie in that direction, we have hitherto occupied such a position in connection with the present social movement in the Highlands as to make it impossible for us to free ourselves altogether from this responsibility, though it is so much overlooked by those whose special function it is, we hold, to keep those more immediately interested fully informed of war-clouds and looming danger.

It is admitted on all hands that the movement for Land Law Reform in Ireland would have failed of any great success were it not for the aid and impetus given to it by the material sympathy of Irishmen abroad, especially from the United States of America. The Highland movement has made remarkable progress hitherto without any such outside aid, but it appears from an account of the inauguration of the Scottish Land League of America, which we give below, that Scotsmen from home are going to imitate the example of the expatriated Irish, by aiding their oppressed countrymen at home in the most practical manner. Is it a kindness; is it wise even to conceal this from the landlords of the Highlands at the present time? Their best friends are those who will take care to see that they are kept fully informed of what is going on around them; of the signs of the times in which we live. It is a token of culpable weakness when people imitate the Ostrich, thinking that, if they do not themselves see or know of the tide that is closing round them, they are in perfect safety—that history and great social movements are to stand still because those to be affected put their heads out of sight, and do not chose to listen, or to look ahead, and face the danger or provide against it. From some questions asked at the Crofters' Royal Commission at one of their sittings at Inverness, it seems to have dawned, even then, upon some of the more far-seeing amongst the Commissioners, that Highlanders abroad might possibly follow the example of their

Irish brethren in this matter, unless a change in the condition of their fellow-countrymen at home soon took place; for the following queries were put to the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* by Sheriff Nicolson and Professor Mackinnon, when the annexed answers, some of which are now in course of being verified in Chicago, were made in reply :—

Professor Mackinnon—"As a matter of fact, we find now the poorer they [the Crofters] are, the more closely they stay at home?"

Mr Mackenzie—"Yes, and the moment they get better off there is always a tendency to go away—I am happy to say not going away and forgetting their people at home, but constantly sending home means, without which their relations would in many cases be paupers."

Professor Mackinnon—"Have you found at home and abroad that there is a remembrance by folks that are going away of the poorer folks that are left behind?"

Mr Mackenzie—"My experience is that generally Highlanders who go away and leave their parents at home are very mindful of them, and send them home considerable sums of money."

Professor Mackinnon—"So that in that respect they stand well generally."

Mr Mackenzie—"Generally."

Sheriff Nicolson—"I have heard it said that the Irish are better in that respect?"

Mr Mackenzie—"I think not. The Irish send home more money, but for a different purpose. We have never appealed to the Highlanders to send home money except for their own relations, but I have not the slightest doubt if an appeal were made to them they would send home money for other purposes as well as the Irish."

Professor Mackinnon—"Have you accounted in your own mind for the extreme reluctance of the people to leave their homes when they are poor, although they have no reluctance to leave when they are well off?"

Mr Mackenzie—"Well, I think it is the case that when people are poor they are, as a rule, comparatively distrustful of countries far away from themselves, and there is a kind of feeling, in addition to the despair and hopelessness of their existence, that they are going away, not merely to a strange country, but almost to a strange world. As education advances, in ten years we shall have a very different state of matters in the Highlands from what we now have?"

Professor Mackinnon—"You recollect that thirty or forty years ago emigration was rather a favourite scheme among the people?"

Mr Mackenzie—"Yes, but at that time a great many of them went away in communities, and they felt when they were going altogether, that they would at least have some of the associations of their own country, and see some of their friends, but according to the present system, there is no chance of doing that. When I was over in Canada, I had the honour of an interview with the Marquis of Lorne, and discussing that question with him as well as with the Premier of Canada. I tried to impress upon them the necessity of giving an opportunity to Highlanders of going out as a colony to Manitoba, but I found the Canadian Government had strongly set their faces against anything of the kind, and would not listen to any proposal on the basis of people settling there in bodies, the principal reason being that they had given out the land in Manitoba in squares, every second one of which they granted to the New Syndicate constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, and they cannot now give it out in dis-

tricts. The Opposition party are of a different opinion, but they have very little chance at present of getting into power."*

The opinions expressed in these answers are still unchanged; and we shall not be surprised to see the Highlanders of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other British Colonies following the example of those of the United States, though it has been said, and said, we fear, with some amount of truth, that the Highlanders of the Dominion especially are so much interested in getting their countrymen at home to emigrate and to populate the Great North-West, that their personal interests in this direction have hitherto kept them from making any move to aid their oppressed countrymen at home. This, if true, is as short-sighted as it is selfish and unpatriotic; for the Highlanders have resolved that they will not emigrate until they have first fought the battle of freedom successfully in the Highlands, and when that is realised every man will be at liberty, if he cannot find room and comfort in his own country—where sheep and deer now occupy the place of men—to go where he pleases. Meanwhile our Canadian and other Colonial fellow-Highlanders may rest assured that the sooner they take steps to aid their countrymen at home in asserting their native independence and securing their freedom in the Highlands the sooner and the more effectually will the surplus population—satisfied that there is a surplus over and above what their native country will maintain in comfort—take to emigration, knowing that they will then leave their parents, relatives, and friends in a position where they can support and take care of themselves, instead of which, were they to leave them now, they would do so, in most cases, in misery, certain to end their days in the Poor-house, or, in the case of the great majority who are still too noble-spirited to enter it or accept the Parochial dole outside, die prematurely from semi-starvation and exposure for want of the necessaries of life—food or clothing—in their latter years. The better class of Highlanders will never emigrate so long as their doing so will involve their relatives in such a plight, even should they themselves have to undergo a life-long misery by remaining at home to help and provide for them. And will any Highlander at home or abroad blame his countrymen for such a filial—such a natural affection for their

* *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 2717.

parents and friends? No! they will on the other hand admire it, follow the example of the Highlanders of Chicago, by helping them, in the most practical form, to procure independence, freedom, and comfort in their native land. The surplus population will then be glad to emigrate to lands where their countrymen shall have already endeared themselves to them by timely and patriotic sympathy, in a critical period of the history of the Highlands; and the necessity for such generous and material sympathy is sure to make a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of a people, themselves generous and noble-minded even yet, though they have so long been trampled under the foot of the oppressor, and had their characters so bitterly and constantly reviled by those who would still continue that oppression.

What the Scottish population of Chicago are doing—and in which their example is apparently to be followed over all the American continent—will be seen from the following abridged report of a meeting of The Scottish Land League of America, held in Chicago on the 28th May last. It should be read and pondered by all—landlords, tenants, and others—interested in the present Shaking of the Dry Bones in the Highlands of Scotland. The *Chicago Times* of the following morning reports that—

Farwell Hall was filled with an assemblage of typical Scottish-Americans. The occasion was a mass meeting of Scotchmen in sympathy with the movement recently inaugurated towards forming a Land League in aid of the Crofters of Scotland, and for the purpose of affording them material help in their efforts to obtain justice from the landlords of their native country. There were a large number of ladies present, and the meeting was a remarkably enthusiastic one. The addresses were eloquent and forcible, and were received with warm and frequent outbursts of appreciation and indorsement. Among the prominent gentlemen upon the platform were:—Rev. Duncan Macgregor, ex-Governor Beveridge, Judge Moran, M. W. Ryan, D. C. Mackinnon, L. S. Shaw, T. B. Livingston, J. C. Macpherson, J. C. Newcome, William Macgregor, William Murdoch, William A. Robertson, Alexander Fraser, Duncan Cameron, Charles A. Macdonald, James Armstrong Robert Macdonald, Rev. Dr Mackay. The Scotch Company of the 2nd Regiment, I.N.G., entered the hall, and took seats in the auditorium.

The Rev. Duncan Macgregor opened the meeting, and announced the objects sought to be obtained. He said that the men in favour of the movement in behalf of the Crofters of Scotland had not forgotten the glorious traditions which had made Scotland's history. All mankind, he said, were gradually learning the solidarity of the human race, and whenever the voice of distress was heard, and when the people called out against oppression and injustice, then always come a warm and sure response from friendly hearts in all sections of the world. He then referred to the present condition of the Crofters in their lowly cabins and squalid homes, groaning

under the tyranny and oppression of their landlords. They ought to be infused with a renewed spirit to battle against the wrongs they were enduring. Eviction had been the rule, and man was regarded less than the beast. Over two million acres of the best land in Scotland had been wrenched from the farmers and made the home of the deer, the coney, and the pheasant. The crops of manhood had given place to herds of animals. When the Crofters had complained of their treatment they were arrogantly told that emigration was an excellent thing for them. He would like to see a general emigration among the landlords. The Crofters had resolved to endure their squalor and poverty no longer. The last straw had broken the camel's back, and "the Campbells are coming" in their might to overthrow their oppressors. He cited a number of cases of hardship and suffering among this class of Scotchmen, and demanded to know by what right man appropriated to himself more land than he could cultivate and deprive honest men of the means of supporting themselves and their families. This meeting had been called to assist these suffering men of Scotland, and to put new life into their hearts. As the boys of Paris carried their tiny banners bearing the words "Tremble tyrants, we are growing;" so this Land League of America would grow until the grand object of its organisation was accomplished. Mr Macgregor then nominated ex-Governor John L. Beveridge as the presiding officer for the evening.

On taking the chair Mr Beveridge said that as a Scotchman he was glad to talk to Scotchmen and their descendants. The condition of the Crofters was worse than that of the ancient slave in America. The crofters had no rights which the property-owners were bound to respect. They built their black mud hovels and lived under the cruel tyranny of their landlords, who ground them to the earth. The slave was denied his liberty, but his master, for his own security, took care of his person and his physical wants. They had met for the purpose of encouraging those down-trodden countrymen of theirs, and to assure them that the Scotchmen of America were heart and soul in favour of their cause, and would labour in their behalf to the best of their abilities.

Dr Wilcox, the secretary, then read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, amid loud applause:—

We, the citizens of Chicago, in mass-meeting assembled, express our heartfelt sympathy with the Crofters of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland in their peaceful and constitutional agitation for the reform of unjust and oppressive land laws. *Resolved*, That we commend the course they have adopted in demanding the right to live as befitting freemen in the land whose history has been made illustrious in the annals of the world by their deeds of valour and unswerving loyalty.

Whereas, Scotchmen in America, while knowing the wrongs of the Crofters, and feeling keenly the resultant social degradation, have had no organisation which enabled them unitedly to express sympathy with the Highlanders in their uprising against unjust land laws:—*Resolved*, That we express our gratification at the fact that the Scottish Land League of America has been organised in Chicago to meet a long-felt need, and that as it seeks constitutional changes only by constitutional means, we hereby pledge ourselves to give the League such assistance as may be needed in carrying forward its purely philanthropic labours.

Whereas, During the American Civil War for the liberation of the slaves, the Scottish people were on the side of freedom, and also when the fire ravaged Chicago, the cities of Scotland were among the first to render solid sympathy:—*Resolved*, That we hereby declare the movement in aid of the Crofters to be worthy of full support, and recommend it to the liberality not only of our citizens, but to that of all friends of the oppressed on this continent. We appeal to philanthropic organisations and to the public press to lend such help as will raise a fund commensurate with the needs of the Scottish Crofters, and worthy of the high rank which our nation has taken as the friend of the down-trodden in all lands.

Judge Moran was the next speaker. He said that the old system of land tenure was that the chiefs of the clans held the land for their adherents, and under circumstances most favourable to those who tilled the soil. This system had been replaced by landlordism and feudalism. This system was the most unjust that could be established. The rural populations of Ireland, Scotland, and England were being depleted, and the husbandmen were fast becoming the victims of poverty. This system of landlordism had engendered a fight in Ireland years ago, which was still raging, and he thanked God that Scotchmen had taken up the fight on the other side of the channel. As a brother Gael he sympathised heartily with this great movement in favour of the Crofters. The broad lands were intended by the God of nature and of man to be tilled by the industrious and thrifty farmer for the support of himself and family, and any attempt to deprive him of his just rights should be met with bold and resolute opposition. As one who knew something of Scottish history, and as one who had read the beautiful writings of her poets and novelists and historians, he was earnestly in sympathy with the movement now successfully started. He bade them God-speed in their great work. Success would surely crown their efforts, and the Crofter victims of land tyranny and landlord oppression would be assisted to arise in their might in defence of their rights and their homes.

A collection was then taken up to aid the work, and a handsome sum was realised.

This is the first chapter in a new departure in connection with the great movement now going on for the amelioration of the condition of the Highland people; and we scarcely need say that we wish and expect for it every success. At the same time, we warn the proprietors to take heed in time, and in a manly way, before the power has for ever passed away from their hands, to meet the requirements of the case by conceding, in an ungrudging spirit, the just demands of the people.

THE INVERNESS BURGH GUARD IN THE 17TH CENTURY.—While looking over some old Burgh papers lately, we came across the following, which is interesting as showing from an official source the different places in the town at which the guards were posted two hundred years ago. The document is dated 1691, and is as follows:—

"Account of coals and candles that ye
Guard had in winter, and what ye
Magistrats judge may now serve in summer.

"The mayne guard in winter, eight score, and now ye half, being four score, may serve.
The bridge guard, fourtie, and now ye half may serve,
The kirk port, fourtie, and ye half may now serve.
The east port, fourtie, and ye half may now serve.
The east barne, fyve score, and ye half may now serve.
The Castle port, fourtie. and ye half may serve.
The Castle guard, fourtie, and ye half may serve.
The kilne end, fourtie, and ye half may serve.
There is 3 lb. and half of candles in winter allowed for all the guards a night, being fourtie-two in number, and now we judge the half may serve."

HIGHLAND JUDGES AND THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

WE have recently had occasion more than once to animadvert on the conduct of certain of our County Court Judges in the Highlands. Our complaint was that the law was in one or two instances at least glaringly strained. That such a thing should be done, and done so flagrantly, while the sufferers had no means of redress, is a serious blot on our whole administration, and is sure to breed disaffection and to loosen public confidence in the impartiality of the law itself. The special manifestations of injustice to which we referred, however, were chargeable to over-officiousness or one-sided zeal on the part of certain officers of the law, and our charges were not by any means intended for general application; for we are glad to say that not a few of the sheriffs and their subordinates in our Highland Counties are eminently worthy of the most implicit confidence. There are, however, certain circumstances connected with our judicial system, which, while they do not in the smallest degree derogate from the integrity of the Judges may and we are confident do in many instances lead to grievous injustice to those concerned in the decisions of our Sheriffs, who are also themselves placed in a false and helpless position.

We have in view in making these remarks specially the habit of appointing to sheriffships and other legal offices in Highland Counties, gentlemen entirely ignorant of the language of the people among whom they are expected to administer law and justice. The subject has been recently forced upon public notice by a leading article in the *Times*, strongly urging the absolute necessity, in the interests of justice, of appointing Judges to the Welsh County Courts, who are capable of understanding the Welsh language. There is no argument that can be put forward to support such a claim on behalf of Wales that cannot be urged with equal if not with stronger force in the case of the Highland Counties of Scotland. It has been stated in a recent memorial to the Lord Chancellor, that in the whole Welsh Principality there is only one County Judge able

to speak the language of the people. "The result," says the correspondent whose communication suggested the leader in the *Times*, "is much cavilling and dissatisfaction with the administration of justice, which absolutely saps the public confidence in it. The absence of knowledge of Welsh in the Judges of Assize is not felt, because of the presence of competent interpreters, and a vigilant Bar; nor would it in the County Courts, if the people appeared by advocates, and not in person as is the case. The Judge has practically to grope his way as best he can, almost in the dark as it were; for interpreters where employed are incompetent, and are not watched by others capable of correcting them. . . . The Welsh, having borne with this great disadvantage for a long time, are resolved that if it depends on their efforts it shall continue no longer." We believe, in point of linguistic competence, that Wales with its single Welsh-speaking judge is ahead of the Gaelic district of Scotland. For we do not believe a single one of the County Judges of the Highlands can speak or understand a dozen consecutive words of the native language of the people among whom he is placed to administer justice. As already indicated, we do not at all impugn the integrity and ability of the majority of the gentlemen who dispense justice in our Sheriff Courts; but we do say that it is neither just to themselves nor to the people whom they govern. The Sheriff-Principal of Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland, though a Highlander born, and though brought up in a Gaelic atmosphere, is, unfortunately, unable to understand the Gaelic language. The Sheriff of Inverness and Nairn, to his other acquirements—sacred and profane—does not add a knowledge of the language best known in a large portion of the district over which he presides. The same disability belongs, we are safe in saying, to the sheriffs of the counties of Perth, Caithness, and Argyll. But it is in the case of the Sheriff-Substitutes that the want of a knowledge of the Gaelic language is most detrimental to the cause of justice. Of course it will be urged that interpreters would in any case be required as the language of the courts is the English language; but a sufficient reply to this ought to be that the language of the people is the Gaelic language.

In this respect Scotland is more helpless than Wales, for,

while in the Welsh Courts the great majority of the Bar are conversant with the language of the country, in the Highlands Counsel affect to be, or in point of fact are, as ignorant of the Gaelic language as the Judges. And then in the local Sheriff Courts it must be remembered that Counsel are not in all cases employed in conducting petty cases. However faithfully interpreters may be able to translate for the benefit of the Bench and the Bar, besides the fact that interpreters often are incompetent, much of the meaning of what witnesses have to say may be lost, and its import seriously misapprehended, when the Judge himself is unable intelligently to follow the witness, and to act in a manner independently of the interpreter. The importance of such knowledge on the part of a Judge seems to have been present to the minds of the legal gentlemen conducting the recent "Pet Lamb case" in the Court of Session, where it was maintained that the opinion of the Sheriff-Substitute was entitled to greater credit than that of the Sheriff-Principal, not only because "he had *heard* the evidence," but because he was able correctly to translate and appreciate the exact import of the witnesses language, which was Gaelic. Mr Kennedy, speaking on behalf of the crofter Macrae, said:—"We expect to show that the Sheriff, in reversing his Substitute's decision, apparently took a view of the result of a conversation carried on in Gaelic, which the Sheriff-Substitute, who was more familiar with the witnesses and the evidence, characterised as not only unfounded but absurd." And, again, further on:—"What I meant by alluding to Gaelic, was that, whereas the Sheriff was only able to judge of the import of the evidence when translated into English, the Sheriff-Substitute has the knowledge which makes him more capable of forming an accurate——" Lord Young—"Has Hill more Gaelic than Mackintosh?" Mr Kennedy—"I don't think that the learned Sheriff Mackintosh has any, but I know Hill has some." Now, whether Sheriff Hill has any Gaelic or not, is not of material importance here. The mere fact that his being supposed to possess a knowledge of that language is accepted as an explanation of the circumstances that he took a totally opposite view of the question from that of his Principal, is sufficient for our purpose. It shows what serious results to poor litigants or criminals might arise from the Judge's incapability of properly understand-

ing the "fair import of the evidence." Moreover, we have seen and heard many instances of serious misinterpretation, and the most ridiculous renderings furnished by interpreters in Highland law courts; such, for instance, as the conversion of males into females—*uncles* into *aunts*, and numbers of similar impossible metamorphoses.

Again, how often have we seen Gaelic-speaking witnesses bullied and threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties, even in the Justiciary Courts, for declining, or exhibiting any reluctance, to give evidence in English, when they were themselves painfully aware of the difficulties with which they could give expression to their thoughts and opinions on matters requiring the exactitude demanded of witnesses under oath; while in matters of ordinary every-day conversation they might acquit themselves creditably in the English language.

We maintain, then, that where competent legal knowledge and the other necessary qualifications can be had, combined with a knowledge of Gaelic, preference should be given in all future appointments to gentlemen so equipped in the filling up of Sheriffships and other public offices in Highland districts. We do not see, for instance, why a Sheriff Nicolson should be sent south to a district where he represents the total Gaelic population in his own person, while Blacks and Websters and Campions and Speirs and Ivorys are imposed upon Gaelic-speaking districts, and exposed to the humiliating sensation of feeling themselves the greatest incompetence among the people to whom they are expected to dispense justice, and every iota of whose causes and contentions they ought to be able to understand without the aid of groping interpreters.

HIGHLAND "LETTERS OF TWO CENTURIES."

ONE feature of the "Scottish Highlander," the first number of which will be issued early this month (July), will be "Letters of Two Centuries," being a series of original and selected letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, illustrated and annotated by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A. Scot., author of the well-known and learned works, "Antiquarian Notes," "Invernessiana," "Dunachton Past and Present," and many other valuable contributions to the History of the Highlands.

The letters are of all kinds and varied in character, selected on account of their intrinsic interest or because written by or addressed to people of note in their day in the Highlands. The first of the series, which is *not* to be given chronologically, will be a letter from John Forbes of Culloden, M.P., dated London, 17th of April 1714,

and containing a full account of the debates in Parliament on the Protestant Succession, and the state of parties before the death of Queen Anne. The second will be a letter from Sir James Mackintosh, dated London, 11th of November 1791, referring to his famous work "Vindiciæ Gallicæ."

The reader is already aware that the "Scottish Highlander" is to be published every Friday, and conducted by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of this periodical, who is resigning his seat as a member of the Town Council of Inverness, to enable him to devote his undivided time and attention to editing the *Celtic Magazine* and the *Scottish Highlander*, as well as continue his labours in connection with his partly-executed series of Highland Clan Histories, and other literary work. It may thus be taken for granted that no effort will be spared to make the paper worthy of the Highland people.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK: IN GAELIC AND ENGLISH. Selected from "Ossian," Sheriff Nicolson's "Proverbs," and other sources. By M. C. CLERK. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. 1885.

GAELIC literature can boast of few typographical luxuries. In the preparation of Gaelic books, utility rather than ornament has been the object aimed at; and too often, from carelessness of execution, both characteristics have been missed. In the pretty little book before us the ancient language of the Gael has been, for the first time, elevated into a place in the department of æsthetics. The form of this work is that of ordinary birthday-books. A space, neatly divided off by means of red border lines, is set apart for every day in the year, and each day is assigned a verse of Gaelic poetry and a Gaelic proverb. We do not discover any special appropriateness between the lines selected and the days to which they are attached; and, indeed, this was unavoidable in a selection confined mainly to the works of Ossian, in which we meet with no references even to the general names of days, or months, or terms, not to speak of the feast, and fast, and Saints' days of the Christian Calendar. But we think the author might, with advantage, have put some of the best of our modern bards under tribute in the preparation of the Gaelic Birthday Book. However, though the culling has been, as we think, unwisely confined to the Poems of Ossian and the Gaelic Proverbs of Sheriff Nicolson, the work of arranging, editing, and translating the selections has been most carefully done, and the result is, as we have already hinted, a perfect luxury of Gaelic typography, and a fitting and highly complimentary employment of the Gaelic language in connection with one of the most innocent and interesting fancies of polite society. It remains to be said that the author is a daughter of the venerable minister of Kilmallie, a circumstance which goes far to account for the correctness of the work. Principal Shairp, of St Andrews, supplies a chaste and appreciative introduction.

GAELIC TEXTS FOR SCHOOLS (NEW CODE), WITH GRAMMAR, VOCABULARY, &c. By H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.B., &c. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart.

THIS little work is, as we learn from the preface, a text-book arising out of the necessity for such in connection with the recognition of Gaelic as a specific subject in the new Code, and "is meant for those to whom Gaelic is the native tongue, and to whom the language should be *instructive* and not a *constructive* task." The author is himself a practical educationist, and is possessed of a full and intelligent knowledge of the Gaelic language. His experience in these respects may therefore be accepted as qualifying him to know what form of manual, and what measure of positive Gaelic instruction will be called for to meet the requirements of the case. We doubt not his little text-book will prove serviceable. A text-book for schools ought to be as free from errors as possible, and this work is very meritorious in this respect. We notice, however, a few errors which Mr Gillies will put right in the next edition. The most important are such misspellings as "coilleach," "beallach," "mhianaich," "daonan," "ceilleir," "urrain," "doinean;" and "ceann caora" for "ceann caorach. We think page 38 will require reconstruction. "A bhi" is not grammatically in the same mood with "ag iasgach." Neither does this last phrase mean "to fish," but is the participle "fishing," and so with all the words in the column under the heading "*Infinitive.*" We trust Mr Gillies will be encouraged by the success of Part I. to proceed with the rest of his intended series.

"MOCK LEGISLATION FOR THE CROFTER.—If columns of vague verbiage could do the poor Highland crofters any substantial good, their condition would soon be as happy as it is confessedly miserable. The Royal Commission did not promise them a great deal and the bill of the Government offers less. Another illustration of the flabbiness of the Scottish members is furnished by the congratulations which the Lord Advocate received after expounding his microscopic scheme. It is a measure which might have been drawn up if no Royal Commission had ever been appointed. It treats the recommendations of Lord Napier and his colleagues with practical contempt, evading the one grand essential of effective legislation. What the crofter needs, and ought to get, is more land, to be got from the monster holdings and the still more monstrous deer forests. This point the proffered bill ignores. It only requires Sir Edward Colebrooke's addition to be a perfect mockery. That venerable 'Liberal' is anxious that a still larger number of the Highland people should be expatriated. Our country has not yet been weakened enough by the process of depletion. We must send away the fragment of the good old native stock that remains and multiply the number of the glens which have been reduced to savage solitudes. Such is the outcome of the 'collective wisdom' addressing itself, through the appropriate agency of Mr Balfour, at the fag-end of the expiring Parliament to what is the most pressing Scottish problem of our time—if the case of a noble, patient, God-fearing race, condemned to starvation and held in Egyptian bondage, is worthy of any consideration. We must be content to wait the election of a new Parliament in the hope that it may prove wiser and more truly patriotic than the one which has now the death-rattle in the throat of it."—*Christian Leader.*

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THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MACLEOD.

II.

DONALD MACLEOD passed the next twenty years of his life in the Highlands of Scotland. He was promoted by Lord Lovat to the lucrative post of Drill-Serjeant, the duties of which position he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of his officers. His leisure hours were agreeably spent in hunting, fishing, and practising with his favourite broadsword.

One of the principal reasons for the regiment being raised was to put down the numerous cattle-lifters or gentlemen-robbers, as they were called, which at that time were so plentiful in the Highlands, and who, by their daring and dexterity in avoiding capture, had become a terror to all the peaceable inhabitants. Tracking out and apprehending these desperadoes was a work of no little difficulty, requiring both intelligence and courage. Donald Macleod was found especially suited for the work, and was often employed in it.

On one occasion he was ordered to take thirty men under his command, and to apprehend a very famous freebooter, James Roy Stewart, whose frequent depredations had made him the terror of the district. Macleod having got information where to find him on a particular day, went to his residence very early in the morning, quietly posted his men round the house, and then went boldly inside alone. Although at such an early hour the

wife of Stewart was up and dressed, it being her custom to keep watch while her husband slept, she was greatly discomposed and alarmed at the sight of the Serjeant, but striving to regain her composure, she welcomed him with all the signs of that cheerful hospitality always shown by Highlanders to strangers. Her distress was redoubled on hearing Macleod say firmly, though politely, "Madam, I am come to seek James Roy. He is in the house, I know, and in bed." Though Macleod said this at a venture, he was soon convinced of the truth of his suspicions by seeing the poor woman turning pale and quite unable to deny the fact that her husband was in at the time. In the meantime James Stewart hearing that he was discovered leapt out of bed, where he had lain with his clothes on, seized his dirk and pistols, and made a rush to the door. Macleod, however, was too quick for him, and soon barred his escape. Seeing this, Stewart changed his tactics, threw aside his weapons, courteously saluted his unwelcome guest, and calling for whisky, bread, and cheese, pressed Macleod to sit down and partake of what refreshment the house afforded, at the same time saying, "I know you are not alone; for no man ever durst come into my house alone on such an errand." To this Macleod answered boldly, that he feared neither him nor any other man, but owned to having his men round the house, making it impossible for Stewart to escape. "Very well," said the latter, "but I hope you are not in a hurry; sit down and let you and I talk together, and take our breakfast." Macleod agreed, and a bottle of whisky at least was exhausted in good fellowship before a word further was said of the business of the visit on either side. At length Macleod, after a short pause in the conversation, said—

"Jamie, what did you do with the thirty head of cattle you drove away from the Laird of Glen Bisset's, and the six score, or thereabouts, that you took away from the lands of Strathdown?

Stewart was somewhat nonplussed at such a direct inquiry; but it was in vain to deny the fact, which was evidently well known to his interrogator. So without either admitting or denying his guilt, Stewart replied—

"Serjeant Macleod, let me go for this time, and neither you nor the country will be troubled with me any more."

"Jamie, I cannot let you go; you have slashed many men,

and stolen many horses and cattle. How many straths are afraid of you? No, Jamie, you must go with me."

"Serjeant," replied Stewart, "let me go this time and I will give you a hundred guineas."

"It was not for guineas, Jamie, that I came here this day, and rather than be drawn off from the duty of a soldier for a few guineas, I would go with you and steal cattle."

Finding bribery of no avail, Stewart had recourse to entreaty, in which he was joined by his wife and four young children, who clung around Macleod with tears and sobs. The affecting sight was too much for the tender-hearted Serjeant, so he agreed to a compromise to the effect that he would not seize Stewart, this time, if he would give up all the cattle he had lately stolen, and also provide refreshment for the thirty men on guard outside. These conditions were thankfully accepted, and Stewart anxiously pressed his visitor to accept at least a portion of the money offered him before; but Macleod would not take a single penny. When his men were rested and fed, they collected the cattle, and drove them to their respective owners, who were much better pleased at getting their property back than even if the robber himself had been apprehended.

Before charging Macleod with not doing his duty on this occasion, it must be borne in mind that at this time the Highlands were in a very lawless state, and to the military, who acted as detectives, policemen, and often as judges, a very great deal of discretionary power in cases of this kind was allowed and exercised by officers of all ranks.

On another occasion Macleod was tempted to compromise with a thief, although his motive for doing so was not so disinterested as in the former instance. He was sent in command of a small party to apprehend a notorious horse-dealer, named James Robertson, who lived in Athole, and who stole the horses first and then sold them. The distance was long, the day warm, and the Serjeant, who always liked his dram, stayed rather too long and drank rather too deeply at Aberfeldie, so that by the time he reached Robertson's house he was somewhat elevated. The wily horse-thief was at no loss to account for the soldier's visit, and, seeing his condition, did his best to keep him in good temper, and protract the time so that he could have a chance of making his escape. Robertson had four very handsome daughters, with

one of whom Macleod was much taken. The young woman, at a sign from her father, encouraged Macleod's attentions, until at length Macleod proposed to marry her. Robertson now saw his advantage, and would only listen to Macleod's proposal on condition that he should himself be allowed to escape on giving up possession of the horses he had stolen. The amorous Serjeant agreed to this, only stipulating that the marriage should take place at once. This was accomplished by the easy ceremony of acknowledging Miss Robertson as his wife before witnesses. He then dismissed the men under his command to a small village at a little distance where he would join them in the morning. Robertson, however, was not satisfied with the bargain, and he no sooner saw Macleod retired for the night than he sent privately for four young men, his neighbours, one of whom had been a suitor for the newly-made bride, to come and attack Macleod, who, he thought, in his present state, would prove an easy victim. In this, however, he found himself mistaken, for no sooner did the valiant Serjeant hear the noise made by the young men entering the house than he sprang up, seized his trusty sword, and laid about him with such good will that he soon put all four of them to flight.

Robertson tried to make him believe that the young men had come to the house by accident, but the enraged Highlander would not believe him; but, calling him a liar and a traitor, swore he would seize him and give him up to justice, which he doubtless would have done, had not Robertson's daughter, whose charms had so captivated him, here come to the rescue, and throwing her arms round Macleod's neck, with many tears and kisses, begged him to let her father go. Her entreaties at length prevailed, and her father was allowed to escape on giving up the stolen horses. The marriage, so hastily arranged, turned out a happier one than might have been expected; for, in the account of his after life, it is stated that he cherished her as every good and tender husband ought to cherish his wife, until she died in child-bed of her first child, a boy, who afterwards became a thriving tailor in Edinburgh.

Towards the close of the year 1739 the independent companies of the Highland Watch were increased by four additional companies, and the whole formed into a regiment—the 43rd—now the 42nd Royal Highlanders, under the command of their

first Colonel, John, Earl of Crawford. About a year afterwards they were somewhat surprised at being ordered to London, because when the independent companies were raised it was distinctly understood that they should not be called upon for foreign service, nor at any time to serve out of their own country. The suspicions of the men were roused, but on being assured that the only object of their going to London was to be reviewed by the King, who had never seen a Highland Regiment, they went cheerfully enough. During their progress through England they were everywhere well received and hospitably treated, so that they entered London in high spirits and with perfect confidence. Here, however, their former suspicions of unfair dealing returned with redoubled force, on finding that the King had sailed a few days before for Hanover. The populace, too, treated them to taunts and sneers, which the Highland blood could ill brook, and, to crown all, certain Jacobites industriously circulated reports that the regiment had been inveigled to London for the purpose of having them transported to the colonies, and so rid the country of a lot of Jacobites at one blow. Unfortunately these misrepresentations were too readily believed, and the greater part of the regiment broke out into open mutiny.

We quote the following description, by the biographer of Macleod, as it places in a somewhat different light, the account of the outbreak given by the historians of the period:—"What happened on that occasion falls within the memory of many persons now living (1791), and will be long remembered as an instance of that indignant spirit which justice and broken faith inspire on the one hand, and of that gradual encroachment which executive and military power are prone to make on civil liberty on the other. Many gentlemen's sons and near relations had entered as private men into the Highland Watch, under the engagement that they should never be called out of their own country. That promise, made long before, in times of peace, was forgotten amidst the present exigencies of unsuccessful war, and it was determined to send the Highland companies as a reinforcement to the army in Germany, under the Duke of Cumberland. A spirit of resistance and revolt, proceeding from Corporal Maclean, pervaded the whole regiment. The whole of the Guards, and all the troops stationed about London, were

sent to surround the Highlanders, quell what was now called a mutiny, and reduce them to obedience. A great deal of blood was shed, and lives lost on both sides. The long swords of the Horse Guards were opposed to the broadswords of the Highlanders, in front, while one military corps after another was advancing on their flanks and rear. Yet, in these circumstances, a considerable party of them forced their way through the King's troops, and made good their retreat northwards on their way home as far as Yorkshire, where, being overtaken by a body of horsemen, they took post in a wood, and capitulated on safe and honourable terms. But, in violation of the engagements come under on that occasion to the Highlanders, three of them, among whom was the high-spirited Corporal Maclean, the prime mover of the secession, were shot, the rest sent to the plantations. Though Serjeant Macleod was not of the number of the seceders, he was indignant at the usage they had met with, and some of the Horse Guards bore for years marks of his resentment. But the less that is said on this subject the better. The Highland Companies, or the 42nd Regiment, were now sent over to the Low Countries, and to Germany, where they were engaged in different battles, and particularly that of Fontenoy, in which Serjeant Macleod was not a little distinguished."

As an instance of Macleod's coolness under fire, it is related that during the thickest of the fight at Fontenoy, he, having killed a French Colonel, deliberately served himself heir to 175 ducats and a gold watch which he found on his slaughtered foe. He had scarcely secured his booty when he was fiercely attacked by a Captain James Ramievie, an Irishman in the French service, whom, after an obstinate and skilful combat, Macleod killed. The next moment he was beset by three or four Frenchmen all at once, and was very hard pressed, when a gentleman of the name of Cameron, who, although in the French service, came to his rescue. The gentleman's Highland heart warmed at the sight of the tartan, and he could not see a countryman in such straits without rendering help. Naturally, after such an episode, he could not remain in the French service, and he immediately joined his countrymen of the 42nd. In this same battle of Fontenoy, Macleod received a musket ball in the leg; but refusing to fall behind, he hastily bound up his wound, and was among the first that entered the trenches.

In 1745, when the Duke of Cumberland and his army were recalled in hot haste to oppose Prince Charles, it was not thought advisable to take the 42nd Regiment, which had been reinforced after Fontenoy by a large number of recruits fresh from Scotland, along with the rest of the army. Accordingly they were ordered to different home stations, and at last sent over to Ireland, where they remained over ten years; and in the various encounters with the "Whiteboys," "Hearts of Steel," and the other insurgents, Macleod had ample opportunities of exhibiting his prowess and skill as a swordsman.

While stationed in Ireland he was on one occasion ordered to Scotland to recruit, and on his way stayed a day or two in Belfast, where he met with an adventure. There resided in that city a Scotchman named Maclean, a native of Inverness, and a tailor by trade. This man was a fair swordsman, and thinking himself invincible he had the temerity, when elevated by drink, to challenge the redoubtable Highland champion to a trial of skill. Macleod consented, but seeing the tailor flustered, and not wishing to take an unfair advantage of him, he advised him to reconsider the matter, and if he still felt determined to fight he would meet him next day. This proposal the excited tailor chose to consider insulting, and nothing would do but to fight then and there. The two combatants, with their seconds and a crowd of onlookers, adjourned to a field outside the city, and the duel began. The tailor was not without skill in the handling of his weapon, had plenty of courage, was very nimble, but withal was no match for Macleod, who contented himself at first with merely parrying the other's quickly delivered blows. At length, getting annoyed at the man's obstinacy, Macleod cut off one of his ears, then, in a second or two, the other ear was severed similarly; yet Maclean would not yield, swearing he would rather die a thousand deaths than yield to a Macleod, when the Serjeant, in self-defence, continued the fight until he disabled his opponent by finally severing one of the sinews of his leg, thus bringing him to the ground.

In 1756 the 42nd Regiment embarked for America, and soon after Macleod was drafted from it to the 78th, commanded by General Fraser, to fill the advantageous station of Drill-Serjeant. During this campaign Macleod became personally known to General Wolfe, who, finding that to undoubted courage

and great experience Macleod could add a tolerable knowledge of the French and German languages, often employed him on occasions requiring both address and resolution. He always acquitted himself to the General's satisfaction, acknowledged by handsome presents and promises of future preferment, which promises, alas! the gallant young officer did not live to fulfil.

At the siege of Louisburg Macleod greatly distinguished himself by volunteering with a handful of men to surprise the French outpost, the latter being cut off to a man. He afterwards received a musket ball on his nose, which was most painful at the time, and caused him more inconvenience afterwards than any other of his numerous wounds.

At the glorious battle of Quebec he was among the foremost of the Grenadiers and Highlanders who drove the shaking line of the enemy from post to post, and ultimately completed their defeat. In this action he had his shin-bone shattered by grape shot, and had a musket ball through his arm. While being assisted in this disabled state to the rear by his comrades, he heard with unmitigated grief that his beloved General Wolfe had been struck down. He immediately offered his plaid for the purpose of carrying the wounded General off the field, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of having it accepted and used for that purpose.

In consequence of his wound, Macleod was invalided home, and had the honour of being one of the guard deputed to take charge of the body of General Wolfe on the journey to Britain, in November 1759. In December of the same year he was admitted an out pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, which was all the recognition ever given at headquarters for the long services of the hardy veteran, then in his 71st year.

Macleod did not, however, consider himself an old man at this age, and no sooner were his wounds healed, and his strength restored, than, hearing that some new companies were being raised in the Highlands for the war in Germany, he applied to Colonel Campbell to enlist him as a volunteer. His services were accepted, the rank of Paymaster-Serjeant was bestowed upon him, and he was ordered to go north to recruit. It was while on this service at Inverness that he met with and married his last wife, Mrs Jane Macvean, who afterwards accompanied him with his

regiment to Germany, where he served throughout the campaign, and was twice wounded, once by a musket ball, which went in an oblique direction between two of his ribs and his right shoulder, and again by a ball in the groin, which could not be extracted, and which caused him great pain and inconvenience during the rest of his life. After peace was proclaimed, he received pay for two or three years from Chelsea Hospital as an out pensioner, during which time he returned and worked at Inverness at his original trade of mason. The constant use of the mall was, however, more than his strength could now bear, and threatened to reopen some of his wounds. He therefore returned to England, invested his savings in the purchase of a small house in Chelsea, in which he lived for the succeeding ten years, rearing up a large family, yearly increasing, and working in an extensive manufactory of white lead, at which he earned good wages.

In 1776, hearing that his countrymen had again embarked for the seat of war in America, Macleod could not restrain his longing to be once more actively engaged in the profession he loved, so settling his house, furniture, and what little money he had on his wife and children, he bid them good-bye, took passage to America, landed at New York, from thence made his way to Charleston, and, presenting himself before Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, whom he had known and served under in Germany, offered himself as a volunteer. Sir Henry, struck with the military ardour and indomitable spirit of the old man, allowed him to remain with the army as a Drill-Serjeant, and very liberally gave him an allowance out of his own pocket of half-a-guinea a-week. When the army began to move northwards, and was likely to be actively engaged, the General, pitying the old man, made an excuse to send him home with despatches to the Government. Having faithfully performed this service, and finding that he had no further prospect of being employed in the army, Macleod resolved to return to the Highlands, and settle down quietly for the rest of his life. He accordingly sold his house in Chelsea, which realised some two hundred pounds. This sum, with other small savings which he had deposited from time to time in the hands of Mr Alexander Macdonald, a clerk in the King's Office, Chelsea, was all his worldly fortune. As Mrs Macleod was very much afraid of going

by sea, her husband arranged for her and the children to pursue their journey to Inverness by land, while he, with the chief part of the money and several large trunks, full of arms, clothes, and other articles on which he laid great value, set sail in the "Margaret and Peggy," of Aberdeen, Captain Davidson, master. This voyage turned out most disastrously, for, when on the Coast of Yorkshire, the ship was overtaken in a severe storm, driven on the rocks, and completely wrecked, our old soldier being the only passenger saved, by having himself lashed to a plank before the vessel sank. He was thrown by the waves on the beach, and was picked up more dead than alive between Whitby and Scarborough, and taken to the house of a hospitable gentleman named Boyd, who originally came from Ayrshire. Here he was treated with great kindness for several days, and as his own clothes were rendered almost useless by the sea and the rocks, Mr Boyd supplied him with some of his own, and though Macleod had a gold watch in his pocket and a ring of some value on one of his fingers, his kindly host insisted on his accepting a present of two guineas. With this sum he started, after taking a grateful farewell of his benefactors, to make the best of his way overland to Inverness. He went first to Durham, from thence he made his way to Newcastle, where, unfortunately he fell in with some old comrades with whom he had served in many an arduous campaign. Their joy at again meeting with each other was so great, and their temperance inclinations so small, that the remains of the two guineas given him by Mr Boyd was soon melted. His watch and ring was next utilized to procure the means of conviviality, and the drinking bout only ended from the want of any more means to prolong it.

Macleod was now on his beam ends; he, however, managed to reach Edinburgh where he had friends, who willingly relieved his necessities. Here he met Major Macdonald of the 84th Regiment, who had known him while in the army, and who not only liberally assisted him but gave him an introduction to Lady Clanranald, who was herself a relative of Macleod. This amiable lady received him most kindly, and not only assisted him herself, but wrote the following letter on his behalf to her uncle, Alexander Macleod, of Ullinish, Isle of Skye:—

"Easter Duddington, 30th December 1785.

"My Dear Uncle,—This will be given to you, if he lives to get your length, by a person in whom all the world, if they knew his history, would be deeply interested; much more you and I, who, by the strongest ties of natural affection, have every reason to be so. I will not attempt to relate his misfortunes, but will leave them to himself. The effects of them on his appearance is such as is sufficient to awaken all the tender sympathetic feelings of which the human heart is capable. It has, indeed, made an impression on my eldest daughter (the only one of my family at home at present) and myself beyond any incident we ever met with. Destitute totally of every means of subsistence at the age of ninety-five, almost naked, and without a shilling, till providentially he met with Major Macdonald, of the 84th, who gave him what enabled him to get quarters, and directed him to my house, for which, I do assure you, he will sincerely get my thanks if ever I meet with him. O! my dear uncle, it is impossible to describe what an interesting object he is. The fine old veteran! What makes him doubly interesting is that he seemed more hurt at seeing us so much moved than by his own distress. I, indeed, never wished more to be rich than I did at that moment. With infinite satisfaction would I have sent him all the way to your house, if I could have afforded it, in a carriage. And this is no more than what his King and country owe him after a service of from three to four score years. But now, like a true old soldier, all that he laments is the loss of his sword. With my daughter's assistance I made him, as he thought, rich by giving him three guineas with some clothes I ordered him from my cloth merchants, which will, I hope, if this severe weather will permit him, enable him to get to your house, where, I make no doubt, he will meet with a tender reception, and I will be anxious till I hear of his arrival. My daughter joins me in wishing you and yours many happy returns of the season. I ever am, dear uncle, yours,

(Signed) "FLORA MACDONALD."

With the timely assistance thus rendered, by his noble relative, Macleod was enabled to continue his journey in more comfort, and at length arrived in Inverness, little better off in worldly goods than when he left it more than half a-century before as a runaway apprentice, with the exception that he now had an affectionate wife and flourishing family, who had been for some time anxiously awaiting his arrival.

From 1780 to 1789 he lived in Inverness, making a living by working a little at his old trade of mason, supplemented by the small pension he received from Chelsea Hospital; but in the latter year, finding that, through some neglect or error, the usual remittance was not paid, he determined, with characteristic energy, to go to London to see after it. Accordingly, in the summer of 1789, he started, accompanied by his wife, to walk to London, which they reached in the beginning of August, and at once found out, and laid his situation before, Colonel Small, a gentleman of great philanthropy, universally respected,

and under whom Macleod had served for several years both in Ireland and America.

The Colonel received him most kindly, entertained him at his own house, and allowed him 1s. a-day of pocket-money as long as he remained in London. By the advice of this gentleman he drew out a memorial and petition, setting forth his long services and misfortunes, and praying that he might have what was called the King's letter; that is, that he should be placed on a list of persons recommended by the King for a pension of a shilling a-day for life, for extraordinary services. By the aid of Colonel Small and other officers, Macleod had an opportunity of presenting his petition to the King in person. We quote the description of this interview with Royalty :—"The very first day that his Majesty (George III.) came to St James's, after his indisposition, Macleod, admitted to the staircase leading to the drawing-room, presented his petition, which his Majesty graciously accepted and looked over as he walked upstairs. At the head of the stairs the King called him. The old Serjeant was going to fall on his bended knee, but his humane sovereign, respecting his age, would not suffer him to kneel, but laid his hand upon the old man's breast, and, making him stand upright, expressed no less surprise than joy at seeing the oldest soldier in his service in the enjoyment of so great a share of health and strength. The sentiments that filled his own royal breast he eagerly expressed to the different noblemen and gentlemen that were near him. He gave it in charge to a gentleman present to take care that the prayer of his petition should be granted."

The name of Donald Macleod was accordingly placed on the list, and this knowledge, together with ten guineas received out of his Majesty's own hand, sent the old man and his wife on their way rejoicing back to Inverness. The irony of fate, however, still pursued the worthy couple, for although Macleod's name was duly placed on the list, it appeared he would have to wait for the actual receipt of his shilling a-day until there should be a vacancy, the number of recipients being limited. This was more than the patience of the old soldier could stand ; his King had promised him a shilling a-day, and that shilling a-day he was determined he would get, so, once again, he and his wife, accompanied this time by their youngest child, a boy of nine years, set

out again from Inverness on the long walk to London. On his second appearance in London, the hardships of his case attracted a good deal of attention, and Macleod made many influential friends who interested themselves on his behalf. It was on this occasion, in 1791, that the life and adventures of the hardy old veteran, from which we have our information, was written and published, for his behoof. A portrait of him was issued at the same time, which found a ready sale. Among others who showed him kindness was the celebrated scholar, Dr Rutherford, who invited him to visit him at Uxbridge, and give him an exhibition of his skill with the broadsword at the Academy before his pupils. After returning from Uxbridge, and leaving the stage coach, Macleod was in the evening walking down Park Lane, when he was set upon by three footpads. Though armed only with a short stick he knocked one of the rascals to the ground, but the other two crept up behind him, threw him down, and robbed him of sixteen shillings. The poor old man was much shaken and bruised, but still more hurt in mind at having been overcome by the villains.

During this visit an affecting and interesting incident occurred to him. One day while he, his wife, and youngest boy were walking in a suburb of London, they were overtaken by a young man, who entered into conversation with them; and soon finding they were from the Highlands, asked their name, and what part they came from. "My name is Macleod," answered the old man, "my native county, and usual place of residence, is Inverness." The young man eagerly sought for further information, and on being told that the old man's name was Donald, and that he had served so many years as Serjeant in a Highland regiment, he burst into tears. Macleod looked on with astonishment, but his wife, after looking earnestly at the stranger, burst into tears and threw herself sobbing into his arms, exclaiming, "O, Serjeant Macleod, do you not know your own child?" And such, indeed, he turned out to be. This young man, John Macleod, had left home some ten years before to seek his fortune. He was a gardener by trade, and found good employment in England, but never stayed long in any one place. This circumstance, and the unsettled movements of the old Serjeant himself, had prevented them hearing anything of each other so

long that each concluded the other was dead; and their mutual joy at thus so accidentally meeting again was great and unrestrained.

Our account of Macleod's life ends at this period, and we have no means of ascertaining what afterwards became of him; whether he lived to return to Inverness and enjoy his hardly-earned pension, or whether his long lease of life was soon ended.

When his biography concludes he was in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and in his 103rd year. He could not remember the exact number of his children by his different wives; and some of whom he had lost sight of for years; but he knew of sixteen sons then living, the eldest of whom was past eighty, and the youngest nine. Twelve of them were in the King's service, either as soldiers or sailors. He had also several daughters, who had married well. He was still wonderfully active, and when asked as to his mode of life, he replied, "I eat when I am hungry, and drink when I am dry, and never go to bed but when I can't help it." It appears that he would never retire to bed until his eyes closed, whatever time of the night it might be, and the moment he awoke he would spring up, wash, dress, and go out for exercise or for some duty or other. He seemed to have a great aversion to rest, and was always in motion. His faults were not so much of the heart, as of the fashion of the times in which he lived and the sphere of life in which he moved, while his virtues were characteristic of his race and country. High-spirited, courageous, even to rashness, yet tender in domestic life, generous, hospitable, and with a keen sense of honour, his was a character to admire, and his extraordinary adventures claim our sympathy and command our interest. M. A. ROSE.

"THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER."—The first number of the *Scottish Highlander*, edited by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., has a bright and promising aspect, so far as the external get-up is concerned; and a perusal of its contents shows that pains have been taken by its conductor to secure a strong and thoroughly efficient body of contributors. There are racy letters from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool; there is a Gaelic department specially rich in attractive force for the Highlander; Sheriff Ivory receives an amount of attention that will help to hasten the day of retribution for that official law-breaker; and the leading articles are trenchant and no less seasonable. . . . . Lord Rosebery is warned, *apropos* his impending visit to the Highland capital, to be cautious against any attempts to make him the tool of the so-called Liberal Association of the county of Inverness, "an out-and-out Whig organisation, which no more represents the Liberalism of the new constituencies than do its present chairman, Lord Lovat; its late chairman, Major Fraser of Kilmuir; or its patron, the Duke of Argyll, in their recent communications to the *Times* on the Crofters' Bill, represent the opinions or aspirations of the Highland people." We augur for this latest addition to the weekly journals of Scotland a useful and prosperous career.—"Literary Notes" in the *Daily Mail*.

"A CANDID AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF SIMON LORD LOVAT."

(Continued.)

LAST month we gave the account of Simon Lord Lovat's behaviour in the Tower of London, beginning with the date of his sentence, and ending on the Wednesday evening prior to the morning of his execution. We now give the remainder of that rare pamphlet, detailing in a most interesting and apparently truthful manner, the cool and heroic conduct of this notorious Peer, on that awful morning, preparing for his execution, and on the scaffold. Notwithstanding that he seems to have inherited and practised all the vices of his race, during a long life of moral and political duplicity and intrigue, it is impossible not to admire the noble conduct and courage of his last week upon earth, with such a terrible doom present to his mind. His talents, coolness, and courage, had they been applied in a proper manner and for legitimate ends, would have made him one of the most distinguished and influential men of his time. The pamphlet proceeds—

THURSDAY.

On this fatal day his lordship awaked about three o'clock in the morning, and prayed most devoutly. At five he got up, called for a glass of wine and water according to his usual custom, and seemed still as cheerful as ever; then, being placed in his chair, sat and read till seven, when he called for another glass of wine and water. About eight o'clock he desired Mr Sherrington, one of the warders, to send his wig, that the barber might have time to comb it out in a genteel manner. He then called for a purse to put his money in for the executioner, and desired it might be a good one, "lest the gentleman should refuse it." Mr Southbey, one of his lordship's warders, I remember, brought him two purses, the one a green silk knit, and the other a yellow canvas, but which his lordship made choice of I really forget; "However, it was a purse," as he observed, "that no man would dislike with ten guineas in it."

As his lordship was now within a few hours of death, and

had behaved with such surprising intrepidity during his whole confinement, I was the more particular in observing every little incident that happened. But though he had a great share of memory and understanding, and an awful idea of religion and a future state, I could never observe, in his gesture or speech, the least shadow of fear, or indeed any symptom of uneasiness. His behaviour was all of a piece, and he was the same facetious companion now as he was before sentence was passed against him. About half an-hour after eight the barber brought his lordship's wig, which not being powdered so much as usual, on account of its being a rainy day, he seemed angry, and said that he went to the block with pleasure, and if he had a suit of velvet embroidered he would wear it on that occasion. After this he spoke to the barber again about his principles, and told him his notions were extremely and singular, "For the soul," said he, "is a spiritual substance, and can no more be dissolved for a time, or buried with the body, than it can be annihilated entirely," and at the same time smiled. "My lord," said the barber, "you'll see that." "Yes," answered his lordship, "I hope to be in Heaven by one o'clock, or I should not be so merry now." His lordship then saluted the barber, and bid him farewell, and the barber returned the compliment, and wished my lord "a good passage;" for these were his words.

Half-an-hour after nine his lordship called for a plate of minced veal, ate very heartily, and desired the other gentlemen that were with him to drink some coffee or chocolate, or both, which were brought for them; he then called for some wine and water, and drank the healths of several of his friends.

At ten a terrible accident happened upon the hill, by the fall of a scaffold, which put all the people in great confusion; several persons were killed, and numbers maimed and bruised. At eleven the Sheriffs of London sent a message to demand his body, which being communicated to his lordship, he desired the curtains might be drawn, and that the gentlemen would retire for a few minutes, while he said prayer, which request was immediately complied with; but in a little time he called for them again, saying "I'm ready." When his lordship had come down the first pair of stairs, General Williamson invited him into his room to rest himself. On his first entrance he paid his respects

to the ladies with great politeness, then to the gentlemen, and talked very freely; asked the General, in the French language, "Whether he might have the honour to see his lady, to return her his last thanks for the favours and civilities he had received;" to which the General answered, in the same tongue, "My spouse is so greatly affected with your lordship's misfortunes that she cannot bear the shock of seeing you at this time, and begs to be excused." He then made his addresses to all the company, and set out; but, going down stairs, he complained of them (the stairs), and said they were very troublesome to him. When he came to the door, he bowed to the people, and was then put into the Governor's coach and carried to the outer gate, where he was taken out of the Governor's coach and delivered to the Sheriffs of the city of London and county of Middlesex, who conducted him in another coach to a house near the scaffold, which had been lined with black cloth, and hung with sconces, for his lordship's reception. Here he was taken into their immediate custody, and all his friends and relations denied entrance; upon which his lordship instantly applied to the Sheriffs for the time being, and desired that his friends and relations who accompanied him from the Tower might be permitted to see him. Mr Alsop, who is a gentleman of a friendly humane disposition, came to the bottom of the steps himself, and desired his lordship's friends to walk up. After we entered, my lord thanked the Sheriffs for this favour, and said it was a considerable consolation to him that his body fell into the hands of gentlemen of so much honour; and added, "I will give you gentlemen and the Government no further trouble, for I shall make no speech; though I have a paper to leave, with which you may do as you think proper." Here my lord put his hand in his pocket and delivered a paper to one of the Sheriffs, and then told them they might give the word of command when they pleased, and added that he was accustomed to obey command, for he had been an officer in the army many years. After this a gentleman present began to read a prayer to his lordship while he was sitting; but my lord called one of the warders who attended him to help him up, that he might kneel. He then said a prayer by himself, which nobody could hear, and turning about, was again set down in his chair, and seemed very cheerful. Mr Sheriff then asked his lordship if he would refresh

himself with a glass of wine. My lord thanked him, but said "he could not drink any without warm water with it," and that not being to be had in that place, his lordship took a little burnt brandy and bitters, which, as I observed before, he had ordered one of the warders to take in his pocket; and, turning to Mr Sheriff, told him he was ready to go whenever he pleased. "My lord," replied the Sheriff, "I would not hurry your lordship," and, taking out his watch, said, "there is half-an-hour good if your lordship don't tarry too long upon the scaffold." My lord then desired that his clothes might be delivered to his friends with his corpse, and not given to the executioner; and said, for that reason he should give him (the executioner) ten guineas.

He then asked if he might have the axe brought him to feel if it was sharp, and desired that his head, when taken off, might be received in a cloth, and put into the coffin. At this Mr Sheriff stepped aside, and observed to some gentlemen present that he had received a warrant in the usual form for the execution of his lordship, and as it had not been customary of late years to expose the head at the four corners of the scaffold, he really thought he might indulge his lordship with a promise as to that point, for he did not think he could expose the head (though it was desired, and indeed ordered by a message), without being liable to censure; adding withal that he was truly sensible of the duty he owed his Majesty, and should always pay a great regard to the orders he received from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, or any of the Ministry; and then, turning to his lordship, told him that what he had desired should be punctually observed. My lord thanked Mr Sheriff very kindly, and then saluted his friends, and told them he hoped his blood would be the last spilt on that occasion.

When his lordship came into the passage leading to the scaffold, he called to a gentleman, and asked his name, who replied it was North. "Well," says he, "let it be North and Grey," and added, with a smile, "Come, my Lord North and Grey, conduct me to the block." When his lordship was going up the steps to the scaffold he looked round, and seeing so many people, "God save us," says he, "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head that can't get up three steps without two men to support it?"

Here turning about, and observing one of his friends very

much dejected, his lordship clapped him upon the shoulder, and said "Cheer up thy heart, man, I am not afraid, why should you?"

The first thing he sought when he came upon the scaffold was the executioner, who was immediately presented to him, and after he had made his obeisance my lord put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a purse with ten guineas, saying, "Here, sir, is ten guineas for you, pray do your work well; for if you should cut and hack my shoulders, and I should be able to rise again, I shall be very angry with you." After this he desired the executioner to show him the axe, which he refused to do without leave from the Sheriff; but upon application, this request was immediately granted; and when it was brought to him, he took told of it, and feeling upon the edge, said he believed it would do. Then he rose from the chair which was placed upon the scaffold for him, and looked at his coffin, on which was wrote, "SIMON DOMINUS FRASER DE LOVAT, DECOLLAT, April 9, 1747, ÆTAT SUÆ 80."

He then sat down again, and repeated the following line out of Horace—

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patriâ mori."

In English—"'Tis a glorious and pleasant thing to die for our country."

And after that a line out of Ovid—

"Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
vix ea nostra voco."

In English—"For those things which were done either by our fathers or ancestors, and in which we ourselves had no share, I can scarcely call our own."

He then desired all the people to withdraw from him, except his two warders, who supported his lordship while he said a prayer. After this he called for Mr William Fraser, his lordship's solicitor and agent in Scotland, and, holding up his gold-headed cane, said, "I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I have upon earth;" and then again embraced him. His lordship now called for Mr James Fraser, and embracing him also, said, "My dear James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world." And taking his leave of both, he delivered his hat to Mr William Fraser, and desired

him to take care that the executioner did not touch any of his clothes. He then took off his wig, ordered his cap to be put on, and putting off his clothes, delivered them with his wig to Mr Fraser, and having unloosed his cravat and the neck of his shirt, he kneeled down to the block, took hold of the cloth which was placed to receive his head, and pulled it close to him. But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired his lordship would remove a little farther back, which he did, and having placed his neck in a proper manner, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then drop his handkerchief as a signal. In this posture he remained about half-a-minute, and then threw his handkerchief upon the floor, when the executioner at one blow severed his head from the body, which, being received in a scarlet cloth, was wrapped up, and together with his body, put into the coffin, and carried in a hearse back to the Tower, where it remained till four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland to be deposited in the burying-place of his family.

The following is given at the end of the pamphlet as a COPY of the PAPER delivered to the Sheriffs by LORD LOVAT—

"As it may be reasonably expected I should say something of myself in this place, I declare that I die a true, but unworthy member of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

"As to my death, I cannot but look upon it as glorious. .

. . . . . .

"I sincerely pardon all my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, from the highest to the lowest, whom God forgive, as I heartily do, and die in perfect charity with all mankind.

"I sincerely repent of all my sins, and firmly hope to obtain pardon and forgiveness for them, through the merits and passion of my blessed Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, into whose hands I recommend my soul. Amen. "LOVAT.

"In the Tower, April 9, 1747."

The following is addressed "To the Public," by the Author, in the form of a Preface, under date of "April 14, 1747," from which it would appear that this interesting and apparently accurate account was written and published immediately after Lord Lovat's execution:—

"From the vast numbers of people who constantly attend at all public executions, and from thence return, either indolently indifferent, or extremely commiserating, it is evident to common observation that there is an odd sort of curiosity implanted in the nature of some people which prompts them to see with a kind of pleasure the sufferings of their fellow creatures. And this barbarous turn of mind is in no instance more conspicuous than in the downfall of the great and affluent.

"When a person of rank, quality, and distinction is brought to the scaffold, he draws the eyes and ears of thousands after him: every minute circumstance, every particular gesture, and every look, is strictly scrutinised, and censured or applauded according to the caprice of the gazing multitude; while the more considerate part of mankind avoid the melancholy prospect, and suspend their judgment till proper information can be procured, upon the veracity of which they may safely depend.

"In order, therefore, to satisfy the curious, and to prevent any spurious accounts from being imposed upon the public, I think it my duty previously to inform them that the following sheets contain every particular incident and occurrence which happened from the hour his lordship's death-warrant came to the Tower to his final exit. And I do aver that it was not possible for any person besides myself and the warders attending to give a true and faithful account thereof.

"I attended the whole time, by the desire of his lordship and his friends. I saw every transaction, I heard every word, and therefore the following narrative may be depended on. But how any other person can have the assurance to give these particulars is to me beyond measure surprising. Had it been possible for a ready amanuensis to have stood behind a curtain, or listened at a door or window, some colour of truth might probably have appeared; but in this case, where all avenues were stopped, what can be expected from a daring and distant author but extravagant assertions, random conjectures, and palpable absurdities.

"I have studied no elegance in the composure of this pamphlet, nor introduced any unnecessary embellishments, being always of opinion that nakedness is the best ornament for truth.

"THE AUTHOR."

THE LOVAT PEERAGE CASE.

IN our November issue we gave the leading points in the case presented by Mr John Fraser, Mount Pleasant, Carnarvon, the claimant to the Lovat Scottish honours and estates. After setting forth in some detail the grounds on which the claim was based and the statements made in its support, we said that there were claims in connection with the deed of entail which it might be difficult, or perhaps impossible, to get over, even if the Claimant could establish, to the entire satisfaction of the House of Lords, his descent from Alexander, eldest son of Thomas of Beaufort, who, he said, fled to Wales about 1692. The Claimant maintained that he was quite ready to prove his direct male descent by unimpeachable legal evidence. His whole case depended on the establishment, beyond question, that Alexander Fraser of Wales and his namesake, Alexander, eldest son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, were one and the same; and the fact, that if they were so, the latter must have lived, working and drawing wages in a Welsh mine, until he was considerably over a hundred years of age, made conclusive evidence of his identity absolutely necessary for the success of the Claimant's case. This we felt so clear about from the first that we repeatedly pointed it out, and said that it was of no consequence how much testimony might be forthcoming on other points if this link was not completed by such evidence as would place the identity of the two Alexanders, as one and the same, beyond question. Holding this view, we concluded our statement of the Claimant's case and allegations by saying that there are "a great many 'if's' in the way, and it remains to be seen what the final outcome will be." This has now been seen; and it will be admitted by every one possessing the slightest idea of the character of the evidence required in such cases that in this instance it was the weakest case and the most inconclusive evidence in a matter of such importance ever presented to the House of Lords.

Mr Fraser always maintained that he was in a position to show by strong legal proof that he was the lawful heir of Alex-

ander, eldest son of Thomas of Beaufort, but not a sentence of such evidence was ever produced by him. In these circumstances, we do not see how the distinguished Counsel who advised him can be open to the severe animadversions which have been in certain quarters hurled at them. Their advice was given on the statement of Mr Fraser himself and his agents that he could prove what he stated; and all the opinions of Counsel, so far as we have seen, were entirely subject to his ability to do so. If any blame on that score attaches to any one, it must lie, we should think with the agents who prepared his case, and who ought to have known that he possessed no evidence of any legal value to support his claim. To suppose for one moment that such vast interests as an ancient Scottish Peerage and landed estates drawing a rental of over £40,000 a-year were to be imperilled, by evidence of such a chaotic and romancing nature as that presented in the House of Lords on behalf of the Claimant, was a monstrous absurdity, even though no evidence at all had been submitted on behalf of the present Peer.

It was conclusively proved by the records of King's College, Aberdeen, that Alexander Fraser of Beaufort entered King's College, Aberdeen, in 1678, and matriculated there in 1679, when he must have been at least 12 to 16 years old, and, consequently, he must have been, at his death (according to the Claimant in 1776), at least 110 to 114 years old, and, according to Lord Lovat's contention, he would be at least the latter in 1776; for Alexander of Beaufort was proved to have signed a bond in 1684, which he could not have legally done before he was twenty-one years of age. He must therefore have been born at least as early as 1663; and this would make him, had he lived, as the Claimant alleged, until 1776, 114 years old when he died, if he was the same person as Alexander Fraser, ancestor of John Fraser, of Carnarvon.

The Freedom of the Royal Burgh of Inverness was conferred upon Alexander Fraser, younger of Beaufort, in 1683, an entry to that effect having been found in the records of the Town Council of the Burgh for that year. It therefore follows that had he been the same as Alexander Fraser of Wales, he must have been working in a mine for full miner's wages at the extraordinary age of 114. Nothing would justify any responsible tribunal in believing this, without the most absolutely incontestible proof.

Many other strong points against the Claimant could be stated, but we shall content ourselves by saying that a document was recently discovered, and produced in Court, which, if authentic, as the Committee of Privileges held it to be, places the death of Alexander of Beaufort, in 1689, when quite a young man, beyond question. It is the Register of the Parish of Wardlaw, now Kirkhill. The entry in the book is as follows:—

"1689—Mr Alexander Fraser, younger of Beaufort, died November 20, and was buried here at Kirkhill, Dr. 3."

In this connection it may be added that in the first edition of "Nisbet's Heraldry," published in 1722, it is stated that Alexander, younger of Beaufort, died in his twenty-fifth year, "universally lamented, being one of the brightest and every way best accomplished young gentleman that this noble family had at any time produced." This work was published, it will be observed, fifty-four years, according to the Claimant's contention, before Alexander's death, and it is scarcely possible that such a statement in a work of that nature could have passed unchallenged by some one, had Alexander been then and for more than half-a-century later living in Wales, and within the knowledge of some leading members of the Welsh aristocracy.

Without calling on Lord Lovat's counsel to reply, the Committee of Privileges, on the 26th of June, unanimously resolved that John Fraser had no right to the title, dignity, and honours claimed in his petition. This resolution was reported to the House of Lords, and adopted in the usual way. Lord Lovat returned home to his ancient inheritance, to the delight of his many friends, and apparently of his opponents; for, it is said, that some of those who exerted themselves most in the interest of the Claimant were the most demonstrative and the most industrious in preparing and adding fuel to the flames of the bon-fires which blazed, on receipt of the news, on the Lovat estates; evidently determined to be "*leis an righ a bhitheas air a chathair*"—on the side of the king who reigned, whoever he might be.

Who the Claimant is descended from it is impossible to say, but that he is connected with the old family of Lovat in some way or other is, we think, undoubted, from his striking likeness to Hogarth's portrait of Simon of the Forty-five, and those of other leading members of the family of Fraser. **A. M.**

INSCRIPTIONS IN RODEL CHURCH-YARD.

THE following inscription appears upon a tablet in the wall of a little roofless chapel in the old church-yard at Rodel, South Harris. We copied it and the others given below during a recent visit to the Church and Church-yard :—

"Here lyeth Wm. Macleod, eldest son to Sir N. Macleod of Berneray, by K. Macdonald, daughter to Sir J. Macdonald of Slate, who died upon ye 18th of February, 1738, in the 77th yr. of his age. He was married to M. Mackenzie, eldest daughtr. to Capt. R. Mackenzie of Suddie, and by her had sev. children, 4 of which survived him, viz., A : his 1st son,———R. Macleod, Writer to the Signet, his 2nd son, married to a daughtr. of Banantyne of Keimes, in Bute ; Marg. married to the Capt. of Clanranald ; and Alice to M'Neil of Barray. He was a good husband, a kind parent and master, and a sincere friend, remarkable for charity, piety, and integrity of life, which made his death much regretted by all his friends and dependents. This chapel was built by ye said A. M'L., and this stone placed therein by the said A. M'L., in honor of his father."

In another corner of the Church-yard there is a tablet—

"To the memory of Donald Macleod of Berneray, son of John, tutor of Macleod, who, in vigour of body and mind, and firm adherence to the principles of his ancestors, resembled the men of former times. His grandfather and grand-uncle were knighted by King Charles II. for their loyalty and distinguished valour in the battle of Worcester. When the standard of the House of Stuart, to which he was attached, was displayed anno A.D. 1745, though past the prime of life, he took arms, had a share in the actions of that period, and in the battle of Falkirk vanquished a dragoon hand to hand. From that time he lived at his house of Berneray, universally beloved and respected. In his 75th year he married his 3rd wife, by whom he had 9 children, and died in his 90th year, the 16th December 1783. This monument was erected by his son, Alexander Macleod of Herris, Esq."

Inside the Church itself there is a large tablet, with the following inscription in Latin, but the stone is so blackened with age, that it is very difficult to decipher correctly :—

"Aedes has sacras atavorum suorum pietatem Deo et S. clenienti olim dicatas postquam mutatae religionis furor, omnia undique miscens et vastans, adjunctum fratrum et sororum coenobia solo aequasset, ipsisque his muris, jam plus C.C. annos nudis et neglectis vix pepercisset, restituit, et ornavit, et posted igne fortuito hanstas iterum restauravit, Alexander Macleod de Herris, A.D., MDCCLXXXVII."

Apparently the oldest inscription in the place is that round the margin of a pedestal, upon which rests the recumbent figure of a mailed warrior. As nearly as we could make out, it is as follows :—

"Hic locutur———Alexa'der, filius Vilmi MacClod, duo, de Dnvegan, anno dni MOCCCCXXVIII."

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

THE fourteenth annual assembly of this Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on Wednesday evening, 9th July, and it was well attended. The Chief of the Society for the year, Allan R. Mackenzie, Esq., younger of Kintail, presided, supported on the platform by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Baronet; Captain A. MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn; the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Logie-Easter; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Edenwood and Balranald; Mr William Mackay, hon. secretary of the Society; Bailies Mackay and Ross; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Scottish Highlander;* Councillor Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr Duncan Shaw, W.S.; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Treaslane; Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank; Mr Wm. Fraser Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Raining's School; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master; Mr George J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr William Grant, Secretary of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association; Mr Alexander Fraser, Paisley; and Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society.

While the company were gathering, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Serjeant Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, Pipe-Majors Alexander Maclennan, of the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders, and Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Ross-shire Buffs, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance Hall.

The Secretary intimated apologies from the following gentlemen:—Lord Dunmore, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Archibald Campbell, The Chisholm, Mr Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Major Rose of Kilravock; Mr J. Douglas Fletcher, yr. of Rosehaugh; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Sheriff Blair, Inverness; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Captain O'Sullivan, Inverness; Mr C. Innes, solicitor, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Mr P. Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr James Barron, Inverness; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost, and others.

Professor Blackie wrote:—

"Broughton, Peeblesshire, 3rd July.

"Dear Sir,—You are very kind to wish to keep me longer as a Highlander, but I have done my work in that quarter, and must now submit to die as I was born, a Lowlander. Nevertheless, had I been free to wander about at this season, I might have done myself the pleasure to visit the fair city, whose beauties, I think, I once sang in a sonnet; but, unfortunately, this year I am tied down to Tweedside, doing family duty from which only the imperative call of public work could withdraw me. With best wishes for the success of your gathering on the 9th, believe me, sincerely yours, "JOHN S. BLACKIE."

The Chief, who was received with loud cheers, said—When travelling in a railway carriage a few months ago, I read a report of a meeting of this Society, and saw that I had been elected Chief for the year, I thought there must have been some mistake, and it was not until I arrived at home and found a letter from our worthy Secretary,

confirming the report, that I fully realised the great honour which had been bestowed upon me. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, we have met here to-night to celebrate the fourteenth annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and holding as I do a very strong opinion that, if we, as a Society, ever allow political questions of any sort, no matter how important, or of how great interest they may be to us, to appear at our assemblies, from that time dissension and strife will spring up amongst us—(Hear, hear)—and we will soon drift apart, and thus do away with the great power for good, which I am certain this Society can bring to bear on the people in whose welfare and prosperity we take, and should take, so active a sympathy. (Applause.) Holding these opinions, I do not intend to say one word which can be turned by my bitterest political opponent into a channel which I never intended, or even to mention a subject which is never for long out of our thoughts, or our daily conversation. That our Chief at the last annual dinner had to do this we are aware, but on that occasion it was almost forced upon him, and you would all have been much disappointed if he had not chosen the subject he did for his speech, but I know he is the last man who would wish to establish that as a precedent. (Applause.) I have to congratulate the Society that since the loss of Cluny, which was so feelingly referred to by Lochiel on that occasion, none of our members have been taken from us, and on the other hand we have to welcome a great number of gentlemen who have since joined us. It is, as I have already stated, now fourteen years since this Society was first started, and the success which has attended it is remarkable. Not only is it still living and flourishing, but it appears destined in the future to exercise a still more powerful influence over all that pertains to Celtic literature and Celtic life than it has even hitherto accomplished, and those of us who have followed the Transactions, as they appeared from year to year, must have been struck with the marvellous amount of research, involving enormous labour, and in all cases a labour of love, on the part of the authors of those papers; and it is not too much to say that it is principally owing to the efforts of the members of this Society that a large quantity of Celtic poetry, history, and tradition have been rescued from oblivion. (Cheers.) The success of the past ought to encourage us to harder work in the cultivation of the language, poetry, antiquities, and history of the Scottish Highlands, to promote which is one of the main objects of the Society. The revival of Celtic literature must, I think, only bear good results on the character and interests of the Gaelic people. When the revival took place, as you may remember, the language and customs of the race were on the eve of disappearing; the movement for a Celtic Chair was brought forward, and mainly owing to the great zeal and enthusiasm of one of the honorary chieftains of this Society, successfully carried out; from that time, the interests which it is the province of this Society to preserve have prospered, and all that is worth preserving is now certain to be saved from destruction. (Cheers.) There is one subject which this Society has always taken a great interest in, and that is the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Last year, for a reason which I need not mention, it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to enter into more schools, and to converse with more teachers than often falls to the lot of one man—(Langhter)—and I found that the feeling was unanimous that it was essential that there should be a special grant for the teaching of Gaelic, and I cannot see any reason why a boy or a girl should not be taught Gaelic as thoroughly as they are taught English. (Cheers.) Necessary as it is for children to learn English, so that they may be able when they grow up to fight the battle of life, I am not at all certain that they would not be able to fight this battle better, and with more hopes of success, if they could speak not only English but Gaelic as well.

(Hear, hear.) Personally, I regret that I am not able to speak Gaelic, and though, perhaps, I am now too old to hope to attain any great result if I were to try and overcome this defect, I can only trust that if, in years to come, it should be your wish to confer the honour you have paid me on my son, I may be one of the company who will listen to him making a Gaelic speech in this room, even though I may have to get him to translate it afterwards for my special benefit. (Applause.) I have often been much struck—in spite of the concessions which were granted by the Government in 1875 and 1878, practically teachers, even when the children only understand Gaelic, make very little use of that language in the schools—at the rapid strides which the children make, and which speaks very highly both of the natural sharpness and cleverness of Highland children, as well as the trouble and patience which teachers must exercise to bring this about. I remember one teacher in a Highland parish telling me that though he himself was quite ignorant of Gaelic, he found the children who attended his school very soon, by the help of the different picture maps on the walls, and with a little patience on his part, were able to understand and speak English thoroughly. The day for saying that a knowledge of Gaelic was any hindrance to success in life is of the past. (Cheers.) Now that it is recognised as one of the ancient languages, we shall find that those amongst us who are not only able to speak, but read, and what I believe is more difficult still, to spell Gaelic—(Laughter)—will be looked up to as being a great deal superior to those poor unfortunates who cannot do any one of them. (Cheers.) I was talking to our Secretary the other day, and asked if it was not probable that we could devote some of our funds towards forming a bursary for the promotion of Gaelic. He told me that at present we were hardly in a position to do so, and I wish to impress upon you that the remedy for this lies in your own hands. Those of you who are not members of this Society, I hope will at once belong to it—(Applause)—and those of you who are should try and prevail upon as many of your friends as you can to join it, so that we may be in a position not only to go on preserving and publishing works bearing on Gaelic literature in our Transactions, but that we shall be able to give special prizes to the poorer amongst our children for proficiency in that language. (Cheers.) You must remember, if it had not been for this and kindred Societies, Highland education would never have received the attention which it now does, and I think therefore it is incumbent on us all to do what we can to help and increase their prosperity. In conclusion, let me add that though I have briefly referred to one or two of the main objects which this Society has in view, one of the most important of them—notwithstanding that you will not find it in its constitution; for it is supposed to be so well understood and so engrafted in our hearts, that it was unnecessary to put it into print—is, that it is desirous above everything to encourage kindly feeling among all classes, and to promote the welfare and happiness of everyone; that it is not only our business to see to the preservation of the language and customs, but to maintain all that is elevating and noble in the character of the Celt at home and abroad; and that we wish to uphold that character for honour and right feeling which has always hitherto been characteristic of Scotland, and which has enabled her to enroll in the most brilliant pages of history so many of the names of her sons—(Cheers)—and I earnestly trust that some of the able and influential Gaelic speakers who belong to this Society will, even at some self-sacrifice, try and instil this important object into the minds of the people, and let them understand that our great desire is, not to set class against class, but to recruit in our ranks all men, whether they be rich, or whether they be poor, so that in time those who may be in need of either

advice or counsel may come to look upon this Society as a sure place to obtain it. (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Archibald Macdonald (who, it is no breach of confidence to say, is well known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, as the author of the papers which we published a few years on "Iain MacCodrum," above the initials "A. M'D.,") delivered an eloquent and stirring Gaelic address in the following terms:—Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uaisle, agus a dhaoin uaisle, – Tha mise ann an comain Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, air son gu 'n do ghabh iad a leithid de dheagh bharail dhiom 's gu'n do chuir iad romham beagan bhriathran a labhairt 'n 'ur eisdeachd 's an ionad so anns a' chànain a tha ro dhluth do chridhe gach fior Ghaidheil—cànain bhinn, mhilis nam beann. Agus a nis b'fhearr leam gu'n robh air a thiodhlacadh orm a h-aon de na teangaibh sgoilte bha aig na ciad Chriosduidhean a chum ma tha feadhainn an so, aig am bheil cluasan Sasunnach gu 'n cluinneadh iad mise labhairt riutha 'nan cànain fein. Ach o nach gabh sin deanamh, dh' iarrrainn air gach aon fa leth misneachd a ghlacadh car beagan mhionaidean, agus cuimhneachadh gu faigh foighidinn furtachd agus gur searbh a' ghloir nach faodar eisdeachd rithe. 'Nuair a sgriobh an Run Chleireach thugamsa ag innse gu 'n robh 'n dleasnas thlachdmhor so air a chur romham, dh'fheoraich mi dhiom fein, c'arson a chuir iad cuireadh ormsa air son oraid Ghailig a thoirt seachad. Thubhairt mi rium fein gu faodadh e bhith gu 'm b' eol do chuid de 'n chomunn-riaghlaidh gu 'm buininnse do chearn de 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns a bheil a' Ghaidhlig fhathast air a labhairt gun truailleadh, agus gun mheang, agus mar sin gu faodadh comas a bhi agam air beagan bhriathran Gaidhlig a chur an altaibh a chéile gun cheann no earball Beurla bhi air gach dara h-aon. Cha'n urrainn domhsa radh mar a thubhairt Mairi a' Ghlinne gu'n do rugadh mi ann an Eilein a' Cheo, far am bheil beannta siorruidh na Cuilthionn a' folach an cinn arda 's na neoil. 'S ann a bhuineas mise do "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-ghiadh" anns an Eilein Fhada—na ceud cladaichean 's an righeachd air am bheil stuadhan caolas America a' briseadh, agus far am bheil an sealladh mu dheireadh r'a fhaotainn de 'n ghrein air dh' i a bhi "fagail gorm astar nan speur" agus a triall gu "paillinn a' clos anns an Iar." Agus, Fhir na Cathrach, cha'n aobhar naire leamsa mo dhuthaich 'nuair a chuimhnicheas mi gur ann aisde dh' fhalbh Fionnghal Dhomhnullach, bean uasal a bhitheas a h-ainm cubhraidh gu brath, ann an cuimhne gach Gaidheil. B' ann do Sgir na h-Earradh, duthaich mo bhreith, a bhuineadh Mairi Nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh a sheinn ann a rannaibh nach teid air di-chuimhn am feasd mu'n "Talla bu ghnath le Macleoid." Faodaidh mi aireamh am measg mo luchd-duthcha, Iain Mac Codrum, Smeoraich bhinn Chloinn Domhnuill; Eachann Mac Leoid a rinn an luinneag mhilis sin "Oran do Choileach Smeoraich;" agus Gilleasbuig Domhnullach, Gille-na-Ciotaig, a rinn an t-oran magaidh, "Tha Biodag air Mac Thomais," oran a bha gle iomraiteach bho chionn beagan mhiosan, ach a reir coslais gu 'm bi la 'us bliadhna ma 'm bi a' bhiodag sin a rithist air a toirt a truaill. Air dhomhsa muinntir cho ainmeil riutha sin aithris am measg mo luchd-duthcha, cha'n aoghnadh ged a chanainnse mu 'n Eilein Fhada mar a thubhairt am bard Leoghasach m' a dhuthaich fein—

"'S e eilein mo ghraidh e,
'S bha Ghaidhlig ann riamh,
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu brath as
Gu 'n traigh an Cuan Siar."

Bhiodh e gle iongantach mar an ceudna mur biodh tlachd ro mhor agam ann an cainnt mo mhathar, agus mur a biodh gradh nach traoigh 's nach teirig 's nach fas fann agam do "Thir nam beann 's nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach." Gu cinnteach tha e

toirt mor thoil-inntinn dhomhsa bhi faicinn gu bheil spiorad cho fior Ghaidhealach a' gluasad am measg muinntir Inbhirnis, Ceann-bhaile Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; gu bheil sibh a' cur romhaibh gu 'n cum sibh suas cliu bhur sinnsir agus nach talaidh ni sam bith bhur cridheachan air falbh bho ghradh 'ur duthcha agus 'ur cànain. Bha la eile ann, Fhir na Cathrach, eadar ceud agus leth-cheud bliadhna roimh 'n diugh, agus cha mhor nach biodh naire air duine air son a bhi 'na Ghaidheal. Bha na Goill a' deanamh tair air a h-uile ni Gaidhealach, agus cha b'urrainn dhuit di-moladh bu mho a dheanamh air rud sam bith na radh gu'n robh e "gle Hielan'." Bha daoine do nach b'aithne Ghaidhlig a' deanamh a mach nach robh innt' ach seann ghoileam gun doigh; gu'n robh i deanamh tuilleadh cron no maith, agus mar bu luaithe gheibheadh i bas gur e b'fhearr. A ruig mi leas, a radh ribhse gu'n d'thainig caochladh cur air clo Chaluim? Fhuair ard luchd-foghluim a mach gu'n robh a' Ghaidhlig na' cànain gle aosda agus mar sin gu'n robh i 'na meadhon ro fheumail air son a bhi tilgeil soluis air eachdraidh agus gne chanain eile. Thuig na Gaidheil fein gu'n robh ionmhasan ro luachmhor foluichte ann an cànain, bardachd, ceol, beul-aithris, agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha a bhiodh nan call do labhairt an leigeil air di-chuimhn, agus a bharrachd air a sin, gu'n robh coraichean aig na Ghaidheil fein a dh' fheumadh a bhi air an agairt. B'ann uaith sin, Fhir na Cathrach, a dh' fhas suas na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a tha'n diugh air feadh na righeachd, mar tha Comunn Oiseineach Oil-Thigh Ghlascho, anns an robh mi fein aon uair na'm Run-Chleireach, agus an t-aon is sine tha mi 'm barail de na Comuinn Ghaidhealach; Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, agus feadhain eile de 'n t-seorsa cheudna ann an Glascho, an Duneidin, agus an Lunnain. Anns na Comuinn sin tha na Gaidheil a feuchainn ri bhi seasamh guallainn ri guallainn a' cumail greim daingean air canain agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, agus mar sin a bhi coimhlionadh na h-oibre a thug am Freasdal dhoibh ri dheanamh mar mheanglan maiseach agus torrach ann an craoibh mhoir chinneach na talmhainn. Ach faodaidh a' cheisd a bhi air a faighneachd, Ciod e tha agaibh r'a radh air bhur son fein? A bheil bhur n-eachdraidh mar chomunn ag innse gu bheil sibh torrach ann an oibribh. Agus 's e mo bharail-sa nach leig Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis a leas eagal a ghabhail roimh'n cheisd. Cha chreid mi gu'n canar mu bhur timchioll gu'n can sibh moran 's nach dean sibh ach beagan. Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'nam sheasamh am Baile Inbhirnis a bhi dichumhneachadh batail a bha o chionn cheithir bliadhna eadar sibh fein agus ard chomunn riaghlaidh na righeachd ann a' Lunnain, 'nuair a dh' fheuch na daoine mora a bha 'n ughdarras atharrachadh a thabhairt air tartain nan reiseamaidean Gaidhealach. Tha cuimhn' agam mar a chuir sibhse bhur cinn agus bhur guaillean r'a cheile—mar a chaidh an crann-tara mu 'n cuairt bho ghleann gu gleann, bho sgir gu sgir, agus bho shiorramachd gu siorramachd, gus mu dheireadh, mar bu dual 's mar bu ghnath, gu'n d'thug sibh striocadh air na Goill. Ghleidh sibh do na reiseamaidean Gaidhealach an t-eideadh a bhuineadh dhoibh o chian, anns an deach' iad gu iomadh batail agus buaidh, le brosnachadh agus caismeachd na pioba-moire—eideadh anns 'n do dhoirt iomadh gaisgeach bho thir nam beann, fuil chraobhach a' chuim, a' seasamh suas air son coir agus cliu na righeachd, air son coir theallach agus dhachaighean a dhuthcha. Agus is cinnteach mi nach biodh so cho furasda dheanamh mur a b'e gu'n robh sibh a' faotainn neart o bhi air 'ur n-aonadh r'a cheile ann an comunn de'n t-seorsa so. Tha e 'na chomharra maith air an deagh obair a tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a' deanamh, nach robh riamh a leithid de mheas air cànain agus litreachas nan Gaidheal 's a tha 'nar linn fein. Bha cheist air a cur riumsa, 's cha'n 'eil fada uaith, Ciod e 'm feum a bhi cumail suas na Gaidhlig—'s cinnteach gu faigh i bas co dhiubh, agus nach 'eil e cho maith siubhal a leigeil leatha ann a sith? B'e so an fhreagairt a thug mi dha, Ciod e

'm feum dhuitse bhi 'g a d' chumail fein suas le ithe 's le òl, oir gheibh thusa mar an ceudna bas la eigin? Tha Ghaidhlig cosmhuil ris a h-uile ni talmhaidh agus aimsireal, tha i cosmhuil ris a' Bheurla fein, gheibh i bas 'nuair a thig a h-am. Cha'n 'eil i 'n deigh galar a' bais a ghabhail fhathast; tha i beo, slan, fallainn, agus c'arson nach faigheadh i 'n ceartas a tha cànaine eile 'faotainn le bhi g'a labhairt, g'a sgriobhadh, agus g'a teagasg, an aite feuchainn air gach laimh a bhi tabhairt dhi a buille bhàis. Cha'n 'eil againne, dhaoin' uaisle, ach aon fhreagairt do 'n cheist 'm bu chorr a' Ghaidhlig a bhi air a cumail suas? Air a chor is lugha bhiodh e iomchuidh urram na h-aoise a thabhairt dhi, oir cha'n 'eil teagamh nach i h-aon de na canainibh is sine tha 'n diugh air a labhairt air aghaidh na talmhainn. Bha leabhar air a sgriobhadh le fear a mhuinntir Ghlascho, Lachlan Mac-a-Leathain, no "Lachlain nam Mogan" mar a theirte ris gu, bhi dearbhadh gu 'm b'i Ghaidhlig a cheud chànain. Cha 'n e mhain gur

"I labhair Padruig Innisfail nan Righ,
'S a' faidh naomh sin Calum caomh a I,"

ach, fada cian roimh sin, gur

"I labhair Adhamh ann am Parras fein,
'S gum bu bhinn a Ghaidhlig am beul aluinn Eubh."

Ni-sheadh, Fhir na Cathrach, ma 'n robh duine riamh air thalamh, tha seann fhilidh ag innse dhuinn mu

"Nuair a bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin,
'S a thuigeadh iad gloir nan dan;
Bu tric an comhradh 's a choill,
Air iomadh ponc, ma's fior am bard."

Ma bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin 's mor m' eagail gu 'n do chaill iad i. Co dhiubh chreideas sinn e no nach creid, cha d' fhuair mise naigheachd riamh air duine chual eun a' labhairt Gaidhlig, ach aon fhear, agus b'e sin Murchadh nam Port. Air dha tigh'n dhachaigh bho chuairt air Tir Mor, bha e gearan nach cuala e focal Gaidhlig fad 's a bha e air falbh, gus an cual e coileach a' gairm ann a' *Forres*. Ach ciod air bith cia mar tha so, co dhiubh tha Ghaidhlig aosda no chaochladh, 's fhiach i bhi air a cumail suas, agus air a' cleachdadh agus air a rannsachadh air a sgath fein. Nach i so an teanga a 's 'n do chuir Oisein an cèill euchdan Fhinn agus Chuchullain, 'nuair a thubhairt e ann am feasgar a bhreoiteachd agus a dhoille,

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein,
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."

Nach ann innte sheinn Donncha Ban "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" agus "Cead Deireannach nam Beann," agus a chuir Mac Mhaighstir Alastair r'a cheile a bhardachd chumhachdach sin "Sgiobaireachd Cloinn Raonaill," agus a chuir Tormod Mac Leoid a mach an "Cuairtear," agus an "Teachdaire Gaidhealach" ann am briathraibh cho milis, ceolmhor, binn, ri sruthaibh seimh na Marbhairn. C' aite 'm bheil orain is luraiche na tha r' am faotainn ann a "Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," no 's an "Oranaiche" fein, agus c'aite 'm faigh thu leithid de ghliocas, de thuigse, agus de dh'abhachdas 's tha r' am faicinn ann a Leabhar Shean-fhocal an t-Siorraim Mhic Neachdainn? Ni mo bu choir dhuinn a bhi smaointinn gu bheil linn nam bard air siubhal seachad, gu bheil clarsach nam beann air tuiteam ann an tosd bithbhuan. Tha trusgain nan seann fhilidh an deigh teachd a nuas air guaillibh a chaitheas iad le urram, agus fhad 's a bhitheas Mairi Nic Ealair, Eoghainn Mac Colla, agus Nial Mac Leoid, agus feadhain eile 's a' cholluinn daonna, cha bhi na Gaidheil gun

bhaird 'nam measg a chumas suas an cliu agus an onoir. Ach, Fhir na Cathrach, bu choir a Ghaidhlig a chumail suas agus a bhi faotainn ceartais air sgath an t-sluaigh a tha g'a labhairt—na ceudan mile de luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd d' an i is cainnt mhathaireal; agus cha 'n 'eil a Bheurla dhoibh ach mar theanga choimhich. Gidheadh 's aithne dhomhsa na sgireachdan is Gaidhealaiche ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an sin tha maighistearan sgoile a' teagasg, aig nach 'eil lideadh Gaidhlig 'n an ceann; agus eadhon far a bheil maighistir sgoile Gaidhealach, cha cluinn thu bho bhliadhn' ur gu Nollaig focal Gaidhlig air a leughadh no oran Gaidhlig air a sheinn. Tha so n'am bharail-sa na aobhar naire, ach tha mi nis toilichte fhaicinn gu'm bi misneachd air a tabhairt seachad le tabhartasan bho 'n Pharlamaid, air son a Ghaidhlig a theagasg ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd, agus do'n luchd teagaisg is fearr fuireach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus iad fein a dheanamh ni's eolaiche air canain an duthcha. Ann a bhi tabhairt fainear an t-suidheachaidh anns a bheil litreachas agus canain nan Gaidheal air an la'n diugh cha'n urrainn domh a bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu bheil a nis Cathair Ghaidhlig air a suidheachadh ann an Oil-Thigh Dhuneidin, agus gu'n robh so air a thabhairt mu'n cuairt le saothair agus dealas aon duine — duine bhitheas ainm air chuimhne aig na Gaidheil fhad 's a bhitheas bainne aig boin duibh, no fhad 'sa dh'fhasas fraoch air sliabh. Agus tha Chathair sin air a lionadh le duine tha 'n a smior Gaidheil, 'n a ard sgoilear, agus a tha 'n deigh e fein a thabhair suas do'n obair le uile chridhe agus le uile neart. Agus a nis canamaid le durachd ar cridhe, gu ma fada beo Blackie gu bhi faicinn saothair a laimhe soirbheachadh, agus gu mo fada beo MacIonmhuinn gu bhi teagaisg ann an Cathair Ghaidhlig Dhuneidin. Buaidh 'us piseach orra; saoghal fada 'n deagh bheatha dhoibh le cheile. Tha mi'n dochas, agus tha mi cinnteach, gu'n dean a' Chathair Ghaidhlig feum ann an iomadh doigh agus do iomadh aon. Far a bheil doctairean, luchd-lagha, luchd-teagaisg, agus ministeirean aig am bheil suil am beatha a chur seachad anns a' Ghaidhealtachd bu choir dhoibh, air a' char is lugha dol aon seisein a dh'ionnsachadh Gaidhlig gu Professor MacIonmhuinn an Duneidin. Bu choir gu h-araidh do'n chleir so a dheanamh. 'S iomadh ministeir a tha deanamh' droch dhiol air deagh chomhthional leis an t-seorsa Gaidhlig anns am bheil iad a searmonachadh an t-soisgeil dhoibh. Chuala mi mu aon fhear, agus 'n uair a bha e 'g urnuigh air so nam bochdan 's ann a thubhairt e—"A Thighearn, bi cuimhneach air na buic." Bha aon fhear sonruichte na mhinisteir ann a' Sgire Dhiurinnis 's an Eilein Sgiathanach, ris an cainte' "Sutar," agus tha ainm gu maith air chuimhne, leis na rainn a bha air an deanamh dha le Gilleasbuig Aotrom. Ged a bha "Sutar" 'na sgoilear ann an canainibh eile cha robh e ach gle fhad' air ais 's a' Ghaidhlig. B'ann mar so a thubhairt Gilleasbuig ris:—

"'Nuair a theid thu do'n chubaid
Ni thu urnuigh bhios gleusda,
Bidh pairt dh'i 'na Gaidhlig
'Us pairt dh'i 'na Beurla,
Bidh pairt dh'i 'na h-Eabhra,
'Na Fraingis, 'na Greugais,
'S a' chuid nach tuig cach dhi
Bheir i gair' air fear Gheusto."

Agus a nis am faod mi ma'n criochnaich mi tarruing a thabhairt air ni eile tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach air a ghabhail os laimh. 'Se sin cuis nan croitearan. Chan 'eil mise dol a chur mo sheula ris na rinn na croitearan no leis na bha air a dheanamh 'n an ainm. B'fhearr leam nach robh iad air an cuis a lagachadh

le aon ghniomh mi-laghail. Ni mo tha mi dol a shuidhe ann am breitheanas agus a dhiteadh nan uachdaran gu h-iomlan. "Chan 'eil gur gun ghoirean, 's cha'n 'eil coille gun chrianaich," agus cuiridh beagan de dhroch uachdarain droch ainm dhe'n chorr. Ach tha mi 'ga radh so, 'nam biodh na h-uachdarain Ghaidhealach—cha'n e an fheadhainn a a tha ann an diugh, ach an fheadhainn a bha rompa—air fuireach ni bu mho am measg an tuatha; 'nam biodh iad air an canain ionnsachadh agus dol a mach 's a steach 'nam measg air la feille 'us Di-domhnaich, an aite bhi cosg an storais le struidhealachd agus straic ann an Lunnain; agus 'nam biodh iad mar so an deigh greim a chumail air an oighreachdan, cha bhiodh an fhicheadamh cuid dhe na h-uilc fo'n robh iad ag osnaich air teachd air luchd aitichidh na Gaidhealtachd. Bha'n t-uachdaran mar bu trice mo 's coltach ris a' chuthaig; dh'fhaodadh e tighinn do'n duthaich beagan laithean 's an t-samhradh, ach cha b'fhada gu uair fhalbh. B'e sin aon rud air an robh duine bochd aon uair a' gearan 'n uair a thubhairt e—

"Uachdaran nach faic sin,
Bailidh nach dean ceartas,
Ministeir nach dean baisteadh,
Dotair nach toir feairt oirnn,

Agus sgaoth de dhiabhuil bheag eile de mhaoir 's de chonstabuill, 's am fear is isle post 's e 's airde-focal." Cha'n 'eile duine air thalamh leis an docha tir a' bhreith na'n Gaidheal. Co dhiu tha e bochd no beairteach, tha e 'na fhior fhaoileig an droch-cladaich, ged a dh'fhaodas—an gleann 'san robh e og a bhi lom creagach agus neo-thiorail, ged nach tigeadh as deigh na curachd ach a bhuinteag 's an t-sealbhag cha'n 'eil cearn dhe'n chruinnece cho aluinn 'na shuilibh-san. Tha e coltach ris an fhaoileig ann an oran Dhomhuill nan Oran—

"'S ann air slinnein an aigeich
A rinn mo mhathair an t-eun dhiom,
'S a dh'aindeoin uidil 'us anraidh,
Cha tig an la theid air di-chuimhn'
Mo ghaol do'n bhad."

Fhir na cathrach, cha'n 'eil mise 'g radh air a shon sin gu'm bu choir do dhaoin' oga, laidir, fallain, fuireach an diamhanas aig an tigh far am bheil ni 's leoir aig a' chirc le sgrioban gu'n lion i sgroban. B'fhearr dhoibh gu mor a bhi bogadh nan gad, agus ged nach biodh aca ach an t-ubh beag le bheannachd, mar a bha aig mac na bantraich 's a' sgeulachd, dol a shiubhal an t-saoghail 's a dh'iarraidh an fhortain. Ach ma dh'fhalbhas iad, falbhadh iad le'n toil fein, agus na biodh iad air an co-eigneachadh. Cha'n urrainn do dhuine air bith a thoirt a chreidsinn ormsa gu'n do rinn na tighearnan Gaidhealach an ceartas 'n uair a dh'fhasaich iad bailtean agus sgireachdan, 'n uair a bha iomadh aitreabh agus coisir mhuirneach air a sgapadh agus gun air fhagail far an robh iad ach larach lom gun chloich gun chrann. 'N uair a bha luchd shoithichean dhe'n tuath air am fogradh a dheoin no dh'aindeoin gu duthchana cein a chum aite reidh a dheanamh do chaoirich agus do fheidh. Agus ged a tha mi cinnteach gu'm bu choir cothrom a thabhairt do chuid dhe na croitearan dol far am fearr an dean iad beolaint, bhiodh e chum maith na righeachd gu'm biodh aite taimh air fhaotainn dhoibh ann an Alba chaomh nan stuc 's nan carn. 'S e na croitearan cnaimh-droma agus feithean na Gaidhealtachd agus b'olc a dheanadh an duthaich as an aonais ann a' latha chunnart agus ann an uair na deuchainn—

"Ged a gheibheadh tu caogad
Mhuilt'us reithichean maola,
'S beag a thogadh a h-aon diubh
Claidheamh faobharrach stailinn."

Cha'n 'eil e furasda dha na Gaidheil an cruaidhchas roimh 'n deach' an luchd-duthcha a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ach cha'n urainn do Achd Parlamaid peanas a dheanamh air na mairbh no furtachd a thabhairt do mhuinntir a tha na ficheadan bliadhna fo'n fhod. "Beannachd leis 'na dh'fhalbhas, cha 'n e dh'fhoghnas." Ach tha mi'n dochas gu leasaichear cor na muinntir a tha beo. 'S e so seachduinn Feill na Cloimhe agus tha mi cluinntinn gu bheil cuid dhe na tuathanaich mhora a bhitheas cruinn an Inbhirnis a leigeil seachad pairt dhe'n gabhalaichean. Cha'n 'eil iad a' faotainn a mach gur fearr cluan a dh'fhearran na cuan a dh'fhearann. Ma tha so fior, tha mi'n dochas gu faigh na croitearan tuilleadh fearainn, co dhiubh gheibh iad e le Achd Righ agus Parlamaid no air dhoigh air bith eile, agus gu'm bi an suidheachadh anns gach ait' am bheil iad air a dheanamh ni's fearr na bha e o chionn fhada. Cha do thogadh an Roimh ann an la, agus cha'n fhaigh na Gaidheil an coraichean ann an latha; ach 's cinnteach mi gu'n tig am an soirbheachadh ann a freasdal De, luath no mall; gu'm bi coir air a cur air steidhe agus eucoir air a smaladh. Fhir na cathrach, 's mor 'm eagal gu'n do chum mi ro fhada sibh, ach ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann. Rachaibh air aghaibh mar fhior Ghaidheil gu duineil, misneachdail, treibhdhireach; cumaibh suas canain, bardachd, beul-aithris agus cleachdaichean nam beann; tagraibh cuis 'ur luchd-duthcha a tha diblidh agus bochd, agus na cuireadh a h-aon agaibh smal air ainm agus cliu a' Ghaidheil. 'S e deireadh gach comuinn dealachadh. Beannachd Dhe leibh.

Mr Macdonald's eloquent speech was repeatedly cheered during its delivery.

The first song on the programme was "Caismeachd Chloinn-Chamaroin," by Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan, a young lady from Glasgow. She possesses a beautiful soprano voice, and her rendering of the song was rewarded by an enthusiastic encore. Her singing of the Gaelic songs was perfect, and she was equally successful in the English songs which she sung, her rendering of "Dark Lochnagar" being particularly fine. Miss Nora Thomson, from Aberdeen, delighted the audience with "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which she gave with much taste and feeling, and, in response to an enthusiastic recall, gave "Cam' ye by Athole," with even greater effect. In the second part of the programme, she sang "Macgregor's Gathering" in a spirited and expressive manner. Miss Thomson possesses a voice of magnificent compass which enabled her to do full justice to this difficult song. Miss Hutcheson was well received, as usual, and sang very sweetly her two pretty Gaelic melodies, "Fear a Bhata," and "Thug mi gaol do'n Fhear bhàn." Mr Paul Fraser, who is always a favourite, gave "Mhairi Bhoidheach" and "The Garb of Old Gaul" in splendid style. Miss Shaw's performances on the pianaforte were a pleasing novelty, and her delicacy of touch and rapid fingering were much admired. Mr Ross Campbell put the audience in high good-humour with his laughable recitation of "A Gowk's Errand," while the dancing part of the programme was performed with great spirit and amidst the unrestrained enthusiasm of the audience by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie and four young Celts in full Highland dress. Pipe-Majors Alexander Maclennan and Ronald Mackenzie, and Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, discoursed on the bagpipes, and the pianoforte accompaniment was played by Mr M'Walter, of Messrs Marr & Company.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, and all the performers, for their successful efforts during the evening, which was most heartily accorded. The Chairman replied, and one of the most successful gatherings of the Society was bought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The arrangements were excellent, and reflected the greatest credit on the Secretary.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

III.

MANY of the characteristic anecdotes of the Highlanders already given, as well as those that follow, were no doubt known to many of our readers, but we know that a greater number were not acquainted with them. At a time like this it is important that some of the leading and best characteristics of a race which, until within the last few years, were presented to the public in the worst colours, should be placed within the reach of the large number who never had the chance of perusing General Stewart's famous work. Indeed, those who are already fully acquainted with the noblest characteristics of the race, will be none the worse of re-perusing some of these anecdotes, to say nothing of the great convenience to many people of having such effective artillery ready at hand, in a convenient form, to hurl at those who never fail to magnify our vices, while they entirely ignore the many virtues that shine forth so splendidly in these anecdotes, and throughout the whole of the rest of Stewart's work.

PUNISHMENT OF COWARDICE.—The Highlanders held cowardice to be a serious crime, and punished it as such:—

"Of the ignominy that attached to it, Mrs Grant relates the following anecdote: 'There was a clan, *I must not say what clan it is*,* who had been for ages governed by a series of chiefs singularly estimable, and highly beloved, and who, in one instance, provoked their leader to the extreme of indignation. I should observe that the transgression was partial, the culprits being the inhabitants of one single parish. These, in a hasty skirmish with a neighbouring clan, thinking discretion the best part of valour, sought safety in retreat. A cruel chief would have inflicted the worst of punishments—banishment from the bounds of his clan,—which, indeed, fell little short of the curse of Kehama. This good laird, however, set bounds to his wrath, yet made their punishment severe and exemplary. He appeared himself with all the population of the three adjacent parishes, at the parish church of

* "I may now mention, what the accomplished author suppressed, that this chief was the Laird of Grant, grandfather of the late estimable representative of that honourable family."

the offenders, where they were all by order convened. After divine service they were all marched three times round the church, in presence of their offended leader and his assembled clan. Each individual, on coming out of the church door, was obliged to draw out his tongue with his fingers, and then cry audibly, '*Sud am bleidire 'theich*,' i.e., 'This is the poltroon who fled,' and to repeat it at every corner of the church. After this procession of ignominy, no other punishment was inflicted, except that of being left to guard the district when the rest was called out to battle.' Mrs Grant adds—'It is credibly asserted, that no enemy has seen the back of any of that name ever since.' And it is certain, that, to this day, it is not safe for any person of another name to mention this circumstance in presence of one of the affronted clan."

FILIAL RESPECT.—The following extract shows the veneration and respect which Highland soldiers had for their parents, and their horror of displeasing them :—

"The sense of duty is not extinguished by absence from the mountains. It accompanies the Highland soldier amid the dissipations of a mode of life to which he has not been accustomed. It prompts him to save a portion of his pay, to enable him to assist his parents, and also to work when he has an opportunity, that he may increase their allowance,—at once preserving himself from idle habits, and contributing to the happiness and comfort of those who gave him birth. I have been a frequent channel through which these offerings of filial bounty were communicated, and I have generally found, that a threat of informing their parents of misconduct, has operated as a sufficient check on young soldiers, who always received the intimation with a sort of horror. They knew that the report would not only grieve their relations, but act as a sentence of banishment against themselves, as they could not return home with a bad or a blemished character. Generals Mackenzie-Fraser and Mackenzie of Suddie, who successively commanded the 78th Highlanders, seldom had occasion to resort to any other punishments than threats of this nature, for several years after the embodying of that regiment."

HONESTY.—This is a strong point in Highland character, and in connection with it our author says :—

"The integrity and capability of the numerous bands of Highlanders which supplied Edinburgh with *Caddies* is proverbial. These Caddies were, during the last century, a species of porters and messengers plying in the open street, always ready to execute any commission, and to act as messengers to the

most distant corners of the kingdom, and were often employed in business requiring secrecy and dispatch, and frequently had large sums of money intrusted to their care. Instances of a breach of trust were most rare, indeed almost unknown. These men carried to the South the same fidelity and trustworthiness which formed a marked trait in the character of the Highlanders of that period, and formed themselves into a society, under regulations of their own."

PRINCIPLE.—The following is a noble example of the force of principle among a people who were at the time of the occurrence considered little less than savages :—

"In the year 1745, when the rebel army lay at Kirkliston, near the seat of the Earl of Stair, whose grandfather, when Secretary of State for Scotland in 1692, had transmitted to Campbell of Glenlyon, the orders of King William for the massacre of Glencoe, Macdonald of Glencoe, the immediate descendant of the unfortunate gentleman, who, with all his family (except a child carried away by his nurse in the dark), fell a sacrifice to this horrid massacre, had joined the rebels with all his followers, and was then in West Lothian. Prince Charles, anxious to save the house and property of Lord Stair, and to remove from his followers all excitement to revenge, but at the same time not comprehending their true character, proposed that the Glencoe men should be marched to a distance from Lord Stair's house and parks, lest the remembrance of the share which his grandfather had had in the order for extirpating the whole clan should now excite a spirit of revenge. When the proposal was communicated to the Glencoe men they declared, that, if that was the case, they must return home. If they were considered so dishonourable as to take revenge on an innocent man, they were not fit to remain with honourable men, nor to support an honourable cause ; and it was not without much explanation and great persuasion, that they were prevented from marching away the following morning. When education is founded on such principles, the happiest effects are to be expected."

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.—This is a trait in the character of the Highland people which might be copied with advantage by many other nations.—

"Pennant, speaking of the Island of Canna, says, 'The minister and the Popish priest reside in Eig ; but, by reason of the turbulent seas that divide these isles, are very seldom able to attend their flocks. I admire the moderation of their congregations, who attend the preaching of either indifferently as they happen to arrive.'"

HOSPITALITY.—Here is the opinion of a poor tramp upon the treatment he experienced in the Highlands.—

"Travelling some years ago through a high and distant glen, I saw a poor man, with a wife and four children, resting themselves by the road-side. Perceiving, by their appearance, that they were not of the country, I inquired whence they came. The man answered, from West Lothian. I expressed my surprise how he would leave so fine and fertile a country, and come to these wild glens. 'In that fine country,' answered the man, 'they give me the cheek of the door, and hound the constables after me; in this poor country, as you, Sir, call it, they give me and my little ones the fire-side, with a share of what they have.'"

TIES OF KINDRED.—Regarding this, General Stewart says.—

"The attachment and friendship of kindred, families, and clans, were confirmed by many ties. It has been a uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melford, Duntroon, and Dunstaffnage, that, when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the two other lairds, one of whom supporting the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner friendship took the place of the nearest consanguinity; for even the eldest sons of the deceased were not permitted to interfere with this arrangement. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyll, who took this method of preserving the friendship, and securing the support of their posterity to one another.

"In a manner something similar the family of Breadalbane had their bonds of union and friendship, simple in themselves, but sufficient to secure the support of those whom they were intended to unite. The motto of the armorial bearings of the family is 'Follow me.' This significant call was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, Laird of Glenorchy, who was a Knight Templar of Rhodes, and is still known in the Highlands by the designation of Cailean Dubh na Roidh, 'Black Colin of Rhodes.' Several cadets of the family assumed mottos analogous to that of this chivalrous knight, and when the chief called 'Follow me,' he found a ready compliance from Campbell of Glenfalloch, a son of Glenorchy, who says, 'Thus far,' that is, to his heart's blood, the crest being a daggar piercing a heart;—from Achlyne, who says, 'With heart and hand;'—from Achallader, who says, 'With courage;'—and from Barcaldine, who says, *Paratus sum*: Glenlyon, more cautious, says, *Quæ recta sequor.* A knight and baron, neighbours but not followers, Menzies of Menzies, and Flemyng of Moness, in token of friendship say, 'Will God I shall,' and 'The deed will show.' An ancestor of mine, also a neighbour, says, 'Beware.'"

KEARNACHS.—These were a sort of freebooters who mingled with their plundering habits a curious feeling of honour. While mercilessly fleecing the well-to-do portion of the community, they very rarely molested their poorer neighbours. Our author says regarding some of the fraternity :—

"It has been suggested by a learned author, that the Lake, celebrated in the Poem of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and known by the name of Loch *Katrine*, derives its name from the word above mentioned, and is the Loch of Kearnachs, or Catherons. Some of these kearnachs died in my remembrance. They had completely abandoned their old habits, and lived a quiet domestic life, but retained much of the chivalrous spirit of their youth, and were respected in the country. One man was considered an exception to this general description, as it was supposed that he was not altogether convinced of the turpitude of cattle-lifting. However, as he had the character of being a brave soldier, these suspicions against his moral opinions were less noticed. His name was Robert Robertson, but he was called in the country *Rob Bane*. He was very old when I knew him, but he had not lost the fire and animation of earlier years. In autumn 1746, a party, consisting of a corporal and eight soldiers, marching north to Inverness, after passing Tummel Bridge, halted on the roadside, and placed their arms against a large stone some yards behind them. Robert Bane observed the soldiers, and the manner in which they disposed of their arms. This, as he said, was a good opportunity to make a dash at his old friends the *Saighdearan dearg*, or red coat soldiers, whom he had met at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, and Culloden. None of his neighbours were at home to assist him ; but he sallied out by himself, armed with his gun, pistols, and broadsword, and, proceeding with great caution, got close to the party undiscovered, when he made a sudden spring, and placed himself between the soldiers and their arms. Brandishing his sword in one hand, and pointing his gun with the other, he called out to them in broken English, to surrender instantly, or he would call his party, who were in the wood behind, and would kill them all. The soldiers were so taken by surprise, that they permitted the kearnach to carry off their arms for the purpose of delivering them, as he said, to his companions in the wood. He quickly returned, however, and desiring the soldiers to follow him quietly, else those in the wood would be out, he conducted them to Tummel-Bridge Inn, where he left them, and repairing to the wood, took possession of the arms as fair spoil of war. The soldiers soon discovered the truth, and hurried back to recover their arms, and get hold of the man who, by his address and courage, had thus disgraced

them; but the kearnach had taken care to place himself and his prize out of danger. When the soldiers reached Inverness, they were tried and punished for the loss of their arms. In the course of the following year, Bane went to Inverness, not expecting that he would be recognised; but he was mistaken. The day he arrived he met one of the soldiers who knew him, and instantly laying hold of him, called for assistance, secured, and sent him to jail. While he lay there, three men who were confined in the same room, broke through the prison wall and made their escape. He refused to accompany them, saying that he took nothing from his prisoners but their arms, which he considered as no crime, and, therefore, had no occasion to fear or to escape from punishment. The circumstance coming to the knowledge of his Clansman, Mr Robertson of Inches, who lived in the neighbourhood, he made so favourable a representation of his case, that the kearnach was liberated without trial, and allowed to return home as a reward for his conduct in not availing himself of such an opportunity of escaping the intended punishment, which in those days was sometimes very summary."

CREACHS.—The following extract, though not an anecdote, is interesting as showing the immense damage inflicted upon the victims of the forays made by the English upon the Border Counties, during a period of only four months :—

"The creachs of the Highlanders, though sufficiently calamitous, were trifling when compared with the raids or forays on the borders of England and Scotland. The following account of the devastation committed by the English upon the Scotch, in the year 1544, will serve as a specimen of the miseries to which the border countries were exposed. The sum-total of mischief done in different forays, from the 2nd of July to the 17th of November of that year, is thus computed :—'Towns, towers, steads, parish churches, castle houses, cast down and burnt, 192; Scots slain, 403; prisoners taken, 816; nolts (*i.e.*, horned cattle), taken, 10,386; sheep, 12,498; nags and geldings, 1296; goats, 200; bolls of corn, 850; insight gear (*i.e.*, household furniture), not reckoned.' In another inroad by the Earl of Hertford, in the year 1545, he burnt, razed, and destroyed in the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, 'Monasteries and friars' houses, 7; castles, towers, and piles, 16; market towns, 5; villages, 243; milns, 13; hospitals, 3. All these were cast down and burnt.'"

CURSE.—The following melancholy occurrence was deemed to be the result of an ancestor's evil action descending as a curse upon succeeding generations :—

"The belief that the punishment of the cruelty, oppression,

or misconduct of an individual descended as a curse on his children, to the third and fourth generation, was not confined to the common people. All ranks were influenced by it; and many believed, that if the curse did not fall upon the first or second generation, it would inevitably descend upon the succeeding. The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon retained this belief through a course of thirty years' intercourse with the world, as an officer of the 42nd Regiment, and of Marines. He was grandson of the Laird of Glenlyon, who commanded the military at the massacre of Glencoe, and who lived in the Laird of Glencoe's house, where he and his men were hospitably entertained during a fortnight prior to the execution of his orders. Colonel Campbell was an additional Captain in the 42nd Regiment in 1748, and was put on half-pay. He then entered the Marines, and in 1762 was Major, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded 800 of his corps at the Havannah. In 1771, he was ordered to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier of marines, condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent; but the whole ceremony of the execution was ordered to proceed until the criminal should be upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. It was then that he was to be informed of his pardon. No person was to be told previously, and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was prepared, the clergyman having left the prisoner on his knees, in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party looking with intense attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve; but in pulling out the packet, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead.

"The paper dropped through Colonel Campbell's fingers, and, clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God and Glencoe is here; I am an unfortunate ruined man.' He desired the soldiers to be sent to the barracks, instantly quitted the parade, and soon afterwards retired from the service. This retirement was not the result of any reflection, or reprimand on account of this unfortunate affair, as it was known to be entirely accidental, but the impression on his mind was never effaced. Nor is the massacre, and the judgment which the people believe have fallen on the descendants of the principal actors in this tragedy, effaced from their recollection. They carefully note, that, while the family of the unfortunate gentleman who suffered is still entire, and his estate preserved in direct male succession to his posterity; the case is very different with

the family, posterity, and estates of the laird of Glenlyon, and of those who were the principals, promoters, and actors in this infamous affair."

DISARMING ACT.—We shall conclude with an extract from one of the most infamous legislative measures ever passed for stamping out all national feeling from a noble nation. The oath which the people were obliged to take was in the following terms :—

"'I, A. B., do swear, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb ; and if I do so, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred ; may all this come across me if I break my oath.' The framers of this oath understood the character of the Highlanders. The abolition of the feudal power of the chiefs and the Disarming Act had little influence on the character of the people in comparison with the grief, indignation, and disaffection occasioned by the loss of their garb."

It is now nearly a century and a-half ago since the Disarming Act was passed, but thanks to the vitality of Highland institutions, and the high-spirited feelings of the people themselves, the Highland garb is now, and, we hope, will remain, a dress which the highest in the land are proud to wear, and which has been associated in the British army with some of the most gallant deeds in military history. H. R. M.

BOYD'S DIARY AND TIME TABLE FOR OBAN AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.—This little monthly is a perfect illustration of that "*Multum in parvo*," which should be the aim of all such publications. The amount of information contained in such small compass is quite astonishing. Railway, Steamboat, and Coach Services are all given, as well as Local Postal Arrangements, Circular Tours, Places of Interest, Cattle and Horse Fairs, Caledonian Railway Parcel Rates, and general Postal Information. In addition to all this, there is a memorandum page for each day of the month, at the bottom of which is printed information regarding Cattle Shows, Race Meetings, Sailing and Shooting Matches, Fast-days, and High Water Time at Oban. A Calendar and a neatly printed plan of Oban complete the useful little booklet, which is sold at one penny.

INVERNESS BEFORE RAILWAYS.

"'TIS *not* sixty years since," it is only thirty, and yet what a change in the Inverness of that day. Invernessians who had left their homes about the time of the advent of railways, on returning to revisit their former douce little town, would be apt to doubt if it was the same, or would at least heave a sigh on recalling the scenes of former days. True, Inverness sits as bonnily as ever among the everlasting hills, but in its physical aspect, and much more in its social complexion, how different! Well might the Invernessian "Birds of Passage" preface their tale of their once quiet home with—

> "A change we have found there, and many a change—
> Faces and footsteps, and all things strange;
> Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
> And the young that were have a brow of care."

The greatness of this change was vividly impressed upon our minds recently by the reading of that delightful little work by Miss Anderson, "Inverness before Railways."* The occasion of our reading helped to deepen our realisation of the amazing stride made in the extension of the "resources of civilisation" to the Highlands, and the consequent metamorphosis in the ancient modes of existence. It was while scudding along with the speed of lightning by the limited mail train from Inverness to the South that we found an opportunity of transporting ourselves back to the Inverness of our boyhood, under the guidance of Miss Anderson. It was no longer the time of the old stage coaches and their weary journey to Perth, occupying 2¼ days. Why, short and readable as our book was, we were at our destination before we had finished our story. And yet, with all the comforts and the expedition of our new methods of transport, we could not but wish for the good old times, if only for a day, that we might enjoy the poetry and romance of the days that are gone. By the way, however, we do not remember that any ecstacies of a romantic character moved us then. So the present times are,

* *Inverness before Railways.* By Isabel Harriet Anderson. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie, 1885.

perhaps, the best; and for the pleasurable emotions which we now experience in restoring, in idea, the olden time, we may be after all indebted to the iron horse, which has brought distant places so near; the telegraph, which has annihilated time; the asylum and the poor-house, which have deprived us of our waifs and wanderers, and the subjugation of the whole civilised world to the power of education and fashion, which have smoothed away our angularities and oddities, and are fast establishing the reign of uniformity and conventionality, if not of mediocrity. Let us then enjoy the present busy time, and be thankful to those who, like Miss Anderson, afford us the additional enjoyments and fascination which flow from a contemplation of the contrast between the past and present.

In few places has the influence of the railway been more conspicuous, or the coincident changes more rapid, than in Inverness. Semi-Saxon though it undoubtedly is, and in itself therefore, perhaps, very different in point of social manners and language from the surrounding Highlands, its very position of isolation and its remoteness from, and inaccessibility to, the agencies which were rapidly remodelling society in the South even before railways, rendered the change produced by the sudden introduction of the "Iron Age" and the facilities of contact with the manners and customs of the South, very marked indeed.

The social revolution which has taken place in Inverness during the past thirty years—since the opening of the Highland Railway in 1855—Miss Anderson ascribes in a large measure to the influx and settlement there of strangers, and her interesting little book has been written to preserve some reminiscences of the prevailing manners, and the prominent and typical characters, of the past.

The first chapter treats of the manners and customs, and begins with a description of the unwritten sumptuary code. There is next a section devoted to a description of the style of female attire, very different indeed from the specious extravagance of modern days. "Ladies," says Miss Anderson, "did not have such a number and variety of dresses then, but those they had were of very much better materials, fitted to stand tear and wear, and to be handed down to succeeding generations. The country girls did not then ape old fashions of their superiors in

rank, but went to church with only a snood of ribbon instead of a bonnet on their hair. The writer remembers seeing the daughters of many well-to-do farmers passing down Academy Street every Sunday to the Free East Church with no covering on their heads. There were two beautiful girls, in particular, whose rich auburn hair, guiltless of hat or bonnet, imparted a refinement to their appearance which would have been entirely destroyed if their heads had been surmounted by any imitation of the finery of their superiors." We have observed with satisfaction a marked improvement of late years in the taste shown by the female country servants who frequent our feeing markets—a much neater, quieter, and more becoming habit of dress and manner characterising them as compared with the apings so justly lamented by Miss Anderson. A portion of the first chapter is appropriately devoted to the time-honoured institution of the "old stage coaches," which more than perhaps any other of the distinctive characteristics of the past have gone down before the inexorable iron horse. Then we have notices of some old-fashioned shop-keepers and their customers, old family servants, the Northern Meeting, the Academy and some of the other schools of the town, and lastly the clergy.

The second chapter of the work before us deals with the old architectural and superficial features of the town—its buildings and walks—and will be deeply interesting to the antiquarian section of old Invernessians. The charm of the book, however, we believe, will be found to be the two chapters entitled "The Characters of Old Inverness" and "The Wanderers of Old Inverness." These portions are of a most enticing character, and will be read with greedy relish by all who are fortunate enough to see Miss Anderson's book. Her sketches of such persons as the peculiar but upright and honest "Ananias," the Laird of Dalmigavie, from which we quote an extract, are very vivid and life-like, and will recall his form and figure to old Invernessians; while the portraits of others, perhaps less known and belonging to an older time, will equally delight her readers. We commend the book most cordially as a delightful companion for a leisure hour, and especially so to all who may have a fondness for old times and old ways and old people and—Old Inverness. The perusal of Miss Anderson's reminiscences, we are confident,

will "charm the old, delight the young," while outwardly the volume is in point of neatness and excellent typography all that the most fastidious could desire.

Of Old Mr Mackintosh of Dalmigavie, Miss Anderson writes:—Foremost among the "characters" of Inverness were the Laird of Dalmigavie and his sister Miss Mackintosh, better known as "Mr Eneas and Miss Johanna," and sometimes styled (though no one can tell why) "Ananias and Sapphira." It is but a short time since they both passed away in the old house on Church Street, but there are none among the rising generation who can remember the time when they both took a prominent place in Inverness society, when Miss Johanna's morning calls were hailed with delight in many a drawing-room, and Mr Eneas, by his flashes of wit and humour, enlivened many a dinner party.

To see Dalmigavie at his best and in his element, was to see him at the dinner-table of some old school-fellow and friend whose society he loved, who had patience with all his peculiarities, and who treated him with an affectionate attention and consideration which was denied him by a later generation when all his old contemporaries were gone. It was a picture to see the old man when his host had introduceed one of his favourite subjects. He used to bend forward with his hands stretched across the table, and with his strongly marked features lighted up and glowing with eagerness and enthusiasm; and by the time he had finished his first tumbler (for these were the days when toddy drinking after dinner had not been exploded), he was ready to launch forth with rapidity into his old reminiscences, which, however long they might last, no one might interrupt with impunity.

No one ever delighted more intensely in dining out among congenial society than he did, particularly if it were in the country, where he might during the evening take a stroll through the fields, for he fully appreciated rural pleasures. He was passionately fond of Scotch music, in fact had no toleration for any other; and as several of the ladies whom he used to meet out at dinner played it with taste and skill, his delight in those social gatherings was greatly enhanced by listening to their performances. His favourite air was "The Mackintoshes' Lament," and he used to listen to it with the most profound attention, keeping time with hand and foot, and as soon as it was over, demanding pibrochs, reels, and strathspeys in quick succession. He was a great consumer of snuff at all times, but on occasions when he was absorbed in listening to some favourite pibroch or to some story of old times, he used to take particularly large quantities and allow it to drop all over his clothes and on the floor.

There was one peculiarity which gained more local celebrity for him than any other he possessed, and that was his love for making proposals of marriage. There was hardly a lady of his acquaintance who had not at some period received one of his love-letters, for his proposals were always made in writing, and never by word of mouth—his manner to the female sex being generally drier and colder than to his own. So much, indeed, was this the case, that he often at a dinner party treated with a semblance of almost contemptuous indifference some lady to whom on the previous evening he had sent an epistle breathing the most despairing and ardent devotion. His handwriting was the most extraordinary and illegible ever beheld, and his letters were usually written on the inside of an envelope, or on some torn piece of paper. Those containing proposals, instead of being posted, were generally slipped under the hall door, after he had hovered in the vicinity for some time, in order to muster sufficient courage to approach the house. The wording of those proposals was quite as peculiar

as the handwriting. He wrote to one lady inquiring if either she or her sister were willing to accept him (his feelings towards them being alike), but hoping, in the event of their not being so, he might get a speedy reply, as he had another (whom he named) in view. Another lady, the evening before her marriage, found a letter under the door, telling her that "it was not yet too late to think of marrying him, and that an old friend was better than a stranger;" while her mother, a widow, received a note from him on another occasion containing merely the words, "Have pity on my loneliness, or I shall throw myself into an hotel." One young lady, who sometimes came to visit friends in Inverness, had inspired him with such admiration that he not only wrote frequent love-letters to her, but used to watch for her at the corner of the Suspension Bridge, and without having the courage to speak to her, used to follow her like a shadow everywhere she went, until at last she dreaded going out of doors. He sometimes used to write rambling epistles breathing Platonic admiration to various young married ladies, but widows were the favourite objects of his adoration.

Mr Eneas never could be persuaded to have his portrait taken; he had a great dislike to the idea of its being exhibited in public, particularly after having one day come suddenly upon a caricature of himself in his long blue cloak, in one of the booksellers' windows. This had been sketched by an artist who visited Inverness before the days of photographs, and the discovery ranked deeply in the old man's mind, for he was more sensitive than most people imagined.

During the last dozen years of his life, his evenings were generally spent in complete solitude, as his sister always retired very early to rest, and—all his old contemporaries having passed away—the new generation had either forgotten the old man's love for social gatherings or imagined that his old reminiscences would be out of place at their formal and fashionable entertainments. And doubtless Mr Eneas would have felt himself out of place there, and would have experienced a deeper desolation and loneliness than even at his own fireside, for he belonged to a past age when heartiness and humour were the characteristics of dinner parties, and when congenial friends met together, not for fashion's sake, but to enjoy one another's society. He would not have understood the manners and customs of modern society, he would have suffered martyrdom by listening to classical music, and he would have pined for the genial tones and familiar faces which used to make those old gatherings have such a charm for him. To the very last, however, he was delighted to meet an acquaintance on the street, and used, even there, to pour forth his old reminiscences at such length as to appal any one who was pressed for time. Who can forget his eager face, his peculiar gait, his hearty clasp of the hand? It even yet seems difficult to realise that never more will be seen on the streets of Inverness that remarkable figure, which, through all the varying phases of fashion, retained the same antique coat, huge black stock, high shirt collar, and long military cloak!

Mr Eneas took his sister's death much to heart, although intellectually she had never been a companion for him, and had, for the last few years of her existence, been quite dead to the world. In a very short time after she had passed away, he was laid to rest by her side in the Chapel-yard.

Although he never ceased to grudge the procuring of necessary comforts for himself, he subscribed, during the last few years of his life, most liberally and heartily to every scheme in connection with the Free High Church, of which he was a devoted adherent, and which he attended as long as his feeble limbs could support him there. When confined to bed by his last illness, he never omitted to send his contribution to the usual weekly church-door collection. When any one connected with

his own church came to see him, he always took the opportunity to slip into his visitor's hand half-a-crown or five shillings wrapped in a piece of newspaper; and to say, "Put this into the plate on Sunday for me."

Through all the course of his long life, he was never known to utter a remark which could cause pain, or to listen willingly to anything which was to the detriment of another. He never made an enemy, and had managed to secure the lasting attachment of a few true friends. Among those who laughed at his peculiarities, and even ridiculed the sensitive old man before his face, there were probably few who were able to appreciate his learning or the powers of his mind.

HIGHLAND HONOURS.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, a good service pension of £100 a year for long and meritorious services. Mr Mackinnon is a native of Skye, and his career in the army has not only conferred honour on his native Island, but on the whole Highlands. He is a brother of the Rev. Donald Mackinnon, minister of Strath.

HOW SOME HIGHLAND STUDENTS GO TO COLLEGE.—At a meeting of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge held in Edinburgh, Dr Cameron Lees said all sensible people would have but one opinion as to the good the Society was doing in the matter of the Highland students. In the most remote parts of the Highlands young men had come forward and passed most creditable examinations, entitling them to funds which would enable them to prosecute their studies and become useful members of the learned and other professions. He rejoiced in that, because he remembered a time when it was exceedingly difficult for Highland lads to get on in the world—not that they had not the brains and the talent, for he would back the brains of a Highlander against those of any other person in the world—but they had not the chance. He remembered when at Glasgow University there were two young men who came from one of the Western Islands in a herring smack. They sailed her up to the Broomielaw Bridge, where the dues were small, and anchored there. Every day they walked up to their classes, and lived on board their smack at night, and when the session was over they hoisted their sail and went back to the fishing.—*People's Journal.*

A GUIDE TO FORTROSE AND VICINITY.—This is an "Illustrated Guide to Fortrose and Vicinity, with Appendix on the Antiquities of the Black Isle." It is the production of Mr Angus J. Beaton, F.S.A., Scot. It will prove of considerable interest and value to Northern Antiquarians, but especially to all connected with or who visit the Black Isle. Several documents connected with Fortrose and Rosemarkie are given in the book, and there is an excellent map of the peninsula, as well as a large number of illustrations, which are true pictures of the places they are meant to represent. It is published by Mr William Mackay, bookseller, Inverness.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

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THE MUNROS OF CULCAIRN.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

THE progenitor of the family of Culcairn was—

I. George Munro, second son of Sir Robert Munro, fifth Baronet and twenty-third Baron of Fowlis, by his wife Jane, eldest daughter of John Forbes, second Baron of Culloden, and aunt of the celebrated President Duncan Forbes.

George Munro was born on the 18th of September 1685. He received a liberal education, was a great genius, and possessed considerable erudition. Besides the branches of learning common to all professions, he acquired an extensive knowledge of theological literature. Before he was seventeen years of age, he was so well acquainted with ecclesiastical history as to be able to give a good account of the advance and decline of the Christian religion in various ages and countries, and the degree and manner by which the corruption and reformation of the Church had been introduced, established, or obstructed.

But his tastes and talents lay particularly in a military life. He therefore entered the army when young, and had attained the rank of Captain previous to the insurrection of 1715. Inheriting the principles of his fathers, he was, during the whole course of that rebellion, actively engaged in support of the reign-

ing dynasty; and, after the suppression of that attempt to restore the Stuarts, he was chiefly employed in reducing the inhabitants of the western Highlands and Islands to submission to the Government.

When General Wightman, who had been sent to repel the Spanish invasion of 1719, had been long detained at Inverness for guides to conduct his troops over the mountains to Glenshiel, where the Spaniards and rebels were encamped, and after all the promises of such guides had failed, Captain Munro (in the absence of his elder brother, Robert the Master of Fowlis, who was abroad), acting for his father, Sir Robert, who was blind, speedily assembled a body of his clan, proceeded to Inverness to the General's assistance, and marched with the regular troops to Glenshiel.

The petty rebellion, which began and ended with the battle of Glenshiel, was projected by Cardinal Alberoni, of Spain, for the re-establishment of Romanism, and he devised an expedition against Great Britain for that purpose. The principal Jacobite leaders in the late rebellion had sought and found refuge in France, among them being Earl Marischall, the Earl of Seaforth, the Duke of Ormonde, and others. The Cardinal organised an army of six companies of Spanish Infantry, which he placed under the command of the Earl Marischall, with a Spaniard, named Don Alonso de Santarem, second in command. The Earl set sail from San Sebastian, and, after a stormy and dangerous passage, landed at Stornoway, in Lewis. After some delay there, he passed over to Kintail, where he was joined by the famous Rob Roy and a company of the Macgregors, and some of the Macraes and Mackenzies.

General Wightman on his way across the country from Inverness, was joined by those clans who had declared for the Government and abandoned Jacobitism. When he reached Glenshiel he had 1600 men under his command. He arrived there on the 14th of June, and found the rebels strongly posted to receive him. The road by which he came followed the course of the stream at the bottom of the Pass of Glenshiel, and could easily be commanded from the precipitous heights on either side. The scantily-covered rocks shelved down towards their base in such a manner that a passage through the glen, whilst an oppos-

ing force held the upper ground, appeared quite impossible. Wightman saw the difficulty of the situation, and paused ere he would venture upon such a dubious conflict. He sent skirmishing parties stealthily to ascend the hills on each side, so as to place themselves upon higher positions than those occupied by the rebels, hoping thus to dislodge them from their points of vantage. The main body of his troops remained in the glen to induce the rebels to begin the attack. His plan was a daring one, but it effected his purpose.

The rebels were distributed in admirable battle array upon the hill which rose on one side of the glen. The Spaniards were posted upon the highest ground, as it was expected that their skill in musketry would be most valuable in that position, whilst next to them were the Mackenzies, under Seaforth, and a small body of Murrays, under the Marquis of Tullibardine. The advanced guard was composed entirely of Macgregors, with Rob Roy at their head, and to them was entrusted the dangerous task of leading the attack.

The forces seemed so nearly equal in strength that both parties stood at bay, each expecting the other to make the first advance. At five o'clock in the afternoon, General Wightman made a movement as if to pass through the glen, and when, deploying in line, his troops had reached a critical position, the Spaniards opened fire upon them, and disordered their ranks. Taking advantage of the confusion, the Macgregors rushed boldly down the hill, threw away their firelocks, after they had discharged them, and met their enemies at the point of the claymore. At this juncture the skirmishers, whom Wightman had placed on the hills, poured their deadly fire upon the assailants, and forced them to retreat, surprised, but not defeated. The Spaniards, somewhat terrified at the simultaneous appearance of enemies, both above and before them, lost heart entirely. and became useless for serious warfare; but the undaunted Highlanders, goaded to greater enthusiasm by the odds against them, repeatedly ventured to the attack, and, at close quarters, did great execution.

Pennant in his *Tour*, vol. ii., page 389, says that "the Highlanders made a poor stand; but were quickly put to flight" —a statement quite contrary to fact, and one that shows that

he was imbued with the same animosity towards the Highlanders as his countryman, Dr Johnson. Once and again did the Macgregors, the Macraes, and the Mackenzies assail their opponents in front, in flank, and in rear; but the defection of the Spaniards had made their conflict almost a hopeless one. For three hours the battle raged tumultuously, without either party gaining much apparent advantage. Had it been possible for Wightman to engage the rebels upon an open plain, he would have made short work of them; but their heroic defence of the strong position which they held forced him to withdraw from the contest, and to recall his skirmishers ere nightfall.

When the rebels reviewed their situation, they found that three of their leaders—Seaforth, Tullibardine, and Lord George Murray—were seriously wounded, and many of the clansmen had fallen in the fray. Great numbers of the Spaniards, unused to the style of warfare adopted, had ignominiously fled from the scene of battle, and those who remained were too demoralised to be of much further service. The most sanguine amongst the rebels could not hope for victory, and under the circumstances it only remained for them to make the best possible terms of surrender. Rob Roy, upon whom the command of the expedition now fell, dared not approach Wightman, since it was not likely the Hanoverian General would treat with a rebel whom his Government had repeatedly denounced. He arranged, therefore, that the Highlanders should quietly disperse for their homes, bearing their wounded chiefs along with them; and that the leader of the Spaniards should yield himself and his men prisoners of war to Wightman, and thus secure a safe passage to their native land. The advice was adopted, and the Highlanders fled by devious paths, best known to themselves, from the place which had witnessed their indomitable but fruitless bravery; and Don Alonso de Santarem led his crestfallen soldiers down into the Valley of Humiliation, and submitted them to the commands of the heretic general. Thus ended the battle of Glenshiel.

Wightman, on reckoning his losses, found he had twenty-one men killed, and one hundred and twenty-one wounded, among the latter being Captain George Munro of Culcairn, who was dangerously wounded in the thigh by the enemy, posted on the declivity of the hill, who kept on firing at him after he had

fallen. After falling, when by their behaviour he realised that they were resolved to dispatch him, he told his servant—a clansman—who was faithfully watching him, to get out of danger, lest he might lose his life, for he could be of no service to him now, and requested him, when he returned home, to let his father and family know that he had done his duty. The faithful Highlander thereupon burst into tears, and asked his master how he thought he could leave him in that condition, and what would they think of him at home if he did so? He told the Captain that he would not leave him, and, to shield him from further injury, he laid himself down on his hands and knees over his master, till Serjeant Robert Munro, son of Hugh Munro, of Tullochue, with a small party, dislodged the enemy, after having previously sworn upon his dirk that he would effect the Captain's rescue. General Stewart, in his "Sketches," records several acts of similar self-devotion and heroism displayed by Highlanders towards their commanders and chiefs; but this act of fidelity of Munro is, so far as we know, only equalled in ancient history by that of Philocratus, slave to Caius Gracchus, who, when he was found by his enemies in a wood, covered his master with his body, in such a manner that Caius could not be killed by them, till they had first dispatched the faithful slave. The man who thus so bravely saved his master's life afterwards became Captain Munro's valet, and was treated more like a friend than a servant.

After recovering from his wounds, Captain Munro continued vigorous and active in the service of the Government, and obtained the command of one of the independent companies, in the national pay, which were first formed in 1729-30. On the 25th of October 1739 these companies, known as the Black Watch, were formed into a regiment, numbered the 43rd—now the 42nd Royal Highland Regiment—and placed under the command of his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Munro. He was made its senior Captain, and accompanied it to Flanders in 1743. In 1744 he was obliged to retire from active service, owing to a severe attack of asthma, aggravated by the air of Flanders. He accordingly sold his commission, and on the advice of General Wade, and his brother, Sir Robert, he returned home to his seat at Newton, in the parish of Kiltearn, intending to spend

his remaining days with his family and friends in that peaceful retreat. But Providence determined otherwise, and had reserved him for some further labours in the military field.

The Rebellion of 1745 broke out soon after his arrival at Newton; and the danger which threatened his country, with its civil and religious liberties, at once brought him renewed strength and energy.

When General Sir John Cope came to Inverness, and having been assured of being joined by a number of Highlanders to conduct him and his small army through the rebel counties between that town and Aberdeen, Captain Munro, with two hundred Munros, were the only persons found willing to perform the promises which were made by others. He conducted Sir John Cope to Aberdeen, whence he was ordered home. On the homeward journey, Munro had to pass through a district invested by a detachment of the rebels under the command of Gordon of Glenbucket, who seemed disposed to oppose his return, but finding that the Captain was determined to force his way, he retired and allowed the Munros to proceed without further molestation.

Not long afterwards the Earl of Loudon, who held command for the King at Inverness, sent Captain Munro with six hundred men—all Munros and Macleods—to relieve the city of Aberdeen, and the neighbouring country, and counteract the Jacobite rising in Aberdeenshire, which place was greatly oppressed by the outrages committed by Lord Lewis Gordon, a brother of the Duke of Gordon, who was himself in the service of the reigning Royal family. Captain Munro proceeded as far as Inverury, a small town a few miles west from Aberdeen, where he halted to receive intelligence. Owing to the narrowness of the pass, he was obliged to quarter a great number of his men in different places throughout the neighbourhood. In the meantime a considerable reinforcement from the main body of the rebel army, then stationed at Perth, was sent under the command of a French officer, supported by their picquets and Irish brigades, to Lord Gordon's assistance. On their arrival, Gordon resolved to surprise and cut off the Captain and his whole party. With this object in view, the youthful Jacobite leader, taking advantage of the Highlanders being quartered on the inhabitants in the town and district of Inverury, moved towards that town in the dusk of

the evening of 23rd December 1745, after Captain Munro had sent his men to their quarters. But though the Captain did not get so early an intimation of the enemy's approach as he would have wished, they were providentially discovered in sufficient time to enable him to post the men he had in the town in such a manner that they were prepared to give the rebels so warm a reception (which they did by attacking them in front and in flank) that many of them were left dead on the field. The brave little band made a stout resistance, their gallant Captain continuing cool, intrepid, and active during the heat of the skirmish; but, being taken by surprise and overpowered by far superior numbers, they were unable to hold out against an enemy who knew the ground better, supported by seven hundred insurgents under the immediate command of Lord John Drummond. Captain Munro, in the circumstances, thought it advisable to retire, and succeeded in bringing off his men safe and in good order, with the exception of one or two who were killed or taken prisoners. Adam Gordon of Ardoch (now Braelangwell) Captain Munro's nephew, was captured by the rebels and detained for a considerable time, during which he was treated with undue rigour and severity. He ultimately made his escape and joined his uncle. Lord Lewis Gordon did not attempt to pursue, but retired with the loss of a number of men, and marched with his followers to the Jacobite rendezvous at Stirling.

The following letter, published for the first time in the *Inverness Courier* of 27th December 1883, gives some additional information relative to the skirmish at Inverury:—

"H. D. S. (Honoured Dear Sir),—Yesternight I understood our minister had a letter from Mr Irvine, minister at Elgin, shewing that the Prince's party was defeated in England, the Lords Elcho and Nairn taken, together with 300 of the Prince's Guards and the whole artillery, and that he was retreated to Carlisle, and that the English were killing them like dogs on the highway. This news came by a ship from Leith, who heard the Castle firing just as he set sail; Gen. Campbell is at Stirling with 6000 men, and Gen. Wade is ordered with his whole army for Scotland.

"This morning we were alarmed with the affecting news that the Lord Drummond, with a body of 2000 men, attacked the Macleods and Munroes at Inverury at five o'clock yesternight, beginning with the Guard, who, I fear, were mostly killed, as I'm informed there were only about 400 men in town, who all engaged. The rest were quartered in the country, who, upon the first notice of the fire, for the most part fled, and some were at this place by two or three o'clock in the morning. Most of the Macleods and Munroes, as did Colcairn and Macleod, passed this place by 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning in great disorder. Several have come dropping up since in

great fear, hiring horses, fearing the enemy at their heels. Of those that past many were wounded, but coming of in hurry and confusion, could give no distinct account of the loss, only some that I talked with, who were in the heat of the action, told me that they lost many men, and that he saw the Prince's men upon the first platoon fall in heaps. They spak very bitterly against Lord Lowdon that he did not come to their assistance, and also against Grant, and Macleod himself was heard to exclaim against him. They talk of gathering their scattered forces at Elgin, and calling up Lowdon to make head against the enemy, who are coming up flushed with victory, and we hear that there are billets demanded at Huntly this night for 3000 men—what will come of this poor place God only knows. We hear it reported that Avachie's men suffered much, and that the Macleods fired desperately from their windows in their quarters, and did considerable execution, and several of the townspeople and women are killed. In this hurry I have scarcely left room to congratulate yourself and lady upon the safe arrival of your son, and wish all honour and happiness to yourself and family; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, H.D.S., your most obliged servant, "JEAN BAYLIE.

"Keith, Decr. 24th, 1745."

Addressed on the back to—

"Thomas Grantt of Achoynanie, Esq., at Airndilly."

Upon the retreat of the rebels northward before the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl of Loudon had not sufficient strength to maintain his position at Inverness, and in consequence he, with Lord President Forbes and Captain George Munro, retreated through Ross into Sutherlandshire, with the intention of defending themselves there till the season allowed the Duke to march his troops to Inverness. But in this interval, the rebels, having spread themselves over the Counties of Ross, Moray, and Inverness, got possession of a number of boats, by means of which, under cover of a dense fog, they transported a large body of their men to Sutherland. This action of the enemy compelled Loudon, the President, and Captain Munro, to retreat through the west of Ross-shire into the Isle of Skye, where they remained till the rebel army was broken up and dispersed at Culloden.

On his return from Skye, Captain Munro was constantly employed on expeditions through the rebel districts, reducing them to order and submission to the Government, which duties he diligently and zealously, yet always most humanely, performed. This the rebels themselves acknowledged, as he never did the least injury to any man, and in all his vast circuit over the North and West Highlands, he neither himself seized, nor allowed those under his command to seize, anything but

arms. Yet, notwithstanding all his humanity, his diligence and zeal during the whole of the Rebellion had rendered him so obnoxious to the rebels that they vowed his destruction upon the first opportunity; and, as they had not the courage to face him, they resolved to assassinate him, which resolution they carried into effect on Sabbath, 31st of August 1746, although at the time he was shot his assassin mistook him for another man.

After the suppression of the Rebellion, an order was issued to the Highlanders to deliver up their arms. A Lochaber man named Dugald Roy Cameron, sent his son to Fort-William with his arms to be delivered up. When proceeding down by Loch-Arkaig, the young man was met by an officer of the name of Grant, who was conducting a party of soldiers to Knoydart. Grant immediately seized young Cameron, and shot him on the spot. His father swore to be revenged, and hearing that the officer rode a white horse, he watched behind a rock for his return, on a height above Loch-Arkaig. Captain Munro had unfortunately borrowed the white horse on which Grant rode, and while he was passing—between the advanced guard and the main body of his men—the spot where the irate Cameron lay in ambush, he met the fate intended for Grant, Cameron firing and killing him on the spot. Dugald Roy escaped, and afterwards became a soldier in the British army.

Dr Browne, in his *History of the Highlands and Highland Clans*, gives a different account of the manner in which Captain Munro met his death. He says that Dugald Roy Cameron's house was burned, his cattle plundered, and his son killed while defending his family, who were turned out in the snow by Grant's orders. Vowing vengeance, Cameron "watched the officer who was the author of this inhuman outrage, and who, he was informed, was to be distinguished by a cloak of a particular kind. This officer, riding one day with Captain George Munro of Culcairn in a shower of rain, lent him his cloak; and while marching in it with a party of men along the side of Loch-Arkaig, the Captain was shot by the enraged Highlander, who perceived the cloak, but could not distinguish the difference of person. The man escaped, and although he was well known, and might have been apprehended afterwards, he was allowed to pass unpunished."

General Stewart* states that Colonel Grant of Moy (who died in April 1802, in his ninetieth year), was walking along the road with a gun upon his shoulder, when Captain Munro was shot. A turn of the road concealed him from the soldiers at the moment, but when he came in sight with his gun, they immediately seized him upon suspicion, and carried him to Fort-William. After making investigations into the matter, Colonel Grant was declared innocent of the crime laid to his charge, and he was at once set at liberty.

Thus died the brave, humane, and pious Captain George Munro of Culcairn, to the great grief of his relatives and friends, and to the irreparable loss of his country. One of Dr Doddridge's correspondents—probably the Rev. James Fraser, then minister of Alness, and author of an able and learned work on "Santification," writes of him as follows :—

"The great foundation of all his other virtues was laid in a most sincere and steadfast regard to the Supreme Being. He carefully studied the great doctrines of our holy religion, which he courageously professed, and, as it was requisite, defended, in whatever company he might be cast. He did this with the greatest freedom, as his practice was always agreeable to it; and in particular his regard, both to the Book and to the Day of God. He had from his infancy been trained up in an acquaintance with the Scriptures; and he daily perused it with pleasure, and doubtless with advantage. And tho' the natural cheerfulness of his temper inclined him on other days to facetious turns in conversation, yet on the *Sabbath* he was not only grave and devout, but carefully attentive that *all his speech might tend to edification*, and as far as possible *minister to the hearers.*

"He was exemplary in the *social virtues*, temperate in the use of food and sleep, and rose early for devotions (wherein, as in many other respects, he remarkably resembled his beloved friend Colonel Gardiner). He was also thoroughly sensible how much a faithful discharge of relative duties is essential to the character of a Christian. He approved himself, therefore, as a brave and viligant officer, a most active and faithful servant of the Crown, and a true patriot to his country in the worst of times, and in domestic life was exemplary as a husband, a faithful friend, a constant benefactor, and a sure patron of the oppressed; and, to crown all, was at last in effect a martyr in the cause of that religion he had so eminently adorned, and of those liberties he had so long and so bravely defended."

Captain Munro took a deep interest in ecclesiastical matters, was for several years an elder in Kiltearn Parish Church, and frequently represented the Presbytery of Dingwall, as one of its Commissioners in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was for many years a Justice of the Peace, and for several years a Sheriff-Depute of Ross-shire. As heritors in the

* *Sketches of the Highlanders*, Foot-note, vol. i., p. 280.

Parish of Alness, he and John Munro, V. of Novar, strongly opposed the settlement of the Rev. James Fraser as minister of Alness. They had no objection to Mr Fraser's life and doctrine, but they wished John Munro, probationer, son of Mr Donald Munro, alias "Caird," in the Parish of Kiltearn, to be appointed to the parish. Mr Munro had officiated in Alness for some Sabbaths during Mr D. Mackillican's illness, and Culcairn, Novar, and many others were well pleased with his ministrations. The majority of the parish was for Mr Fraser, and the Presbytery therefore sustained the call in his favour, and he was inducted to Alness on the 17th of February 1726. Mr Munro was afterwards admitted to the Parish of Halkirk.

Captain George Munro, I. of Culcairn, died in his sixty-first year.

He married Christian, daughter of John Munro of Tearivan, by whom he had a family of four sons and six daughters—

1. John, his heir.

2. Andrew; 3. George; 4. George. All three died unmarried.

5. Anne, who died unmarried.

6. Jane, who married Alex. Gordon of Garty, to whom she bore two sons—William and Alexander. Garty appears to have died shortly after the birth of Alexander, and William died in infancy. The following letter written by Captain Munro, and addressed to "Hugh Munro of Teaninich, Esq.," the original of which is still preserved among the archives in Teaninich Charter Chest, is interesting as a specimen of the Captain's literary style, and requires no apology for its insertion here :—

"Dr. Cousine,—David Munro sent me in June last a summonss agst Gairtys only son Sandie, after Willie's death, for leading ane adjudicature at my instance for what soumes Gairtie was due to me after paying the tocher before the Lords, and after the same with the execution were returned he found he could not compleat the same this session before the Lords; and it was necessary it should be done before the Sheriff before the end of the Dispensatione, &c., and therefor sent north the vouchers for doing the same there; and as it is necessary for a Tutor *ad literi* to be named for the child, and as Albert of Coul was named such in the Process before the Lords for Willie, so he would be the same for Sandie if the Process was caryd on yr. But since it is to be caryd on here, I beg you'l allow yourself to be named Tutor *ad literi* for Sandie, and you'l only renounce before the Inferior Court, &c.

If it happens that I cannot be at home on the 17th of Augt. next, being the day before the meeting of the Committee of the Comn. of Suply, for making out the Cess book at Alness, you'l please that day to go my house and call for the keys of my

drawer, from my eldest daughter, and open the drawer in my room, and in the top of the 2nd keeping, in the 2nd shelf to the left hand, you'l find together two books of the valuation of the shyre of Ross, one done by Hugh Baillie, as clerk of supply, where the severall parishes, and every heritor's lands in the severall parishes are notted; and the other done by Aldie, as collector, yrin every heritor's proportion in the different parishes are marked; and I think you should call from (? on) Culniskeath (David Bethune) for a valuation book he hath of the shyre, but I am of opinion he will not give (it) out of his own hands, yr being severall other things in it also; and therefore if you'l want it you must call for himself with it.

I have no news here. We have fine growing weather this week and much raines the two former weeks, which mended the corn much. Oat meal is sold at Crief at 6 pence the peck, and bearmeal at 4 pence the peck by weight, but it is not so cheap here. My service to the Lady Teaninich, your sisters, and all friends.—And I am, Dr. Sir, your aff. Cousine and Humble Servant,

GEO. MUNRO.

Moness, 30th July 1742.

(To be continued.)

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

MISS ANDERSON, in her recently published book, "Inverness before Railways" (A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness), relates the following story in connection with a Mr Mactavish, who built Dunachton House, Inverness, and married one of the Misses Macdonell, Milnfield. He was the first agent of the Commercial Bank in Inverness:—

There is a singular story connected with the death of Mr Mactavish, which, at that time, when superstition was rife in the Highlands, caused great excitement and awe. Mr Mactavish had been ill for some time with a pain in his tongue, which ultimately was discovered to arise from cancer, and he arranged to go to London to have an operation performed, accompanied by a nephew who was a barrister in the Metropolis, but had been on a visit to Inverness. A journey to London was, in those days, a very serious undertaking, and the banker went first to pay a farewell visit to his cousins at Migavie, in Stratherrick, accompanied by Mr Sandy Mactavish, the town-clerk, who was one of the Migavie family. It was alleged that when any one connected with the Mactavishes at Migavie was about to die, strange moaning sounds were always heard proceeding from trees in the vicinity of the house, but the greatest peculiarity in the occurrence was that, although the cries were heard by every one else most distinctly, the doomed person was never able to hear them at all. The country people declared that, although this banshee was never to be seen, the rattling of its bones might often be heard, forming an accompaniment to its cries. On the evening before the banker and his nephew left Migavie, they were taking a walk in the neighbourhood, accompanied by the Town-clerk and various members of the family, when suddenly mournful and weird cries were heard, and some one exclaimed, "There is the banshee!" Everyone heard the sounds, except the banker and his nephew, but though they strained their ears, they could hear nothing. Next day they left for London, and after arriving, the banker wrote to the Town-clerk, asking in joke, whether anything had come of the banshee's cries. Mr Sandy Mactavish wrote to say that no one had died as yet, but this letter crossed on the way an intimation of the banker's death, and soon afterwards news came that his nephew also had died.

HIGHLAND FABRICS AND DRESS.

By the late JOHN M. MACPHERSON, Stornoway.

OF Highland textile fabrics, tartans occupy a prominent place. As is well known, every clan had a peculiar pattern styled after itself—as the "Mackenzie tartan," the "Macpherson tartan," and so on; for every clan used to appear in arms in its own tartan.

Some of the Highland tartans are highly elegant. In the finest patterns the primary dark colours are employed; and the broad belts of dark colours are sometimes lightened with streaks of the bright primary colours, but at other times with streaks of black. By careful inspection, the generality of tartans appear to be much upon the same principle, or a modification of the same plan. Two broad stripes or belts of different colours are separated by a narrower stripe of a third colour. The broad stripes are each variegated with small streaks of other colours. Each of the two stripes is streaked in a different order; if the one has two streaks on each margin, the other has one, two, or three in the middle. Sometimes one of the two main stripes is alternately streaked in a different form, which converts the pattern into large squares of various checks. With a very few forms, by varying the colours in the stripes or streaks, innumerable varieties of patterns can be produced. In forming a pattern, some knowledge of the affinity of colours, their harmony, and their relative sympathies and antipathies, are requisitely necessary. First of all, the two main stripes should balance each other in brightness, as closely as possible. Their relation may be a little hostile, but the separating stripe of a third colour ought to harmonize with both. The simplest form of checkered cloth is the shepherd tartan, being composed of alternate narrow stripes of white and black, in the woof as well as in the warp. There are other varieties consisting of two colours as well as the shepherd tartan, such as blue and black, red and black, green and black, and so on. With regard to tartans of two colours, when they are formed into broad checks, the one is occasionally variegated with streaks of the colour of the other.

Of late a great many tartans have come into fashion, with the woof of one colour and the warp of another, of which the former is variegated with streaks of the colour of the latter, and the latter with streaks of the colour of the former—these are called "fancy tartans." But in some fancy tartans the woof and warp are both streaked with a third colour. Some of the fancy tartans of fashion are attractive enough, whilst many are far from being so. In comparing clan and fancy tartans together, the former have the advantage and patronage of good taste.

The origin of tartan fabrics is evidently of very early antiquity. It is not known at this time, which were the age and country, when and where tartan had its origin ; but it is certain that the art of making tartan had been introduced into Scotland before the light of history had taken cognizance of the circumstances of these regions. If I should venture a theory, I would say, the origin of tartan had been suggested by the mottled appearance of cloth made of uncoloured yarn of various hues and shades ; such as yarn which would have been spun from the wool of the dun-coloured breed of sheep ; and a tasty intellect would be quite apt to form the idea of regular checks, by sorting and arranging the spindles of thread of different shades into symmetrical order.

The word tartan may be of Gaelic etymology. If a Gaelic word should be formed purposely to express checkered cloth, *tarstan* might be the word adopted. *Tarsainn* means across, and is derived from the root *tarst*, which means the same ; and the affix *an* makes a noun of any verb or adjective to which it is attached. Some give the word *breacan* as the only Gaelic name for tartan. But the word *breacan*, though sometimes employed in that sense, more properly signifies a plaid ; for it is the only Gaelic name for that article.

Plaide is a species of blanket variegated with streaks or stripes of other colour in the woof and warp. When a woman gives yarn to the weaver to be made into tartan, she gives him the pattern on a short cane or stick ; the threads are rolled around the cane in the same order and proportion of quantity as the woof and the warp are intended to be.

Cloth, which is pronounced *claw* in Gaelic, is called *kelt* in Scotch. Cloth *(claw)* is a soft heavy textile of shaggy appear-

ance. The finest varieties are made of mixed wool; and the brighest in colour should be the finest in the amalgamation; for if the light coloured wool were of a hairy coarseness it would give a hairy appearance to the whole. In the act of mulling, the cloth is made to move backward and forward on a table or bench of basket-work, or something equivalent, which gives the pile a serrated form. Kelt is still esteemed in the Highlands for winter trousers, and is sometimes used in coats. This cloth is like the valleys of the Tyrol, "coarse, indeed, but right warm." It is the kind of cloth worn by the inhabitants of the North of Europe. And whoever introduced the art of making tartan into Scotland, the art of making cloth had been introduced into the Highlands from Norway. *Clò* and *plangaid* are words of the same derivation with "cloth" and "blanket"; and woollen cloth is termed in Gaelic, *aodach olla*, though wool itself is called *cloimh* or *olunn*. The latter word, *olunn*, is of the same derivation with the word "woollen."

Brat, or *cuibhrig*, generally means a bed-tester. It is a very thick fabric, made of the coarsest wool. The yarn of which the cloth is made is more like a coil of twine than thread for the loom. We may notice here, in connection with the derivation of words, that "yarn" is probably the equivalent of the Gaelic word *iarna*. *Stubh* is a light kind of cloth for female clothing, of uniform colour. The Gaelic word *stubh*, and the English word "stuff" mean the same, and are evidently of the same derivation.

The male costume of old Highlanders is well known. It consists of the kilt, vest, jacket, plaid, blue bonnet, sporran, hose, and brogues. Some of its parts are of comparatively modern super-addition. In what part of the world it had its origin, and what race of men introduced it into the Highlands, are problems difficult of solution. But it is sufficiently certain it could not have originated in the northern parts of Asia and Europe; for the kilt would be rather cold for the higher latitudes of the great Continent. The kilt, no doubt, had its origin in a really warm climate. As for the sporran, it may be the relic of the cincture or fig-leaf, worn by tribes of primitive habits in the warm regions of the equatorial zone. The ancient costume of females was a kind of parallel to the male dress. Every item in the one had its counterpart or equivalent in the other. The

females' *còta* is not of tartan, but of striped stuff. It is longer than the kilt; it falls to the middle of the calf. The *guailleachan* of women is a square shawl without fringe; it is not so large as the *breacan* of the men, but it is of thicker cloth. It is usually a square of dark tartan. Women had their jacket as well as the men, but I am not aware whether it was made of tartan or plain coloured cloth. While the *osanan* or stockings of the men were made of checkered cloth, those of women were made of one-coloured cloth. Young women had no regular head-dress; only, when the state of weather required it, the shawl was drawn over the head.

Casag is a kind of thick frock worn by boys and little girls. It is pretty long, has long sleeves, and is buttoned behind. A common dress on boys is a kilt attached to a vest, and a wide jacket; the latter frequently a second-hand article once worn by the father or an elder brother. And it is indeed a droll spectacle, to behold the boys of a Highland village, with their dark-blue eyes, their weather-beaten cheeks, their legs dappled by the cottage fire, their ragged clothes, and having their heads as completely clipped of hair as a sheep is ever clipped of wool. But funny as it is, their parents never mind that, if they can provide them with three meals a-day of coarse but wholesome food. The clothes are always wide enough so as not to interfere with the children's growth; and as to the raggedness, like the old hair on a young colt, it will disappear in due time.

The Lewis *osan* is a kind of soleless stocking. It is, perhaps, the best substitute for shoes that could be got. The peasants, whose soles are inured to "tear and wear," travel for miles over gravelly roads and heathy moorland, without any other protection to the feet than a pair of *osanan*.

Gloves were not at all common in the Highlands; notwithstanding that the word *làmhain* is a real Gaelic word. The present male costume in the Highlands is in cut exactly that worn by other British people, though it is still of home-made stuff; but in the rural and remote parts of the country the fashion is generally of a bygone date.

In the Northern Highlands married women wear a dress cap made of muslin and riband, of a very picturesque form. The front part is of the ordinary shape; but the back part

spreads upward in the form of a fan, and is either plain or fluted. This kind of head-dress is two-folded; and the riband, which is placed betwixt the two plies, is visible through the outer muslin.

The varieties of shoes peculiar to the Highlands are now out of fashion. The simplest form was that of the *cuaran*. It was a shoe made of a single piece of untanned hide; being cut in the proper form, and then drawn round the foot with a thong. But Highlanders had two or three kinds of shoes; and, in every variety, its parts were put together with thongs of tough thin leather. They were stitched in such a style that they were more intended for keeping the feet warm and secure from injury, than for keeping out the water.

The Highland process of tanning leather is very simple. The hide is first steeped in a pool of fresh water until the hair is fit for removal. It is then freed of hair and well washed in water, which washing is performed by stamping the skin in a tub with the bare feet. The skin is then put into the tanning, and now and then taken out to dry, so that when returned into the tanning vat, it may absorb the tanning more thoroughly. The quality of leather done by such a process is better than it would be if the skins were subjected to the influence of lime, dung, and vitriol.

The Highland Dress is a somewhat antiquated affair; it is a very rare thing to see a grown up man wearing a kilt, though it is still worn by some boys. The Highlanders dress now like the English. The principal difference in the dress of English and Highland peasants is in the materials of which their clothes are made. If the people could afford it they would wear Highland woollen cloth in preference to moleskin and corduroy. The Scotch Plaid is still common in the inland parts of the country. The plaid is never worn by mariners and fishermen while on sea. The Highland Cocked Bonnet is something of the same form with the hoof of a horse inverted. The Lowland Bonnet is more flat; both are still in fashion.

"'TWIXT BEN-NEVIS AND GLENCOE," by Dr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber," will be noticed in an early issue.

SOME NOTES IN GAELIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THE SO-CALLED WALDENSIAN VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

By the Rev. DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D.

SOME thirty years ago, my attention was drawn by the late Mr Thomas Swinton, an antiquarian scholar whose learning was equalled only by his great modesty, to this puzzle and stumbling-block of dabblers in comparative philology. Mr Swinton was not a Highlander; but he had studied Scotch Gaelic to some purpose. And the pet object of his Gaelic studies was to solve the mystery of this so-called Waldensian version of the Lord's Prayer. I fear he did not find in me that apt pupil and enthusiastic coadjutor for whom, in these studies, his simple, gentle heart so earnestly yearned. My interest was then merged in other studies; and, moreover, a glance at the simple-minded old antiquary's venerated text, in his beautiful large paper copy of Fry's *Pantographia*, was enough to satisfy me that he was hopelessly incubating a mare's nest. Waldensian here, Waldensian there, the thing could possibly be nothing else than a bit of slightly blundered and really modern Gaelic.

Long after my old friend's translation to the more satisfying studies of a better world, and with the help of his much-loved copy of the *Pantographia*, I somehow came to seek "the rest of altered labour" in his old pet study of this Waldensian Version of the Lord's Prayer. This version will be found on page 302 of Fry's *Pantographia* (London, Cooper and Wilson, 1799). It reads as follows:—

Our narme ata air neamb'. Beanich atanim gu diga do riogda gu denta du hoill, air talm' in mar ta ar neamb' tabhar d' im an mîgh ar naran limb' ail, agus mai d' úine ar fiach ambail near marhmhid ar fiacha. Na leig si'n amb' aribh ach saorsa shin on. OLE or sletsa rioghta combta agns gloir gnsibhiri. Amen.

About this version of the Pater Noster, there could really be but one opinion. It was a bit of modern Gaelic, badly printed. The typographic blunders were sufficiently amusing,

but they could surprise no one who had any acquaintance with the almost habitual blundering of early Gaelic printers. The errors in punctuation were so obvious and so numerous that, of themselves, they satisfied me at the first reading, that the few seeming disguises of the text were not linguistic but typographic. The full point, which cut off the last word of the last petition, and added it to the Doxology, was doubly suggestive. To the ordinary readers of the *Celtic Magazine* the misplacement of this point, and the misprint of *e* for *c* in *Ole* will be simply laughable. To the convivialist and the teetotaller among them, it will be a nut to be cracked with gleeful merriment—a nut well filled with the kernel that to both will be "meat and drink and rare good fun." But to my mind this double blunder was evidence of a previous printer's blunder from a yet prior blundered print. Fry confessedly copied from Chamberlayne (Amsterdam 1715). But after some search I was able to trace the blunder still further back. I found it in a learned and curious work, printed in 1713 by "B. M., Typogr., Lond." But who was B. M.? And why did he hide the light of his personality under these enigmatical letters? Some farther research, and the help of learned friends, enabled me to identify B. M. with Benjamin Mott, a notable London printer. This discovery led to another. There was a yet earlier edition of B. M.'s work, and it, too, contained the so-called Waldensian version of the Lord's Prayer. This prior edition was published as early as 1700; and the title is "Oratio Dominica * * * plus centum linguis, versionibus, aut characteribus reddita et expressa." The title page differs slightly from that of the edition of 1713: the arrangement of large and small type is somewhat different; the copper-plate engraving is turned round, so that the right hand becomes the left; the engraver's name on the plate of 1700 disappears in that of 1713; and the publishers' names are also partly altered. In both editions, 1700 and 1713, the Waldensian version is as follows:—

"WALDENSIS.

Our Narme ata air neamb'.
1. Beanich atanim.
2. Gu diga do riogda.
3. Gu denta du hoill, air talm'in mar ta ar neamb'.
4. Tabhar d'im an mîgh ar naran limb' ail.

5. Agus mai d'úine ar fiach amhail near marhmhid ar fiacha.
6. Na leig si'n amb' aribh ach saorsa shin on.
7. Ole or sletsa rioghta comhta agns gloir gn sibhiri.

Amen."

So far as my search has reached, this is the first form in which the "Waldensian" version is to be found. It is quite true that Mott's first edition of the *Oratio Dominica*, that of 1700, like the edition of 1713, describes itself on the title page as "editio novissima." But, so far as I can find, the edition of 1700 was Mott's first edition. It was, indeed, a plagiarised reprint of a yet earlier work. This was Müller's collection, published in 1680 at Berlin, under the pseudonym of Thomas Ludekenius. In 1703 the identical sheets of this work were re-issued by Stark, accompanied by a preface by the editor, and a number of other pieces by Müller. I should infer that Stark published this re-issue by arrangement with Müller. Be that, however, as it may, Mott got the start of Stark by three years; and while Müller's work does not contain the Waldensian version, we find it at page 52 of Mott. The inference, therefore, if not conclusive, is pretty strong that the above is the first form in which this so-called Waldensian version of the Lord's Prayer was put in print. The very natural, but in effect somewhat comical, misprint of *Ole* for *olc*, stands there as at the fountain head. So also does the fatal "period" that decapitates the last petition, to replace the severed head of the petition on the shoulders of the Doxology. The repeated misprint of *n* for *u* finds also its origin in old Mott's oversight, or rather in his ignorance of the tongue which he was setting up in type. In almost every other particular it will be seen that the earliest version is the best. One after another, the subsequent copyists repeat the original misprints of Mott, taking care to add new typographic blunders of their own.

But how did Mott, if with him, indeed, the blunder originated, come to print as "Waldensian" this purely Gaelic version of the Pater Noster? On this question there is something that may be learned from a comparison of Mott's work with Chamberlayne's. That the latter borrowed this version from the former is abundantly evident, for he borrowed it "blunders and all." But he made a change which deepened the mystery of Mott's great initial blunder of calling it Waldensian. In Chamberlain's book

it is removed to a group of versions where it would rightly stand if really Vaudois. But in Mott's classification it stands among the dialects of the British Isles. In Mott's book, therefore, the only wrong thing about the version in question is its name. *Crescit ambulando:* the blunder gathers body as it goes. So true is the historic principle that underlies the instructive story of the Three Black Crows! It is also to be noticed that Mott gives no authority for this "Waldensian" version. The sources of his other versions are almost invariably noted with care and fulness. Even the Manx version, which is first introduced in the edition of 1713, is carefully marked on the margin as taken "from the Enchiridion of the most reverend Thomas Wilson, the most worthy bishop of that island: London, 1709" But in common with the Cornish, the Orcadian, and the Modern Welsh, this "Waldensian" version stands sponsorless in the book. It is, moreover, to be observed that more than one *old* Welsh version, and even the old Scotch version, are duly credited to their several sources of authority. Am I justified in suggesting the inference that for these sponsorless modern British versions Mott was indebted to hearsay, or to the inquiry of private friends? This *Versio Waldensis* I have taken the trouble of comparing with the Pater Nosters of Carsewell's Prayer Book, the Irish Prayer Book, the Gaelic Confession of Faith, and Father Donlevy's Irish Catechism, the latter of which works is largely beholden to the much older work of Father Bonaventure O'Hussey: and in neither of these works do I find any reason to believe that Mott's version is reprinted from a previously existing print. Kearny's Irish Catechism I have been unable to consult; but some London reader of the *Celtic Magazine* will, I hope, examine for me that rare and precious volume, in the British Museum.

In casting about for any other probable or possible source whence Mott might have borrowed this *Versio Waldensis*, I bethought me of the Waldensian manuscripts, brought back by Sir Samuel Morland from that memorable mission on which Cromwell had sent him, to intercede with the Duke of Savoy in behalf of the greatly persecuted Children of the Valleys. These Morland manuscripts, extending in all to some score of volumes, were deposited for safe-keeping in the Library of the Cambridge University, nearly two centuries and a-half ago. A note from

my pen on this subject, which appeared in the pages of the *Academy*, led to a correspondence with Mr Henry Bradshaw, the learned and most courteous Librarian-in-chief of the Cambridge University, which, though it does not, indeed, clear up the mystery of the *Versio Waldensis*, is yet of the deepest interest to all students of Celtic Bibliography. My suggestion was that among the Waldensian Manuscripts brought to England by Sir Samuel Morland, there might have been some precious fragment of an Irish Manuscript containing the Lord's Prayer, and that such a fragment might possibly have found its way into Mott's book, under the name of the collection with which it thus happened to be associated. I was not unconscious of the difficulties inseparable from such a guess—for I could not well call it a theory. Chief of these difficulties was the obviously modern character of Mott's so-called "Waldensian" Gaelic. What Erse or Gaelic would look like when written down by the very latest survivor of the Irish-speaking monks of Bobbio, I had some means of knowing. It must certainly have been very unlike what Mott in 1700 printed as Waldensian. Still it is not always wise to wither up with the fires of the critical eye any promising plant of the uncritical but suggestive "philological imagination." My suggestion was not well founded. I could scarcely hope that it should. But it was not barren of results. It opened to me the rich stores of Mr Bradshaw's inexhaustible book-lore; and it was the means of engaging Mr Bradshaw himself in a study of the bibliography of the *Oratio Dominica*, which will ere long, I hope, clear up the whole history of that most interesting volume. Writing to me about the edition of 1713, which he had borrowed of me to compare with that of 1700, he says—"The *Oratio Dominica* has been of great use. I tabulated the contents of the several books, and so got pretty well at the pedigree of the whole thing. I have the papers, which I hope to show you some day, but, of course, I never quite finished the thing off." I wish Mr Bradshaw had not said "of course." Those who know him, know but too well all that this "of course" may mean. For he has by him an endless store of most precious bibliographic gold—but, "of course," he has "never quite finished the thing off." Alas! that art is long and life so short

In regard to the Morland MSS., I may be permitted to gratify

the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* with a short extract from one of Mr Bradshaw's letters—the liberty of publishing which he will, I hope, kindly pardon. "For more than a hundred years the little Morland MSS. which contain the literature of the Vaudois, were supposed to be hopelessly lost, and a great deal of very interesting correspondence was printed relating to them, which was gathered into a volume by the late Dr Todd in his book called *The Book of the Vaudois.* Some small stir was created on this side of the Tweed by the fact of my discovering the whole of these long-lost books in their places on the shelves soon after I first came to the Library, now twenty years ago. I wrote a paper about them, for our local Antiquarian Society, which you will find reprinted at the end of Dr Todd's book. Since then I have seen and examined every Vaudois book known to exist. And I have worked minutely at the contents of all our MSS. at intervals ever since."

In another letter Mr Bradshaw says—"Of the Morland Manuscripts, all except six were papers or documents relating to the Waldenses and their persecutions. Of these six, five contain specimens of the literature they possessed in the 15th century, beyond which date none of the manuscripts reach. They are all in one language, a dialect which could only be spoken in the North Westermost part of Italy, where the Vaudois lived. F., which is a New Testament, is mutilated at the beginning, and so does not contain the Lord's Prayer. Of St Luke, the scribe has not written more than the commencement, so that it is not there either. But in the volume marked B. is a *Glosa Pater Noster* in the same language, of which you may like to have the beginnings of the chapters, which contain the whole text of the Lord's Prayer. You will see from this that there is no approach to anything Celtic, and that Mott must have been simply imposed upon when he put that heading on his Gaelic version."

From the Morland MS. B. in the University Library, Cambridge.

Ma'pit prologus super Glosam pater noster.

O tu lo nostre payre local sies enlicel . . .

La prumiera requerenza es:

Lo tio nom sia santifica . . .

Ara sensec la .2. requerenza:
Lo tio regne uegna . . .
Ara sensec la .3. requerenza:
La toa uolunta sia fayta . . . enayma ilhes
fayta alcel sifayta enlaterra . . .
Ara sensec la .4. requerenza:
Dona anos enchoy lo nostre pan cotidian . . .
Ara sensec la .5. requerenza. enlacal nos dizen:
Perdona anos li nostre pecca enayma nos
perdonen aquilhe que han pecca denos . . .
Ara sensec la .6. requerenza:
No nos menar entemptacion . . .
Ara sensec la settena requerenza enayma nos dizen:
Mas desliora nos demal . . .
Ara sensec:
Amen . . .
The piece ends: . . . Mas desliora nos demal amen
zoes senza defalhiment. *Deo gratias:* Amen.

(NOTE BY MR BRADSHAW.)

This Glosa Pater Noster has been printed from our MS. as far as the 3rd petition by Morland in his History. His readings are not always quite accurate, but you will see what the thing is like. There are complete New Testaments in this language or dialect at Dublin, at Grenoble, and at Zurich. They are all either of the end of the 15th century, or about 1520. I have examined all the known remaining volumes of Vaudois literature, which, besides the single New Testaments at Grenoble and Zurich, consists only of a few volumes obtained by Ussher, now in Dublin, a few volumes here, obtained by Morland, and a few volumes at Geneva, obtained by Leger. They are every one in the same dialect.

DR HENRY CRAIK, whose recent investigations with regard to education in the Highlands, and his report thereon, have brought him promenently before the Northern public, has been appointed permanent secretary to the Scotch Education Department. Whatever may be thought of some of Mr Craik's conclusions in respect to Highland education and the proper place of the Gaelic language, there is but one opinion as to his eminent abilities as a scholar, and his candour and honesty of purpose alike in his inquiries and his recommendations.

THE OLD OWL OF THE SRON.

TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The following is a translation of the well-known Gaelic poem, the "Comhachag." The version of the original chosen is that given in Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry:"—

O poor old owl of the Sron,
Hard is your bed this night in my room;
But if that you be as old as Clan Donald
You had cause enough in your day for gloom!

"I am as old as the oak on the moor,
By many a wintry blast o'erblown;
And many a sapling grew to a tree
Ere I became the old owl of the Sron."

Sith you say you are so very old,
Confess your sins before you die,
I'll be the priest this night, and you
Tell all the truth, and nothing deny!

"I never broke into a church,
Or stole a kerchief, or told a lie;
I never gadded abroad with a beau,
But a chaste old lady at home was I.

I have seen Breham the doughty old blade,
And Torridan with locks all grey,
Fergus I knew, both tall and stout,
Brawny boys, and brave were they.

I have seen the rough-skinned Alastair;
Rough but handsome was he in his day,
Full oft I listened from the crag,
When he came hunting up the brae.

After Alastair, Angus I knew;
He was a blameless hand at his trade,
The mills at Larach were made by him,
And better mills no where, never were made."

Wild times were in Lochaber, I trow,
Harrying east and harrying west;
When you were frowning with eyebrow grim,
A little brown bird, in a little brown nest.

"Some of my sires betwixt the Fearsaid
And the Insch were lodged full well,
And some at Deating were nightly heard,
Hooting at sound of the Vesper bell.

And when I saw the plundering clans,
Striking and slaying and driving about;
On the nodding cliff I took my stand,
And there I kept a safe look-out."

O crag of my heart! O nodding cliff!
Joy of all birds, so fresh and fair;
'Tis there I was born, and there the stag
Stands and snuffs the breezy air.

O crag! the home of the chase,
Where I would sit and hear the bay
Of the eager hounds, as they drove the deer
Down the steep and narrow way.

And the scream of the eagles from the scour,
And swan and cuckoo with floating song,
And sweeter than these the belling to hear
Of the dappled young deer, as they trotted along!

Pleasant to hear was the rustle of leaves
On the sheer-sided mountain's breast,
When the antlered hind on greenwood shade,
At heat of noon lay down to rest.

See the hind, and her partner the stag,
Feeding on gentian and grass with delight,
Mother of fawns, and the mate of the stag,
With eyelid soft, and broad eye bright.

Light is his step, and lightly he sleeps
On fresh tufts of purple heather,
Better than plaidie to ward the wind
From him and the hind, where they sleep together.

Fair is the stag to behold in his pride
When he comes down from the chase on the Ben;
Son of the hind that never bowed
His head to the hunters of the glen;

The hind gamesome, dappled and dun,
Tripping light with smooth round breast,
The roan stag with kingly tread,
Shapely head, and lofty crest.

Light is thy step when thou climbest the steep,
Up the shelvy side of the Ben;
Praise who will the speed of the hound,
I praise the troop, when they shoot out of ken!

Craig of my heart, Craig Mor,
Dear to me is the bonnie green glen
Beneath thy head, the hollow behind thee,
The plain, and the wall of the Lowland men.

Dear to me is the Ben of the wells,
The grassy spot where the stag is roaring,
Where the hounds leap forth to the chase,
And the fleet deer run to Inverveoran.

Better than mumbling of an old man,
Roasting of corn to keep him warm,
Is the roar of the stag, which smells of manhood,
Shaking the mountains like a storm.

When the stag bells from Ben-Beige,
And roars from Craigie Ben's crown,
From height to height the doe will reply,
And the troop from the corrie come down.

Since I was born, and snuffed the braes,
The stag was my friend, and the deer was my fellow;
And only three colours brought joy to mine eye,
These were the dappled, the roan, and the yellow.

'Twas not my will, believe, not mine
That weaned my foot from the hill and the heather,
But niggard old age that shorter cut
The short short days of our joy together.

Craig of my heart is the noddling cliff,
Bright and dewy, leafy and green,
With water cresses and grassy stretches,
Where prickly shell-fish never were seen.

Not often there have I heard from far
The big whale spouting in the sea;
But often, often my ear was stirred
With the roar of the deer not far from me!

Small joy was mine, when my mother said,
Go bait your hook, and fish in the seas;
But the heart within me leapt to follow
The stag, up the Ben in the face of the breeze.

Dear to me is the chase of the stag
When I sweep the moor with the range of my eye;
Sweeter the bay of the hounds than the flap
Of the sail, when the breeze comes whistling by.

As long as breath in my breast may be,
As long as my limbs my body may bear,
On an autumn morn, when the heather is brown,
And the breezes keen, would I be there.

But woe is me, 'tis past, 'tis past!
The men who rejoiced shall rejoice no more
In the stir of the chase, in bay of the hounds,
The laugh, and the quaff, and the jovial roar!

Where now is the sounding flap
Of the banner of Alastair of the glen?
Where the bright badge of the clan of Conn,
That never feared face of the Lowland men?

'Twas at Kingussie we lay in wait,
And there the foe of the troop would be;
The brave right hand that pierced the salmon,
The fish that would wisely have stayed in the sea.

'Twas here in Glen-Roy that from mortal view
He vanished, whose death was a wail and a woe;
Who oft had sent a messenger sharp
Into the ear of the buck and the roe.

O Ronald, son of grey Donald,
A man of rare knowledge and skill wert thou!
The good Macdonald of the curly hair,
Lives not the man who could match with thee now!

Brave Alastair, heart of the glens,
A loss wert thou no gain can repair;
Many a stag lay flat on the hill,
When thou and thy grey dog were there!

Alastair, son of Allan Mòr,
Often he slew the stag on the Ben;
Always before, and never behind,
Like Donald the king of all hunters then.

O Donald, thou wert the boy,
Steel to the bone, and like thee none!
Cousined wert thou to the great Clan Chattan,
Thou, the nodding cliff's foster son.

O, if I were sitting this day,
In the Fairies' dwelling high on the Ben
At the head of Loch-Treig, where the red troops pass
As they flee from the track of the hunting men.

I could see Duloch, and the Brindled Ben,
Ossian's strath, and the hill of the Cone;
The Flat-topped Mount with the shelvy side,
By the glaring ray of the sun beshone.

There I would see the lofty Ben-Nevis,
And the red cairn would be plain to me;
The little Corrie that lies beside it,
The high base moor and shining sea.

O the red corrie, the bonnie red corrie,
'Twas there that hunting we would go;
Corrie of the hillocks, tufted with heather,
Haunt of the buck, and home of the roe.

I would see the strath of the cattle,
And the Mam-Corrie would be near,
Where my whistling shaft oft-times
Opened a gap in the hide of the deer.

I would see the Rough Ben of the stags,
The Ben of the knoll so quiet and still,
The sloping brae so bleak and bare,
Where many a deer bemoaned my skill.

Pride of the Bens art thou Ben Allta,
Take the greeting I send to thee;
And to Loch-Ericht of the deer,
Where 'twas my delight to be.

Send my greeting to Loch-Leven,
Where the wild ducks plough the billow;
Where the young kids climb the crag,
And the fawns sleep on heather pillow!

Loch of my heart art thou Loch-Leven,
Where the wild ducks plash and play,
And the snow-white, long-necked swans
Sail in beautiful array!

There I could drink from the Treig at my ease,
Water from the white sand welling;
Draught of delight that breeds no sorrow,
Where the slender stags will be belling.

Long and strong were the bonds of love
That bound me to the bright-eyed fountain;
Drinking freely from the sap
That healthful gushed from the heart of the mountain.

But snapt this day is the bond that bound me,
Mother of hills, Craig Shellach to thee;
Never to thee shall I upclimb,
And never shalt thou come down to me!

And since I am talking of you this day,
Farewell is the word I must tack to your praise;
Farewell, farewell, farewell for ever,
Dear Ben and Glen, and bonnie green braes!

Sad, O sad, to say farewell
To the joy I knew in your breezy bounds;
Never again till the day of doom,
With my bow 'neath my shield shall I go with the hounds!

And here I sit with my broken bow,
Dragging the hours how best I can,
With a fair young heifer frisky and gay,
Scarce half-content with a feckless old man.

O thou white hound, hoary and stiff
In the last stage, thou art my brother,
We shall shout and bark no more,
Though for a time we were jolly together!

Many a stag the Ben gave me,
To you the wood full many a roe;
We have no cause to blush, old fellow,
Though now old age hath laid us low.

When I had two legs to walk on,
I scaled the Ben light-footed and strong,
But now that I am fitted with three,
Softly and slowly I trail me along.

O! Old Age, thou art ever unlovely,
But vain the wish thy grasp to avoid;
Thou hast bent the back of the tallest,
Stateliest man that marches in pride.

Thou wilt cut the longest short,
Thou wilt cripple the nimblest pace,
Thou wilt leave the mouth without teeth,
Thou with furrows wilt plough the face!

O! Old Age, thou rough and wrinkled,
Blear-eyed, hateful in every degree;
How should I suffer thee, thou leper,
To take my bow by force from me!

For truly I was much more worthy
Of my bow of stout yew tree,
Than you, you dry and bad old dead-alive,
Sitting at the fire here grinning at me!

But Old Age replied and said,
"I am your master—know your place;
Better for you than a bow is a stick
To prop your back, and steady your pace!"

Keep your stick, you toothless old babbler!
Bow was never a weapon for thee;
The yew is mine, and I will keep it,
The bow that lived shall die with me!

"Many a braver fellow than you
At my bidding kissed the clay,
When I tripped his heels, and laid him flat,
Who was a mettlesome boy in his day!"

[John Mackenzie adds the following note to the original version in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry":—This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnull Mac Fhiullaidh nan Dàn*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in

which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase, and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us. The occasion of the poem was this—He had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect, might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormenter one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and, accordingly, brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole, it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half-marrow" in the 57th stanza.—ED. C. M.]

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

THE following is a reprint of a rare little book, issued from the Foulis press in 1764, entitled "The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans in the Northern parts of Scotland and in the Western Isles, from the year M.XXI. unto M.B.C.XIX., now first published, from a manuscript wrote in the reign of King James VI." The book is so scarce and difficult to get at that even pretty well informed antiquarians will be glad to have it placed within their reach in these pages. The only change made is the modernising of the orthography :—

THE CONFLICT OF DRUIM-A-LEA.

About the year of God 1031, in the days of Malcolm the Second, King of Scotland, the Danes and Norwegians, under the conduct of Olanus and Enetus, seated themselves in the north parts of Scotland, and took the Castle of Nairn, where they became very strong; from thence they sent divers companies of soldiers into the neighbouring provinces, not only to prey, but likewise to seat themselves there, as they should find occasion and opportunity. Olanus did then send a strong company to

invade the provinces of Ross and Sutherland, and to destroy the inhabitants; which, Allan, Thane of Sutherland, perceiving, he assembled his countrymen, and the inhabitants of Ross, with all diligence, and fought a battle at Creich, in Sutherland, against the Danes and Norwegians, who had then come from Nairn, in Moray, and had landed in the river of Portnacouter, which divideth Ross from Sutherland. After a long and doubtful fight, the Danes were overthrown, and chased to their vessels. The monument whereof remains there unto this day, at a place called Drumilea before Creich.

THE CONFLICT OF EMBO.

About the year of God 1259, the Danes and Norwegians did land at the ferry of Unes, with a resolution to invade Sutherland and the neighbouring provinces, against whom William, Earl of Sutherland, made resistance, and encountered with them betwixt the town or Dornoch and the ferry at Unes, at a place called Embo. After a sharp conflict the Danes are overthrown, their general slain, with many others, and the rest chased to their ships; in memory of which a monument of stone was there erected, which was called Righ-Chrois, that is, the king's or general's cross, which, together with divers burials, is there to be seen at this day.

THE CONFLICT OF BEALACH-NA-BROIGE.

About the year of God 1299, there was an insurrection made against the Earl of Ross by some of the people of that province, inhabiting the mountains, called Clan Iver, Clan-tall-wigh, and Clan-Leawe. The Earl of Ross made such diligence that he apprehended their captain, and imprisoned him at Dingwall, which so incensed the Highlanders, that they pursued the Earl of Ross's second son at Balnagown, took him and carried him along prisoner with them, thinking thereby to get their captain relieved. The Munros and the Dingwalls, with some other of the Earl of Ross's dependers, gathered their forces, and pursued the Highlanders with all diligence; so, overtaking them at Bealach-na-Broig, betwixt Ferrindonnell and Lochbrime, there ensued a cruel fight, well fought on either side. The Clan Iver, Clan-tall-wigh, and Clan-Leawe, were almost all utterly extinguished; the Munros had a sorrowful victory, with great loss of their men, and carried back

again the Earl of Ross's son. The Laird of Kildun was there slain, with seven score of the surname of Dingwall. Divers of the Munros were slain in this conflict; and, among the rest, there were killed eleven of the house of Fowlis, that were to succeed one another, so that the succession of Fowlis fell unto a child then lying in his cradle, for which service the Earl of Ross gave divers lands to the Munros and the Dingwalls.

THE CONFLICT OF CLACHNAHARRY.

About the year of God 1341, John Munro, tutor of Fowlis, travelling homeward on his journey from the south of Scotland, towards Ross, did repose himself by the way, in Strathardale, betwixt Saint Johnstone and Athole, where he fell at variance with the inhabitants of that country, who had abused him, which he determined to revenge afterward. Being come to Ross, he gathered together his whole kinsmen, neighbours, and followers, and declared unto them how he had been used, and craves their aid to revenge himself, whereunto they yield. Thereupon he singled out 350 of the strongest and ablest men among them, and so went to Strathardale, which he wasted and spoiled, killed some of the people, and carried away their cattle. In his return home (as he was passing by the Isle of Moy with his prey), Mackintosh, chieftain of the Clan Chattan, sent to him to crave a part of the spoil, challenging the same as due to him by custom. John Munro offered Mackintosh a reasonable portion, which he refused to accept, and would have no less than the half of the whole spoil, whereunto John would not yield. So Mackintosh, convening his forces with all diligence, followed John Munro, and overtook him at Clachnaharry, beside Kessock, within one mile of Inverness. John, perceiving them coming, sent fifty of his men to Ferrindonnell, with the spoil, and encouraged the rest of his men to fight. So there ensued a cruel conflict, where Mackintosh was slain with the most part of his company. Divers of the Munros were also killed, and John Munro left as dead on the field; but after all was appeased, he was taken up by some of the people thereabout, who carried him to their houses, where he recovered of his wounds, and was afterwards called John Back-lawighe, because he was mutilated of an hand.

THE CONFLICT OF TUITEAM-TARBHACH.

The year of God 1406, this conflict was fought at Tuiteam-

tarbhach, in the south-west part of Sutherland, as it marches with Ross. Upon this occasion, Angus Mackay of Strathnaver married Macleod of the Lews' sister, by whom he had two sons, Angus Dow and Rory Gald. Angus Mackay dying, he leaves the government of his estate and children to his brother Uistean Dow Mackay. Macleod of the Lews, understanding that his sister, the widow of Angus Mackay, was hardly dealt withal in Strathnaver by Uistean Dow, he takes journey thither to visit her, with the choicest men of his country. At his coming there, he finds that she is not well dealt withal, so he returned home malcontent, and in his way he spoiled Strathnaver and a great part of Brae-Chat in the height of Sutherland. Robert, Earl of Sutherland, being advertised thereof, he sent Alexander Murray of Cubin, with a company of men, to assist Uistean Dow in pursuing Macleod, and to recover the prey. They overtake Macleod at Tuiteam-tarbhach, as he and his company were going to the west sea, where Alexander Murray and Uistean Dow invaded them with great courage. The fight was long and furious, rather desperate than resolute. In the end they recovered the booty, and killed Macleod with all his company. This conflict gave name to the place where it was fought, being then called Tuiteam-tarbhach, which signifieth a plentiful fall or slaughter, and is so called unto this day.

THE CONFLICT OF LON-HARPASDAL.

The year of God 1426, Angus Dow Mackay, with his son Neil, enters Caithness with all hostility, and spoiled the same. The inhabitants of Caithness assembled with all diligence, and fought with Angus Dow Mackay at Harpasdal, where there was great slaughter on either side. Whereupon King James I. came to Inverness, of intention to pursue Angus Dow Mackay for that and other such like enormities. Angus Dow, hearing that the King was at Inverness, came and submitted himself to the King's mercy, and gave his son Neil in pledge of his good obedience in time coming, which submission the King accepted, and sent Neil Mackay to remain in captivity in the Bass; who, from thence, was afterwards called Neil Wasse Mackay.

(To be continued.)

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, P.R.C.S.I.

SIR CHARLES CAMERON, recently knighted by the Queen, inherits a splendid name, and he has succeeded in adding lustre even to that borne by the famous Sir Ewen Dubh of Lochiel. The tradition in his family is that his father was the great-grandson of John of Lochiel, and that the great-grandfather of Sir Charles was executed for the part he took in the Rising of 1745.

Captain Ewen Cameron, father of Sir Charles, was born in 1787, and he died in Guernsey in 1844 His commission in the army was secured for him through the influence of Colonel John Cameron of Fassiefern, who fell so gloriously at Quatre Bras. Captain Ewen Cameron had the rank of Colonel in the Spanish Army, and he seems altogether to have been a worthy father of a noble son; for, during the Peninsular campaign, in which he served with the gallantry of his race, he was wounded eight times. He married Belinda, daughter of John Smith, County Cavan, Ireland, and of that union, on the 16th of July 1830, was born in Dublin the subject of this notice.

Sir Charles A. Cameron received part of his early education in Dublin and part in Guernsey. Later on he acquired part of his professional education in Germany. Dr (now Sir) Charles Cameron, has for many years been considered one of the foremost scientific men of the present age. He devoted himself chiefly to the scientific branches of Medicine, but also laboured for many years in the domain of general and of Agricultural Chemistry. He was, for several years, editor and part proprietor of the *Agricultural Review* and also of the Dublin *Hospital Gazette.*

His more important contributions to science are "The Assimilation of Urea by Plants;" "The Action of Chlorine upon the Brain;" "The Chemistry of Delirium Compounds." His chief works in the more general scientific field are "The Chemistry of Agriculture;" "The Stock-Feeder's Manual;" "The Chemistry of Food;" "Lectures on the Preservation of

Health;" "A Handy Book of Health;" A Manual of Hygiene and Compendium of the Sanitary Laws;" and "Reports on Public Health."

Dr Cameron also edited the last four editions of "Johnston's (now called Johnston's & Cameron's) Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," published by Blackwood, Edinburgh. He also translated a small volume of poems from the German, also published by Blackwood.

For many years he was Scientific Adviser to the Irish Government in criminal cases, but this office he resigned about three years ago. In 1867 he was a member of the Jury of the Paris Great International Exhibition.

Sir Charles Cameron is now President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland; Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland; Professor of Chemistry (formerly Anatomy) in the Royal Hibernian Academy of the Fine Arts; Lecturer on Chemistry and Geology in the Government Agricultural Institute at Glasvern; Chief Medical Officer of Health for the City of Dublin; Examiner in Cambridge University, and in the Royal University of Ireland; Hon. Member of the Societies of Hygiene of Belgium, Paris, and Bordeaux; and of the Californian Medical Society; and several other Societies at home and abroad. He was President of no end of Scientific Societies and Congresses, and, to crown all, Her Majesty this year conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, in recognition of his Scientific Contributions, and his efforts to improve the state of Public Health in Ireland.

In 1862 he married Lucia, daughter of the late John Macnamara, solicitor, Dublin, and cousin of W. G. Wills, the famous dramatic author. She died in November 1883, leaving issue—(1.) Charles John, born in 1866, Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. (2.) Edwin Douglas, born in 1867. (3.) Ernest Stuart, born in 1872. (4.) Ewen Henry, born in 1882. (5.) Mervyn Wingfield. (6. Lucie. (7.) Helena Margaret.

Our Lochaber freinds—indeed all good Highlanders—will be glad to learn so much of a good, eminent, and we are glad to know, patriotic Lochaber man; for he is very proud of his Cameron ancestry.

A. M.

SECONDARY EDUCATION FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

NOT the least important portion of Dr Craik's clear and interesting Report on Highland Schools, is that in which he refers to the provision of opportunities for higher instruction. It is eminently gratifying to find this question receiving so much attention at the hands of those in authority, for there are few problems, on the satisfactory solution of which, what we may term the mental welfare of the Highlands so largely depends. It is not merely the Highlanders who are interested in it—it affects the whole Scottish people. Its national bearing we therefore propose briefly discussing before alluding to its more local aspects.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of the Scottish people is the keen desire they have always manifested to afford their children the best educational advantages possible. The sacrifices which have been made to gain this end constitute a large chapter in the stirring record of national heroism. To secure the benefits of a university training has long been the most dearly cherished project of the Scottish youth; to gratify him in his laudable desire the supreme object in life of those interested in his welfare. We all remember the time when every boy who gave evidence of more than average ability, was destined by all who knew him for the Church. It was but natural that men, whose knowledge of the world and its ways was but small, should regard the lot of the parish minister as, with the exception of the lairds, the one most to be envied in life. This feeling, though by no means dead yet, has, to a large extent, disappeared. It has been discovered that there are more lucrative positions than that of ministers, more secure ones than those of lairds. The vast possibilities of commercial life are being realised as they never were before. The amount of schooling needed to fit one to go into business, as the phrase is, is not nearly so great as that which a university career involves. Any boy who has acquired a fair knowledge of the three R's, and is endowed with some amount of prudence and perseverance, will, if he be given a fair start, be able to make his way more or less successfully in

the commercial walk. Yet, though the new ideals of life are perhaps more practical, the old were infinitely more salutary. Scotland has been largely the gainer by the widespread passion for higher education. It is to it that we owe our reputation, now almost universally conceded, for superior talent and superior education.

It must not be forgotten that accompanying and as a result of this general desire for higher knowledge there existed the means for gratifying it. To the Parish School system, so severely censured in some quarters, in spite of the imperfections that were associated with it, we, along with many who have had Scotland's welfare most at heart, acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude. The men who taught in these schools, being generally University men, were amply qualified, as far as acquirements were concerned, for the position they held. For the invaluable services they have rendered they fully deserve to be held in grateful honoured memory by every true patriot. The charge so frequently brought against them of having neglected the more elementary branches and the duller scholars, for the sake of those who they hoped might yet reflect credit on them, is undoubtedly to some extent true. Their offences, however, in this direction were not so great as many who so glibly urge the charge seem to imagine. We submit, moreover, that the modern system tends to the opposite equally reprehensible extreme, of sacrificing the more proficient in the interests of the dunces.

These remarks, which we have made of the nation, as a whole, apply generally to the Highlands. In the North, however, the Parish School system was not so fully developed. The parishes were and are larger, the population more widely scattered. It was undoubtedly a great boon to have one good school in every parish; but when that parish extended for say twenty miles, the advantages to be derived were considerably minimised. We have also to admit that the opportunities that did exist were not so widely taken advantage of as in the Lowlands. The social circumstances of the people account for this. There was not only the difficulty of language to overcome, but also that of the very general poverty of the people. Owing to their seclusion, the want of commmunication with the busy centres of the South, the Highlanders did not realise the advan-

tages of education as they would otherwise have done. There were, nevertheless, many who, in spite of the serious obstacles in their way, through their own perseverance and the educational facilities available, succeeded in raising themselves to positions of honour and trust. The learned professions in the Highlands have always been almost entirely recruited from the ranks of the peasantry. It would be an interesting, though perhaps a rather personal subject of inquiry, to investigate how many ministers, doctors, and lawyers in the North at present are Crofters' sons. We sincerely trust that none of those who are so are ashamed to own it. An account in any way full of the difficulties contended with, of the hardships undergone by Highland youth in unflinching struggles to better themselves, would require a volume for itself. Fortunately, the necessity for such sacrifices is not to-day so great as it once was, but the obstacles to be overcome now are frequently of very considerable magnitude, and call for self-denying if not heroic effort on the part of those who would undertake the task.

. . . We shall now proceed to inquire as to our present position as regards Secondary Education—as to the opportunities of fitting himself for one of the learned professions of which the Highland youth can avail himself.

The passing of the Education Act in 1872, marks a new departure in regard to Scottish Education. The system then sanctioned is essentially a popular and national one. The object aimed at by its framers was the education of the whole people up to a certain standard. This standard, to which all are expected to attain, is naturally not a very high one. A knowledge of the elements was secured, enough to enable a boy or girl to take an intelligent interest in their surroundings, and to act their part as capable citizens, but far from sufficient to qualify them for profitably attending the university or entering one of the higher professions. We heartily assent to the principle underlying this arrangement. It is not desirable that scholars who are under compulsion to attend school should be required to profess any higher knowledge than that embraced by the six standard curriculum at present in force. We regret, however, that the State has not made better and fuller provision for higher instruction than it has. It is almost as easy to show that this department

of the work should be taken in hand by Government as that Elementry instruction should. The advantages that would accrue to the nation did all boys of well-marked capacities, of unmistakable aptitude for learning, enjoy opportunities of prosecuting their studies, are so apparent that they need not be mentioned. The State has already done something in this direction. The Act recognises several Grammar schools in the larger towns, and the recent attempt to further the interests of Secondary Education by increased grants, under certain conditions, to Highland schools, where the teacher is qualified to impart instruction of this character, is another virtual acknowledgment by the State of its duties in this respect.

Any one who has followed the history of Scottish Education in recent years, must be aware that the great defect complained of with regard to the new system is that there is almost no provision made under it for instruction in the higher branches The cry has been raised by intelligent parents, and by those associated with our Universities, that the standard of attainment by the Scottish youth is becoming yearly lower. Fears are very generally entertained that either the character of the training afforded in our Universities will be considerably deteriorated, or the plentiful supply of students for these halls of learning from the cottages of Scotland, will no longer be kept up. Such a consummation must be seriously contemplated by all who have Scotland's intellectual prosperity at heart.

It is true that in most of our large towns there are fully equipped Secondary Schools. It is, however, frequently with great difficulty that working people, even though living in the immediate neighbourhood of these schools, are able to meet the expenses which the sending of their children to them would involve. This being the case with parents in towns, how much greater must be the obstacles in the way of those who reside in country districts? We have, however, to make an exception in favour of the Grammar Schools in Aberdeen, the fees at which are so moderate as to put their advantages within the reach of almost all. There can be no greater proof of the success in imparting *cheap* and good Secondary Education attained in Aberdeen than the yearly increasing number of young men who go there to prepare for the University.

Such being the general condition of Scotland in this respect, it will be readily understood how deficient the Highlands are with regard to means of providing higher instruction. There are not more than four Secondary Schools north of Inverness. The standard aimed at in the primary schools is the same on the north side of the Grampians as it is all over Scotland. It is rare among the Highland peasantry to find a man so well endowed with the good things of this life as to be able to give his children the advantages of a training in one of the higher schools of the South.

Such, then, has been the position of the Highlands hitherto as regards Secondary Education. The fact has often weighed heavily on the heart of a Highland peasant whose whole hopes were centred on the fitting of his son to enter a profession, and to make his way in the world. The University expenses of a young man, as all acquainted with University life must know, are heavy enough, in spite of the most rigid economy, to drain very considerably the purse of a poor Highland Crofter. To send his son for a year or two to a Grammar School would be quite beyond his resources. He is thus compelled to make his choice of two alternatives. He must either abandon his fondly cherished hopes of educating his son, or he must send him up to the University with a miserable intellectual equipment, totally unfit to profit by his course of training there. If the former course be adopted, it is, of course, quite possible that the son may prove a much better crofter or fisherman than he would have a minister or doctor. In this case nobody has been the loser. On the other hand, there is a very strong probability that had the youth had suitable educational advantages, he might, in course of time, have risen to a very high position, and proved a valuable servant to his country. The nation has, however, sustained a loss which it is not very well able to afford—that of genuine talent. Should, however, the parent send up his raw youth to the university, the loss is the University's. As we mentioned before, from all our University centres there are bitter complaints being made of the inferior material with which they are being supplied. The result of this will be that in a few years an entrance examination will inevitably be instituted. The standard required to pass this will either be so ridiculously low that all may enter, and the pre-

sent very unsatisfactory *status quo* will be maintained, or so high that only those who have had the benefit of a special training will be admitted.

It would be a grievous oversight on our part to omit reference to the scheme of Grammar School bursaries for Gaelic-speaking young men, which for the last twelve years has been so indefatigably worked by the Rev. J. C. Macphail, of Edinburgh. The Highlands owe a very deep debt of gratitude to Mr Macphail for his unwearied efforts to help on deserving young men desiring to enter the University. The scheme has all along been conducted on unsectarian principles. The bursaries have been of the amount of £18 for two years, and are awarded after competitive examination, yearly held at different centres throughout the Highlands. The holders are expected to attend a Grammar School—the particular school being left to their own choice—for two years. We may mention that by far the greater number of them elect to go to the Old Town Grammar School, Aberdeen. The scheme has been eminently successful, and well deserves the support of all desirous of promoting the interests of promising Highland young men. We must also acknowledge the services of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, by whom a similar scheme of a like undenominational character was started some years ago. This Society extends its assistance not merely to boys but also to girls. The two benevolent agencies mentioned have hitherto taken the lead in bringing to light, and assisting to cultivate, the latent talent of the North. There are others, but they are generally either local or denominational.

Such is the provision which has been hitherto made for Secondary instruction for the Highlander. The generosity which has inspired it is unquestionable, and worthy of the highest praise. We feel sure, however, that those who have most freely devoted their time and means in furthering this worthy cause, will be the readiest to admit that even their most strenuous efforts are quite inadequate to meet the full requirements of the case. The faults of our national system of education are apparent, but experience has taught us that the education of the nation, more especially that of its poor, can only be accomplished on socialistic principles. Without State provision and

State regulation no such vast movement in times such as ours can be carried to a successful issue. This is true of education as a whole. It is more especially so of the higher instruction, the demand for which must always be to some extent limited; and, in the case of large districts, such as the Highlands, in which the great majority of the people are the reverse of opulent, we are virtually reduced to the alternative of having State-aided Secondary Education, or no Secondary Education at all.

Upon these grounds then we congratulate our countrymen on the fact that our cry has been heard, and that our claim has been examined, with the result that on the lines of the recent Minute on Education, satisfactory encouragement has been offered to School Boards and to teachers who happen to have the required University qualification to undertake Secondary instruction.

The scheme is essentially that proposed by Dr Craik in his Report, and urged by him with great clearness and force. It originated, he says, with the Endowed Institutions Commissioners, and is that—"There should be at least one teacher in each parish who was a University graduate, and that a fixed special grant should be paid to the managers of the school in which he was engaged."

We are glad to recognise in this scheme an attempt to revive the advantages of the old parish school without its disadvantages. The proposal so far as it goes we heartily approve of. Our only objection to it is that it does not go far enough. We wish Dr Craik, while he had the opportunity, had been courageous enough to strike at the root of the evil, and boldly expose the abuses that have sprung up in connection with our present system. The reasons why we do not and cannot have Secondary instruction in our primary schools under the arrangements which exist all over the country, and which existed in the Highlands till within a few days ago, are—(1) That the teacher is not sufficiently paid for higher instruction; (2) That even where he is so paid, he is seldom competent to impart such instruction satisfactorily. Our first statement is very generally admitted; our second, Dr Craik's proposal to limit the grant for higher instruction to graduates attests. To remove these defects two remedies are absolutely necessary—drastic they may appear, but unavoidable in the desperate circumstances of the case. They

are, (1) the radical remodelling of our present system of payment by results. This proposal is one that is supported by many prominent educationalists, and by an influential section of the teaching profession. It meets many of the difficulties which have arisen in connection with the present system, notobly that of over-pressure. (2) Our second remedy, which is hardly less important, is the provision of a much better equipped class of teachers. It is a notorious fact that the educational market is at present overstocked with inferior men. This is telling against the intellectual progress of the country, and against the interests of the scholastic profession. We are far from making a general charge of incapacity against the whole class. What we do assert is that since the passing of the Education Act, in consequence of the great impetus thereby given to Education, very many, quite unfitted for the position, have been allured to enter the profession by prospects of gain. While acknowledging the good work that has been accomplished by our Training Colleges, we cannot but feel that the rearing of our teachers would be much more satisfactory if entrusted to the Universities, who might institute a scholastic degree, which would be a sufficient guarantee both of knowledge and of teaching power. The Training Colleges might profitably devote themselves to the provision of means for practical instruction for the aspiring dominies, thereby proving of valuable assistance, and occupying a position for which they are much better fitted than for that which they have now to maintain.

The proposals here made are quite in the line of the method of reform indicated by Dr Craik. With him we believe that Secondary Schools in the more important centres will but slightly remedy the situation, although, for the sake of the children residing in and around these centres, we desire that they should be got up, and we heartily concur with Dr Craik's suggestions in this direction. We fear, however, that the setting up of one *quasi* Secondary School in each parish will prove equally ineffectual. Exactly the same difficulty arises. It is almost as difficult for a boy to meet the expenses of residing near a school which is twenty miles as at one forty or three hundred miles away. He must have a school within walking distance at which he can be fitted by qualified instructors to enter

the University, and to take the position in life to which his abilities entitle him. This is what Scotland has been accustomed to, and this is what, if she be true to her own higher interests, she will set her heart on obtaining again. We want back such schools as we had of yore. That which was good in them we believe we can yet avail ourselves of, without reviving their defects. We want a man in every school, not merely one in each parish, fitted to give higher instruction. We are confident that without much difficulty this valuable result can be achieved, and that, if realised, the blessings that will accompany such an improved state of things will prove a source of new life to the Highlands, to Scotland, and to the world.

JOHN MACARTHUR.

NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD SALTOUN.—Alexander George Fraser, 16th Lord Saltoun, when a schoolboy at Eton, had a narrow escape with his life. At that time, the beginning of the present century, it was the common custom of the Eton boys to frequently engage in personal encounters with the bargemen or bargees as they were termed, in which the boys sometimes came off the victors. Lord Saltoun, being a high spirited lad, endowed with great strength and activity, took a great delight in this rough pastime, which on one occasion was likely to have had a tragic ending. During one of these encounters the Etonians had got their match, and were obliged to beat a retreat. The boy running immediately in front of Lord Saltoun received a severe blow from a stone which laid him prostrate, causing Lord Saltoun to trip up, and while lying helplessly on his back, a bargee stabbed at him with a pitchfork, pinning him to the ground. The crowd rushed on, and passed over his body. Soon, however, the Eton boys made a rally, and the bargees were driven back, when his companions hurried with some fear to where Saltoun still lay motionless. To their great relief, however, they found that though stunned by the fall, and bruised by the rush over his body, he was otherwise uninjured, the two prongs of the pitchfork having most fortunately passed, one on each side of his neck, without even grazing the skin, though the pitchfork was so firmly embedded in the ground that it required no little strength to pull it out.

CUMHA DO RUAIRIDH, FEAR FARBRAINN.

[The following Gaelic song was read at a recent meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, by Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London. Mr Chisholm was away from the Highlands for more than forty years, and, during that period, never once heard a line of the song, which in his youth he learned from the recitation of his parents. In these circumstances Mr Chisholm fears that he has not been able to give a complete version, and he will be glad if any one can give more of it.]

Sgith mi ag amharc an droma,
Far bheil luchd nan eul donna fo bhron ;
Ann am Farbrainn an Tuir so,
Far am bu shilteach an suilean le deoir ;
Lot an suilean dha 'n gearan,
Bas Ruairidh, Mhic Alastair Oig ;
Gum bu dhalta 'Righ Alb' thu,
'S oighre dligheach Fhir Farbrainn an coir.

'S iomadh cridhe bha deurach,
An àm dhol fodha na greine Diluain,
Aig a' chachaileidh 'n dé so,
'S an deach na h-eachaibh 's na sèis a thoirt uaibh ;
Shil air suilean do phèidse,
Sud an acaid a leum orra cruaidh ;
Ach 's ann ann a bha ghair bhochd
Dha do thogail air ghairdean an t-sluaigh.

Na 'm bu daoine le 'n ardan
A bhiodh coireach ri d' fhagail an cill,
Mur a marbht' ann am blar thu,
'Casgadh maslaidh a's taire do 'n Righ,
Chan 'eil duine no paisde
A b' urrainn biodag a shathadh no sgian,
Nach biodh uil' air do thoireachd,
Eadar Cataobh 's Caol-Rònach nan ian.

Dh' eireadh sud 's an Taobh-tuath leat,
Mac-Coinnich, le shluagh air an ceann,
Eadar Leodhas 's na h-Earadh,
Cinn-t-saile, Loch-Carunn, 's Loch-Aills' ;

Bu leat armuinn na Comraich,
  Agus pairt dh' fhearaibh donn' Innse-Gall,
Mar sud a's siol 'Ille-Chaluim,
  'S iad a' dioladh na fola gu teann.

Dh' eireadh sud mu do ghuaillibh,
  Na 'n cluinnt' thu bhi 'n cruadal no 'n càs,
Clann Eachainn nan roibean,
  'S cha bu ghealtach an toiseachadh blair ;
Bhiodh da shlios Locha-Braon leat,
  'S ged bhitheadh cha b' ioghnadh leam e,
Mar sud 's a' Choigeach Chinn-Asainn,
  Dha do chomhnadh, fhir ghasda, 's an spairn.

Bu leat na Gordanaich rioghail—
  'S iad nach sòradh am fion mu do champ—
'S gun seasadh iad dileas
  Gus an cailleadh iad direach an ceann ;
Clan-an-Toisich nam pios leat ;
  Bha iad crosda 'n uair shineadh iad garg ;
'S mur deach fad' air mo chuimhne,
  Thigeadh brod Chlann-'ic Aoidh leat a nall.

Gheibhteadh iasgach mu d' bhaile,
  Agus fiadhach mu d' ghleannaibh gu h-ard ;
Gheibhteadh boc agus maoiseach
  Anns gach doire 's air aodainn nan carn ;
Bu leat Conainn gu iasgach,
  Agus Monar gu fiadhach, a sheoid,
Oidhche Challainn, na 'm b' aill leat,
  Gheibhteadh bradan bho'n Ain-eas gu d' bhord.

Gur trom tursach am bannal
  Tha anns an Tur bhallach a thamh,
'S iad a' spionadh an cuailein—
  Mo chreach, is goirt truagh leam an càs !
Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
  Gus an abuich na maothanaich og',
'S mas-a toileach le Dia e,
  Na 'm bu fad' ach an lion iad do chòt.

'S tim dhomh sgur dheth mo mhulad—
  Mo chreach leir mi cha bhuidhnig e bonn—
'S ann is fheudar dhomh sgur dheth ;
  Na d' dheigh theid gach duin' air an fhonn.
Mar na coilltichean connaidh,
  Tha na saighdean a' pronnadh nan sonn ;
Sgith mi dh' amharc an droma
  Far bheil luchd nan cul donna gu trom.

TOWN TREASURER OF STIRLING — PRIMITIVE BOOK-KEEPING.—In the good old days, when a knowledge of the three R's was not considered a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman, there lived in Stirling a worthy man who held the important post of Treasurer of the Burgh, but who could neither read nor write. Under these circumstances his method of keeping the burgh accounts certainly had the charm of simplicity and novelty. He used to hang a pair of boots, one on either side of the chimney-piece, in his official apartment. Into the boot on the right hand he placed all the money he received, while he placed in the left hand one all the receipts and vouchers for the monies he disbursed. He balanced his accounts by emptying the boots, and counting their respective contents.

BOOT-HILL OF SCONE—CURIOUS CUSTOM.—At Scone is a small hillock called Boot-hill, or *Omnis terra*, every man's land, which takes its name from the singular custom which used to be observed at the coronation of the early Scottish kings. Each nobleman and man of rank present brought some earth from his own country, which he placed in his boots and stood on during the ceremony, afterwards emptying the earth on one spot. In course of time the accumulation formed the hillock. Another derivation of the name is that Boot-hill is a corruption of Moot-hill—hill of meeting. The Gaelic name of it is Tom-a-mhoid—the hill where justice was administered. Perhaps some of our antiquarian readers may be able to give us the origin and meaning of this strange custom.

LOGIERAIT MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.—As recently as 1811 the following curious marriage custom was kept up at Logierait, 18 miles from Kenmore. After arriving at the church, and just immediately before the celebration of the marriage ceremony, every knot about the dress of both bride and bridegroom, such as garters, shoe-strings, strings of petticoats, etc., was carefully loosened. After leaving the church the whole company walk round it, keeping the church walls always on the right hand. The bridegroom first, however, turned aside with a friend to tie the strings of his dress, while the bride retired with her friends to adjust the disorder of hers.

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ANOTHER UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF SIMON LORD LOVAT.

To fully understand and appreciate the contents of the following letter, we shall preface it with brief biographical notices of the individuals mentioned in it, as well as of the writer himself, the notorious Simon Lord Lovat.

Hugh, tenth Baron Lovat, married the Lady Amelia Murray, daughter of John, first Marquis of Athole; by whom he had four daughters, but no male issue. Amelia, the eldest of these was, by a decree of the Court of Session, declared heiress, and put in possession of the estate; upon which she assumed the title of Baroness Lovat, and united herself with Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall; who, in virtue of his marriage took the name and designation of Fraser of Fraserdale. The clan, however, did not approve of or recognise this attempt to impose a female chief on them. According to immemorial usage, any clan would elect to submit to the nearest heir male, however remote, rather than to a female descendant of the greatest chief. The Salic law was never more inviolate in regard to the succession of chiefs than with Highland clans. So, the Baroness and her husband had to contend not only with the prejudices of clanship but also with a powerful rival in Thomas of Beaufort, who had a numerous family, and who—failing male issue of Hugh, the

tenth Lord—was undoubtedly, as next heir male, chief of the clan, whatever may have been his legal title to the estate. But, from whatever cause, neither Thomas of Beaufort himself, nor his eldest son, Alexander, appears to have taken any active measures to dispute the pretensions of Fraserdale and his lady. That contest was reserved for Simon, second son of Thomas of Beaufort, who now assumed the title of Master of Lovat. The recovery of his ancestral rights—as he thought unjustly alienated from himself and family—became the leading idea of his life, and, to the attainment of which he devoted all his talents and energies, as well as his uncommon aptitude for playing off upon every party and every individual with whom he was in any way connected, that consummate dissimulation of which he was so perfect a master.

In 1690, at the age of twenty-five, we find him in arms against King William, under General Buchan. But after the rebel forces were dispersed, he had no difficulty in changing sides, and accepting a captain's commission in Lord Murray's regiment, or in taking those solemn oaths to Government which, six years after, he violated to suit his own sinister ends.

The maiden heiress of Lovat was residing at this period with her mother at Beaufort, and Simon laid his schemes so well that he almost succeeded in prevailing upon her to elope with him; and it was only by accident he was prevented from carrying out his design! Disappointed in the daughter, he thought the mother might suit his purpose as well—and although he admits in his Memoirs "that she was twice his age, dwarfish in her person, and deformed in her shape," he actually carried her off. Such a gross outrage against the relative of one of the first families in Scotland, entirely blasted his prospects for the time. The Athole family—not without reason—became his most determined enemies; and by their influence he was prosecuted, and intercommuned. Letters of fire and sword were issued against him and his associates; so that he was obliged to flee, first to the Isles, and then to his old masters, the Stuarts, from whom he claimed protection against the Athole family. And, yet at the very time he thus professes loyalty to St Germain's, we find him, through the Duke of Argyle, offering his services to King William, on condition of receiving absolution for his crimes. This, through

the Duke's influence, and the kindly offices of Carstairs, the King's Chaplain, he succeeded in obtaining. But it did not secure his loyalty to William, for gratitude does not appear to have been one of Lovat's prominent characteristics. The discovery of this by the Court of St Germain's, so provoked their resentment that, at their solicitation, the French King had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastile—the guiltiest, perhaps, of all the victims of arbitrary power immured within its walls. Shortly before the rising under the Earl of Mar in 1715, Lovat succeeded in making his escape, and found it convenient to become a zealous Loyalist. The clan, in the service of King James, and under Fraserdale as their leader, he recalled from the rebel camp at Perth, and, co-operating with other Loyalists in the North, he gave valuable help towards the suppression of the rebellion. About the same time, uniting his influence with that of General Grant at the election of a member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, Forbes of Culloden, the Government candidate, was elected instead of Fraserdale, to the utter mortification of the Jacobite faction. For this burst of loyalty, Lovat was, by a remission and rehabilitation under the Great Seal, put in full possession of the titles and estates of Lovat. On getting this sudden accession of power and influence in his native country, so little expected, perhaps, by himself, the "decrepid old Dowager" was no longer necessary to his ambitious purposes, and without any ceremony or scruple of conscience, he deserted her altogether, and in 1717 married a daughter of the Laird of Grant; the mother of three of his children—Simon, Master of Lovat; Alexander, who died in 1762; and a daughter, Janet, who married the Laird of Cluny.

After the death of this lady, Lovat sought the hand of Miss Dalrymple, daughter of the Earl of Stair; but being unsuccessful, he made suit to the Honourable Primrose Campbell, niece of the Duke of Argyle, to ensure, it is said, the friendship of the Duke, should disaster overtake him in his dark and devious courses. Of this, judging from his letters, he seems to have had uncomfortable foreboding. In one of them, written to Lochiel, he says—"destroy my last. Should Duncan (President Forbes) see it, my head for an onion." Mortified by Miss Campbell's pertinacious rejection of him, he decoyed her, under false pre-

tences, to an Edinburgh residence of questionable fame—so goes the story—told her where she was, at the same time urging her to comply with his suit, to save her character. Anyhow she became his wife, and the mother of Colonel Archibald Campbell Fraser, who succeeded on the death of General Simon Fraser. She is the Lady Lovat of the following letter—a truly excellent and benevolent person. Resenting her remonstrances because of his profligacy and profanity, he confined her to her room, where she was poorly fed, and but scantily clothed. Her friends having indirectly heard of this, one of them, a lady, resolved to visit Beaufort, and ascertain for herself the truth of the report. Lovat received her with extravagant demonstrations of welcome—went to his wife's room with a dress becoming her rank, ordering her on her peril to disclose no domestic secret, and to receive her relative in her happiest mood. Such was the terror with which he had inspired her, he was obeyed to the letter; and his guest left his house in the belief that the reports which had gone abroad as to his treatment of Lady Lovat were either groundless or exaggerated. This explains the anxiety—even alarm—which he expresses in his letter, lest she should accompany Mr Chisholm to Edinburgh, and so escape from his hands. Eventually, however, in spite of all his watchfulness and craftiness, she effected her purpose. A letter enclosed in a cleu of yarn found its way to her relatives, who took effective steps for her liberation. After this she took up her residence in Edinburgh, where she remained till the period of her death.

Lady Lovat is described by a contemporary as small in stature, with claims to beauty—remains of which she retained to old age—"When at home her dress was a red silk gown with ruffled cuffs, and sleeves puckered like a gentleman's shirt—a fly cap encircling her head, with a mob-cap across it falling down over the cheeks; and tied under the chin—her hair dressed and powdered—a double muslin handkerchief round the neck and bosom—lammer beads—a white lawn apron edged with lace—black stockings, with red gushets, and high heeled shoes. As her chair devolved from the head of Blackfriar's Wind, any one who saw her sitting in it, would have taken her for a queen in waxwork, pasted up in a glass case."

When her husband was in the Tower waiting his trial, for-

getting old sores, and commiserating his condition, she kindly wrote him, offering her services and personal attendance, if she could be of use to him, but which offer, " after all that had passed," as he says in his reply, was respectfully declined. She died at Edinburgh in 1796, at the advanced age of eighty-six, after surviving her husband for the long period of nearly fifty years.

The following letter was written to the Rev. Donald Fraser, who was then tutor to Simon, Master of Lovat, and whom Lovat addresses as his cousin—as he usually does, when he wishes to court a clansman—but, as appears from another of Lovat's letters, Mr Fraser was connected with his Lordship by family ties. As his letters to Mr Fraser show, he had the highest respect for him, and confidence in him as his son's tutor—so much so, that ripe, ready, and well qualified as he was, to take the oversight of a parish—solicitous also for ministerial work, Lovat, while apparently zealous for his settlement, privately baulks him in every conceivable way, to retain his services for his son. Mr Fraser was eventually settled, first in the parish of Killearnan, and afterwards at Ferrintosh, where he ended his ministry. He was one of the ablest and most eminent of the Ross-shire clergymen of his day. Three of his descendants—also eminent—were successively ministers of the Parish of Kirkhill.

Lovat's other cousin, whom he styles Pitkyllen, after a small estate he owned in Easter Ross, is the Rev. James Fraser, minister of the parish of Alness—a learned and able divine—and the author of several works on theology, one of which—his book on Sanctification—still holds a high place in a minister's library. He died full of labours and honours in 1769, after a ministry of forty-three years.

Mrs Macarthur, to whom reference is also made in the letter, was his (Mr Fraser's) sister, and wife of a Doctor Macarthur, a respected medical practitioner in one of the neighbouring parishes.

Of the Rev. Thomas Chisholm of Kilmorack, all we know is that he was then minister of that parish—a good man, and a great friend of Lady Lovat's—to whom she often unbosomed herself in her difficulties and distresses—and to whom she was very kind. These kindnesses Lovat pleases, for purposes of his

own, to speak of as "stolen property." The reader will be amused at the formidable charges Lovat trumps up against him—as, for instance, that besides being a thief, he is guilty of "scandalum magnatum" against a peer of the realm, because, as Lovat alleges, he called him a knave, "and said that no clerk or secretary would work for him, but one tinctured with knavery." "This alone will do his business," says Lovat, that is, unless he is instantly amenable to Lovat's behests. Mr Chisholm was, however, a forgiving man, for we find his name is one of nine who signed an influential memorial to Government in favour of General Simon Fraser, to help him out of the difficulties and dangers into which he fell by his father's actings.

Lovat is seen in this letter, as he often is, posing in the attitude of a billiard player, with a rod in his hand, and ivory balls in front of him. He skillfully hits the nearest, that it may hit the next—that it may hit the third—that the fourth may be bagged in the net at yonder corner. Mr Fraser—Pitkyllen—and Mr Chisholm, are to him only ivory balls to be hit in succession by the master-hand of this arch performer and plotter, that he may bag the one he ultimately aims at—Lady Lovat. And so skilfully does he play his game that his end is attained. Mr Chisholm does not go to the Assembly, and Lady Lovat for the present remains in her domestic prison house.

Now for the letter:—

DEAR COUSIN,—I hope this will find you in good health, and I give you my kind humble service, and I entreat you may assure my cousin Pitkyllen and his lady, and his sister, Mrs McArthur, and Mr McArthur, of my affectionate respects.

I have sent you this express privately, to inform you that, according to my desire, my friend Commissary Munro came out of town, and having gone to fish at the water-side with Sandy Down and John Fraser, my factor, Mr Chisholm came down in his night-gown to see what they were upon, when the Commissary entered into a serious conversation with him before John Fraser, my factor, and he was mighty plain with him, and told him that for the love and concern he had for his children as his relations, he was obliged to tell him that his mad, distracted, foolish, and calumnious way of speaking of me and of my family did manifestly endanger the ruin of his person and of his family, and that he need not expect to have any support from Sir Robert Munro; that he was sure he would be the greatest enemy

he had in Scotland, if he found that he was endeavouring to do the least hurt to me or to my family. He likewise let him know what an ignominious and dangerous process it would be if I would prosecute him for the thefts and depredations done in my house; and that the effects that were stolen and robbed from me were carried to his house, received by him, and destroyed by him and others, which can be proved. He likewise told him that he was sure he was ignorant of the crime of scandalum magnatum, which he explained to him—that the calumniating of a peer of the nation was either imprisonment or banishment for life. In short, the Commisary spoke so strong to him, that he and John Fraser told me the wretch trembled like the quaking ash, and that they never saw a creature so confounded; and that he owned most of what the Commissary alleged of his lies and calumnies. The conclusion of the Commissary's discourse was, that he knew no way under the sun to save him but one; and that was his hindering my Lady Lovat to go South, since all the country knew their correspondence, and their resolution of going South together, which journey could not but be hurtful and pernicious to the Lord Lovat, and that was the foundation and design of the journey, to make a division and separation in his family; which was very wicked and malicious, and which he should endeavour to stop if he had a mind to appease the Lord Lovat's wrath. He said he was very desirous to do anything that would reconcile him to my Lord Lovat, that he would put off his going South to the Assembly, but desired to keep it private. That my Lady Lovat was of such an odd temper that he did not know how to manage her. But the Commissary replied that all the country knew that he had the management of her more than any man alive; and if he said otherwise that no person would believe him. The conversation ended by his saying that he would do what he could. The Commissary forgot to tell him the most essential part of the scandalum magnatum against me, which was, that he said I was a knave, and that no secretary or clerk would work for me in my room, but a man that was bred and tinctured with knavery and villany. This alone will do his business, if there was nothing else, and, indeed, I think it would be a good action before God and man, to get that dissembling, false, and treacherous hypocrite turned out of the ministry; for he is truly a scandal to religion, and to the Kirk that he is an unworthy member of. I entreat you communicate this letter to my dear cousin, Pitkyllen, and to his worthy sister, and when they see the horrid injustice that I meet with, and the great danger that my family is in by the villainous conduct, contrivance, and actings of that subtle, cunning, false, and vile hypocrite; I am persuaded that they will do all in their power to save me from the malicious and dangerous malice of that wretch.

I shall long to have the return to this, and to see you here again, and I am with sincere esteem,

My dear Mr Donald,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful humble servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 31st March 1739.
Late at night.

After the settlement of Mr Donald Fraser at Kilkarnan, Mr John Halket succeeded him as tutor to the Master of Lovat; and afterwards obtained the appointment of parish schoolmaster of Prestonpans. Lovat, who was well satisfied with Mr Halket's services, decided to board his second son Alexander with him; and in the summer of 1741 travelled South with him to place "the Brig" as he calls him in Halket's charge. On this occasion, Carlyle, afterwards minister of Inveresk, dined with Lovat and his party; and in his diary has recorded a few reminiscences of the event, which give a glimpse of what Lovat was at such times. The company consisted of Erskine of Grange—the husband of the unfortunate Lady Grange—gentlemen of the Fraser Clan, Lovat himself, his son Alexander, Halket, and Carlyle. As soon as seated at table, Lovat and Grange disputed as to which of them should say grace—when at length, Lovat yielded; and repeated two or three pious sentences in French; which were understood only by Grange and Carlyle. Grace over, Lovat politely asked Carlyle to help him to a whiting from a dish of fish next him, which he did, remarking at the same time "they were not whitings but haddocks, but that according to the proverb he who got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off." At this Lovat stormed, says Carlyle, and "swore more than fifty dragoons." He was sure they were whitings, as he had distinctly ordered them, whereupon Halket, who knew Lovat well, tipped Carlyle, who took the hint, adding "that as he had but small skill in these things, and as his Lordship had ordered the fish, he must be mistaken," whereupon his Lordship calmed down, became pleasant, ate the fish, and again swore "that he never could eat haddocks all his life." The landlady afterwards told Carlyle he was right, that they were haddocks, but that she ordered her cook to scrape out St Peter's mark, as she could not

procure whitings as Lovat had ordered her to do. The claret appears to have been good, and as the wine circulated freely, the two old gentlemen became merry, and their conversation youthful and gay. "What I observed," says Carlyle, "was that Grange, without appearing to flatter him, was very observant of Lovat, did everything to please him, engaged Lord Drummore's piper to discourse music to him—according to Grange a first-class performer, but of whom Lovat said 'that he was fit only to play reels to his (Grange's) oyster women.'" The landlady's daughter, a handsome young woman, having on some errand come into the room, Lovat insisted on her dancing a reel with them. Though not less than seventy-five years, and Grange not much younger, the wine and the young lady emboldened the two old gentlemen to dance away to the music of the bagpipes, till the young damsel, on observing in course of his dancing evolutions, Lovat's gouty legs to be as thick as posts, fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and ran away, to the discomfiture of the old gentleman, but greatly to the merriment of the youthful members of the party. "Lovat," says Carlyle, "was tall and stately, and might have been handsome in his youth, with a very flat nose. His manner was not disagreeable, though his address consisted chiefly of gross flattery, and in the due application of money. He did not make on me the impression of a man of leading mind, while his suppleness and profligacy were apparent." The party supped in the evening, at Preston, with Grange, after which "the two old gentlemen mounted their coach, and drove to Edinburgh." "This," adds Carlyle, "closed a very memorable day."

Many of our readers have read the story of the forcible abduction of Lady Grange, and her banishment to the Western Isles, where she died a miserable, friendless exile. Her husband was an intense Jacobite—as Lovat was—and accessory to all the plots for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. His wife entirely disapproved of his doings as dangerous to his position and interests, and threatened, unless he desisted, to disclose what she knew—which would have compromised more than him, and Lovat also. It is said, to obviate this danger, Lovat suggested her banishment; and as it was observed that some of them, who forcibly carried her away from her Edinburgh residence, wore

the Fraser tartan, it was inferred, and we believe truly, that the deed was done by some of the very men who this evening accompanied Lovat and Grange to the Metropolis. This singular man, as our readers know, ended his active but tortuous career on Tower Hill, on the 9th of April 1747, in the 80th year of his age, and so his ambitious schemes and aims, for the attainment of which he wrought so diligently—but so tortuously, perished along with him—"and like the baseless fabric of a vision left not a wreck (or but a wreck) behind."

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

KENMORE.

GLENGARRY.

The glen of my Fathers no longer is ours,
The castle is silent and roofless its towers,
The hamlets have vanished, and grass growing green
Now covers the hillocks where once they had been;
The song of thy stream rises sadly in vain,
No children are here to rejoice in the strain,
No voices are heard by Loch-Oich's lone shore,
Glengarry is here! but Glengarry no more.

Glengarry! Glengarry! Oh! where are thy men,
Who numbered for battle a hundred times ten,
And never the slogan of enemies feared,
When led by the chieftain they loved and revered?
Alas! from their glen they were driven away,
And surely still lingers the curse of that day,
No clan and no chieftain are here as of yore,
The glen of the brave is Macdonell's no more.

Macdonell! Macdonell! thy glory is gone,
Thy clansmen are scattered, thy name is unknown,
Tho' Time cannot all the old memories efface,
The stranger is lord of the home of thy race;
Forever departed from thee is the glen,
Forever departed the bravest of men,
Forever departed the love that they bore,
Glengarry is here! but Glengarry no more!

Sunderland. WM. ALLAN.

DONALD MACLEOD, AUTHOR OF "GLOOMY MEMORIES."

DONALD MACLEOD'S whole life was a long struggle with the oppressor—an unequal fight, for he received but scant sympathy or support from those whom he tried so well to serve. Only now have his efforts become appreciated.

The facts of his life history, so far as I have been able to obtain them, are here given to your many interested readers.

Macleod was born, the second of a family of ten, at Rossal, near Syre, in Strathnaver. His father, William Macleod, by trade a mason, gave him the best education which the Strath in these primitive times could afford. When he was about his 17th year, the whole family were evicted from the Strath under very trying circumstances. A temporary bothy afforded them shelter at Achniskich until decent accommodation was provided. Donald was now apprenticed to his father's trade. His father died a few years after their change of home, and shortly thereafter Donald married, in the year 1818, a daughter of Charles Gordon, the widely respected catechist, who had also suffered eviction.

He worked at his trade of mason for some time in Farr, but factorial dictation proved too unpleasant for a man of his temperament, and he therefore left the parish in disgust for the town of Wick, where he could have some more freedom of action as well as of opinion. About this time he began those contributions to the *Weekly Chronicle* and *Northern Ensign*, which have earned him such fame as the first, and, perhaps, greatest exponent of the wrongs and cruelties which were inflicted upon the peasantry and clansmen of the Highlands.

The factor, taking advantage of the husband's absence, evicted the poor wife with her young family from their home, at Strathy, where Donald had left her when he went to Caithness. She then found shelter at Armadale, but the farm manager, under the factor's instructions, evicted her for the second time. No neighbours, under threat of the same penalty, would dare to admit them within their doors. She now sought refuge with her mother-in-law, but revenge pursued the innocent woman even

here, and the threat of eviction again drove them to the road. Through the inclemency of a winter night the poor mother had to leave Achniskich, and plod on to Thurso, leaving her eldest boy in his grandmother's care. Donald's sisters helped her to carry the children through the moor—there were no roads then—and they arrived before daybreak in Thurso. There are stories current among the people regarding the miseries of this flitting which would "harrow up one's soul," and are better unrecorded.

The old widow sent her grandchild to school, but terror of eviction forced her soon after to send him also away to his father. This son afterwards joined the army, and died of fever in Egypt.

In the interval Donald had gone to Edinburgh in search of work, sending from time to time a share of his earnings to his wife. When he heard of her distress he came north to Thurso, and took his wife and family to Edinburgh. But she was heart-broken, and her health failing, she died a few years after going South. Donald was greatly attached to his brave and faithful wife, and nursed her very tenderly through her long illness. He never allowed his literary and other work to interfere with the duty which he owed to her. His own constitution, though robust once, now began to yield, and he gave up his heavy work of mason for the lighter occupation of a tea merchant. The publication of his letters in pamphlet form brought him no reward. A few years more and he left for America—the retreat of many an earlier patriot—where he opened a bookstall at Woodstock, in Canada. He here published a second edition of his letters, to which he gave the title of "Gloomy Memories,"* as a counter-blast to Mrs Beecher Stowe's somewhat untrustworthy "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." I am told that on her perusal of Macleod's reply, she expunged from her later American Edition the objectionable and offensive chapter relating to Sutherlandshire.† In any case, her impressions were false and her information one-sided, and she afterwards regretted her futile attempt to white-wash the Scotch proprietors. Macleod's style

* Now embodied in "Highland Clearances," published by A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness.

† We have an edition of "Sunny Memories" in our possession in which this Chapter is suppressed. That it was suppressed cannot be too widely known. The fact is most significant.—Ed. *C.M.*

is almost classical, and I have not the slightest doubt that his letters are entirely his own composition. They are written with great force and vigour, and at the time must have told upon the conscience of his enemies very severely. He was intimate with a fellow-sympathiser and brother-in-trade—the great Highland-hearted Hugh Miller. This has led some to suppose that he had Miller's assistance. This is wrong. The letters want the finish which Hugh Miller would have given them had he applied his master hand. Macleod could write himself and could write well.

He was not very successful in business at Woodstock, and died in comparative poverty about the year 1860.

His letters still serve the purpose which, with his last breath, he intended. A monument has been erected to his memory at Woodstock, but his records of the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, and the brave battle he fought for their sake, will prove for him a monument more lasting than brass.

Macleod is survived by two sisters who live in the Parish of Farr. These sisters are in receipt of Parochial relief, and I think it will be an everlasting disgrace if something be not done to soften the hard hand of poverty and brighten their few remaining years. I am sure the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Farr, or the Secretary of the Crofters' Association in the district, would be willing to receive subscriptions on their behalf. If the sum collected be considerable, the interest might be sufficient for their requirements, and might be afterwards devoted to some general object such as Macleod, were he in the flesh now, would wish.

D. M.

HIGHLAND EVICTIONS.—Sir Walter Scott writes—"In too many instances the Highlands have been drained, not of their superfluity of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by a unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust and selfish. Meantime, the Highlands may become the fairy ground for romance and poetry, or the subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical. But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered."

THE QUEEN AMONG THE COWS.

WHEN Professor Blackie was in Jersey, two years ago, he said in a poem he wrote, that the Jersey cows were "the ladies of the cow creation," and the following verses are supposed to express the feelings of a Highland cow that he had formerly admired, and who was in the huff over being forsaken :—

Air—"HO MO MHAIRI LACHACH."

I am here a-browsing
Among mountains high,
In a lonely corrie,
In the Isle of Skye;
Browsing here in sorrow,
For my pride is slain,
And the maid that milks me
Sings to me in vain—
Oh! my dear MacBlackie,
Turn again to me,
Come into the Highlands,
Aye so dear to thee:
See thy bonnie Cowie,
'Mong the heathy knowes,
And again you'll call her,
Queen among the Cows.

I was at a show once,
And the ladies fair,
Spake to me so kindly,
And they stroked my hair;
And my dear MacBlackie,
Said with many vows,
That I was the very
Pretty Queen of Cows.
Oh! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

He praised the curling fringe
Above my hazel eyes,
Whispered he was glad
That I had got the prize;
And he sang so lightly,
With sweet voice, I ween,
O mo Mhairi lurach
Rugadh tu 's na Glinn.
Oh! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

Now he has gone to Jersey
On a summer spree,
Whispering to another
All he said to me.
On the maid that milks me
I can only frown,
Though she sings "Crodh Chailean,"
And the "Aghan Donn."
Oh! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

I am here a-browsing
Among mountains high,
In a lonely corrie
Of the Isle of Skye;
Browsing here in sorrow
For my pride is slain;
And my stately beauty
'S given me in vain.
Oh! my dear MacBlackie,
Turn again to me,
Come into the Highlands,
Aye so dear to thee:
See thy bonnie Cowie,
'Mong the heathy knowes,
And again you'll call her,
Queen among the Cows.

MARY MACKELLAR.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, visited Inverness, after taking a part in the proceedings of the British Association, at Aberdeen, on the 18th and 19th of September, and spent an evening in the company of the Cameron poetess, Mrs Mary Mackellar, at the residence of the author of "The History of the Camerons." Sir Charles was very anxious to meet his chief, Lochiel, but found that he had left Inverness the previous evening. The reader would have made the acquaintance of this distinguished scientist in our last issue.

A "SMALL" DRAM.—A worthy old Highlander having delivered a load of wood at the Manse, was offered a "tram." The glass in which it was presented to him was a very small one, in the shape of a thistle. Donald soon emptied it, and, looking admiringly at the delicate workmanship, wondered how "she might pe made whatefer." On its being explained to him that the glass-blower had blown it into the shape, the Highlander quietly said, as he handed back the glass, "Then she'll pe fery short of breath when she made that one." The gentle hint was taken, and Donald supplied with another dram from a larger glass.

THE MUNROS OF CULCAIRN.

By Alexander Ross.

II.

George Munro, the first and founder of his family, was succeeded by his eldest son,

John Munro, II. of Culcairn, who did, like his father and uncles, not enter the army, but appears to have led a quiet country life at home. In 1751 he established a bleachfield on the spot where the present Culcairn mills stand; and it was the only one then in the County of Ross. For several years after its establishment it succeeded pretty well, but after Culcairn's death it passed through the hands of different managers, and was not so successful. In 1779 William Tait, from the Salton Bleachfield in Haddingtonshire, was appointed manager. He carried on the works with considerable skill and perseverance, and the proprietor, Duncan Munro, III of Culcairn, appreciating his industry, gave him every encouragement, granted him a lease of the bleachfield, and built for him a comfortable house. As a proof of Tait's good management of the bleachfield it is stated that in 1779, there were only 440 pieces of cloth bleached, while in 1790, the number of pieces amounted to 2242. In 1786 the Honourable Board of Trustees, being informed of Mr Tait's industry and success, granted him £50 to enable him to erect a drying house. The bleachfield, soon after Mr Tait's death, rapidly fell back, and ultimately ceased to exist.

John Munro, II. of Culcairn, married Mary, daughter of Alexander Ross of Calrossie, and had by her three sons and one daughter:—

1. George, who adopted his grandfather's profession, and rose to the rank of Captain in the 71st Regiment. He died unmarried in 1776.

2. Thomas, who, like his elder brother, adopted the army as his profession. He was drowned at sea in 1778. He also died unmarried.

3. Duncan, who, being the only surviving son, succeeded his father.

4. Catherine, who married, on the 17th of October 1783, the Rev. Alexander Fraser, A.M., minister of Inverness. Mr Fraser studied at the University of Aberdeen, where he obtained his degree, in 1771. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Inverness on the second of December 1777; and presented by George III. to Inverness Third Charge, and ordained thereto on the 22nd of September 1778. He was translated to the Second Charge on the 3rd of July 1798, and to the First Charge—now the High Established Church—on the 3rd of March 1801. Mr Fraser died on the 20th of May 1821, in the 70th year of his age, and 43rd of his ministry. Conjointly with his colleagues, the Revs. George Watson and Alex. Rose, A.M., he was the author of the Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Inverness. By Miss Catherine Munro he had issue, among others:—(1.) Catherine, who married Hugh Denoon, a scion of the Denoons of Cadboll, in Easter Ross, and went with her husband to Pictou. (2.) Anne, who married Dr Donald Macpherson, who was assistant surgeon in the 42nd Regiment "Royal Highlanders," 1st June 1809, and on half pay in the 62nd Foot, 24th July 1835. He died at Chatham on the 25th June 1839, leaving issue, besides two daughters, a son, Andrew John Macpherson, who entered the army, and retired on half pay, as Colonel, on the 27th of December 1868. Colonel Macpherson still survives, and resides in Rochester. (3.) Jane, who died in Inverness in 1841. (4.) Mary, who married Dr Rankin, Inverness, and died in 1873.

III. DUNCAN MUNRO succeeded his father as third of Culcairn. Like his brothers, he entered the army at an early age, and became a Captain-Lieutenant in the 78th Highland Regiment of Ross-shire Buffs, first battalion, on its embodiment on the 8th of March 1793.

The first battalion of this gallant regiment was raised by Francis H. Mackenzie, afterwards Lord Seaforth, and a second battalion in 1794. Both battalions were amalgamated in June 1796. Another second battalion was subsequently raised in 1804, and both battalions amalgamated in 1817. The regiment has ever since remained as a single battalion. After its embodiment it was inspected on 10th July 1793, at Fort-George, by Lieutenant-General Sir Hector Munro of Novar, and pronounced "an excellent body of men, healthy, vigorous, and efficient." In

September 1794, it embarked, with the 80th, to join the British troops in Holland, and early in October landed at Quil. On the 4th of November, the 78th was for the first time under fire at the siege of Nimeguen, where it did so much execution with the bayonet, as to call forth the highest enconiums from experienced and veteran officers. The loss sustained by the regiment in this engagement was Lieutenant Martin Cameron and seven men. Among the wounded was Captain Hugh Munro, IX. of Teaninich. The next action in which the 78th was engaged was the battle of Geldermalsen, which was fought on the 5th of January 1795. The French were completely defeated, and retired in great confusion. In this battle Captain Duncan Munro took a conspicuous part, and behaved with great coolness. He was, however, severely wounded. All the rest of the officers escaped scaithless; but of the soldiers there were four killed and seven wounded.

On the 6th of March 1796, the 78th sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, under the command of Lieut.-General Alexander Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, in the Black Isle, and arrived at Simon's Bay on the 10th of May. It landed on the 1st of June, and marched to Capetown, which was taken from the Dutch. On the 4th of November the regiment embarked for India, and arrived at Calcutta on the 10th February 1797. On arriving in India, Captain Duncan Munro was appointed *aide-de-camp* to the well-known Lieut.-General Mackenzie-Fraser of Inverallochy and Castle Fraser, fourth fourth son of Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, by his wife, Martha, eldest daughter of Charles Fraser of Inverallochy, to which property General Alexander succeeded in right of his mother, and assumed the additional name of Fraser. He died in Sept. 1809, from a fever contracted in the Walcheren expedition.

In 1802, Captain Munro retired from the army, and on his arrival home in 1803, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the Wester Ross Regiment of Militia, numbering 810 men.

Colonel Munro married, on the 5th of December 1782, at Inverness, Jean (born at the Manse, Dornoch, in 1754), eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Dornoch (from 1713 to 1758), by his second wife, Jean, daughter of Andrew Ross

of Pitkerrie, in Easter Ross, and sister of George Ross of Cromarty, the "Scotch Agent" referred to in the letters of Junius, and whose heir Mrs Munro eventually became.

By Miss Kirke Colonel Duncan Munro had one son and two daughters :—

1. George Ross, who was born in 1781. He entered the army, and was for some time a Captain in the 85th Regiment of Light Infantry. He accompanied his regiment to Jamaica, where he died in 1821.

2. Catherine, who succeeded her brother.

3. Jean, who died unmarried, at Cromarty House, on the the 5th of January 1874, aged 88 years.

Colonel Duncan Munro died in 1820, and was succeeded by his only son,

IV. GEORGE MUNRO, who survived his father for only one year. He was succeeded by his elder sister,

V. CATHERINE ROSS MUNRO, who was born in 1783. She married, on 15th February 1815, Hugh Rose of Glastullich (she being his second wife), to whom she bore two daughters and one son :—

1. Catherine, who was born in 1820, and married Thomas Knox Holmes, barrister, London, and son of William Holmes, Irish Whip in the House of Commons.

2. Arabella, who was born in 1822, and married, as his third wife, the late Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, to whom she bore no issue. She died in 1847, and was buried at Dingwall.

3. George William Holmes Ross.

Mrs Ross's right to the estates of Cromarty gave rise to tedious legislation before it was decided in her favour by the highest legal tribunals. She died on the 20th of February 1852; and on a marble tablet erected to her memory in the Established Church of Cromarty, is the following inscription :—

"Sacred
To the Memory of
CATHERINE,
Relict of Hugh Rose-Ross, Esq. of Glasstullich
and Cromarty, and eldest daughter of
DUNCAN MUNRO, Esq. of Culcairn.
Born, March 1783.
Died, 20th February 1852.

She inherited
The Estate of Cromarty
From her Maternal Grand-Uncle,
GEORGE ROSS, Esq.
of Pitkerie and Cromarty;
and
In Memory of her Sister,
JEAN MUNRO of Culcairn.
Died at Cromarty House,
5-1-1874. Aged 88."

Mrs Rose Ross was succeeded by her only son, the late,

VI. GEORGE WILLIAM HOLMES ROSE ROSS of Cromarty. He entered the army as ensign in the 92nd Highlanders on the 21st of April 1846; became Lieutenant on 23rd June 1848; and retired from the service in 1851. On the 3rd of November 1854, he was gazetted Captain of the Highland Rifle Militia Regiment of Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness; Major on the 26th of November 1855; and Lieutenant-Colonel, with the honorary rank of Colonel, on the 19th of January 1856.

Colonel Ross was a magistrate for the County of Ross, Deputy-Lieutenant and Convener of the County of Cromarty, Justice of the Peace, &c As a landlord he was kind and humane, and was most deservedly honoured and highly respected by his tenantry. He took all along a warm and fatherly interest in the welfare of the Burgh of Cromarty and its inhabitants.

Colonel Ross was prohibited by his great-grand-uncle's entail of Cromarty from bearing any other name than Ross, and from carrying any other arms than that of Ross of Balnagown—with the proper mark of cadency—of whom, in the words of the entailer, "I have the honour to be descended."

If it were not for this prohibition, Colonel Ross would have been entitled, according to the laws of Heraldry, to quarter the arms of Munro, having inherited the property of Dalmore, or Obsdale. He, however, in 1878, obtained, by petition from the Lord Lyon, authority to bear the *Crest and Motto* of the Munros with the Ross arms.

The Lord Lyon sets forth that as Colonel Ross is "the Heir of Line of the family of Munro of Foulis, as proved by documentary evidence produced with the said petition, and although precluded by the aforesaid deed of entail from bearing the arms of Munro, is desirous of obtaining our sanction to bear as his crest the crest formerly borne by the Culcairn branch of

the family, viz:—'an eagle with wings closed proper,' along with the motto 'Dread God.'" The deed goes on to say that the "The Lord Lyon grants authority to G. W. H. Ross of Cromarty and his successors to bear in future the aforesaid crest and motto of the Munroes." In submitting his petition to the Lord Lyon, Colonel Ross pointed out that the arms referred only to the *Shield* and not to the *Crest*. The Lord Lyon agreed completely with him, and accordingly granted the prayer of his petition, viz:—The Balnagowan arms thus differenced—a mulet argent and the Lion Rampart and armed agur. He also got the Lord Lyon to put in the forked tails of the lions, as formerly borne by the Rosses of Balnagown.

After the death of Miss Munro, daughter of Sir Hugh Munro of Foulis, Colonel Ross became the lineal representative of the family through his mother, the eldest daughter and heiress of Duncan Munro of Culcairn. The present chief, Sir Charles Munro, is descended from the Newmore and Culrain family, which branched off from the main stock at a much earlier date (1610) than that of Culcairn (1685).

Sir Robert Munro, sixth Baronet of Foulis, was a brother of Duncan Munro, I. of Culcairn. His descendants became extinct on the death of Miss Munro, in 1848, and Colonel Ross as great-great-grandson of George Munro of Culcairn, became the heir of line. Miss Munro left all the unentailed property to George Munro, a natural son of Sir Hugh's, and amongst the rest a small property called Knockrash, immediately behind the village of Evanton. Mr Munro, however, found that his father, Sir Hugh, had never been served heir to this property. As soon as he had ascertained this, he, in the most honourable manner, acquainted Colonel Ross with the same, stating that doubtless the property belonged to the Colonel. Sir Charles Munro, however, opposed Cromarty's claim, and the case was tried before the Court of Session, who decided that Colonel Ross was heir-general and heir-at-law of Sir Harry Munro, Sir Hugh's father, and that as such he was entitled to the property, to which he accordingly succeeded, and sold it for the sum of £2000.

In early life Colonel Ross took a leading part in the politics of the North, and, when quite a young man, contested, in 1852, the combined Counties of Ross and Cromarty in the Conservative interest with the late Sir James Matheson. Cromarty made

a gallant fight, but was defeated, the number of votes being—Matheson, 288; Ross, 218; Liberal majority, 70. The Lews being the property of Sir James, and there being in those days no Ballot Act, every tenant voted for their proprietor, the only vote in the Islands obtained by Colonel Ross being that of the Rev. John Macrae, minister of Stornoway. There was, however, a majority of *one* for Sir James even on the Mainland. Cromarty referred to that on the hustings, after the declaration of the poll, and said that that one was Sir James's own vote. He was, however, corrected by Sir James, who reminded him that he (Cromarty) voted for himself, and to neutralise that vote he (Sir James) recorded his vote in his own favour. Cromarty accepted the correction, but expressed a wish "that the Lews might be speedily attached to the Northern Burghs."

Colonel Ross married on the 20th of April 1849, Adelaide Sucy, second daughter of the late Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, by his first wife, Elizabeth Diana Bosville, eldest daughter of Sir Godfrey Macdonald Bosville, third Lord Macdonald, by whom he had three sons and four daughters:—

1. Duncan Munro, his successor.

2. Hugh Rose, who was born on the 31st of May 1854, and in early life entered the service of his Queen and country as a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. On the outbreak of the war with Afghanistan in 1878, Lieutenant Ross volunteered to join any field battery going to the front. He was at once posted to G Battery, 4th Brigade, which formed a part of General Sir Donald Stewart's army. He was attacked by dysentery at Quettah, and did not report his illness, but marched with his battery, doing his duty to the last. When the forces reached Pishin Valley his illness increased to such an extent that he was unable to proceed farther. Here, in camp, he died unmarried on the 12th of January 1879, a bright example of that soldier-like zeal and devotion to duty, so characteristic of the ancient and honourable family of Culcairn and Cromarty.

3. Walter Charteris, who was born on the 5th of August 1857. Like his brother he also adopted the army as his profession, and is at present a Lieutenant in the Haddington Artillery Militia, or old 68th Light Infantry. He is still unmarried.

4. Catherine Elizabeth Julia, who married in 1874, Francis Mauld Reid, captain in the Highland Light Infantry, without issue.

5. Louise Jane Hamilton, who married at Inverness, on the 1st of October 1875, Sir Ronald Archibald Bosville, sixth Lord Macdonald of Sleat (born on the 9th of June 1853), her cousin, with issue :—(1.) Somerled Godfrey James, born on the 31st of July 1876. (2.) Godfrey Evan Hugh, born on the of 187 . (3.) Archibald Ronald Armadale, born on the 20th of May 1880.

6. Ida Eleanora Constance, who married on the 15th of June 1881, Godfrey Ernest Percival Willoughby, second son of the late Lord Middleton, and brother and heir-presumptive of the present Lord Middleton. He was born in 1847; entered the army, and was a captain in the 9th Lancers. Captain Willoughby sold out in the beginning of 1878. No issue.

7. Matilda Elizabeth, who died in infancy.

Mrs Colonel Ross died in Jersey on the 3rd of March 1860, aged 30 years. Her remains were brought to Scotland, and interred in the family burying-ground at Cromarty.

Colonel Ross died at Cromarty House on the 19th of November 1883. The following battalion order, in connection with the event, was issued by the officer commanding the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, which regiment Colonel Ross so long commanded :—

"Dingwall, N.B., 30th Nov. 1883.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Macleay has learnt with deep sorrow of the death of Colonel George William Holmes Ross of Cromarty, late Colonel Commanding the Highland Rifle Militia (now 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders) at Cromarty House, on the 19th inst.

"Colonel Ross joined the battalion in 1854, having previously served in the 92nd Highlanders, and succeeded to the command in 1856, and continued to command until 1882, when he was compelled through ill-health to resign.

"To his untiring energy and deep attachment to the regiment is due in a great measure the present high state of efficiency of the battalion.

"In his death the battalion has to deplore the loss of an old and sincere friend, and her Majesty and the Militia Service generally a most zealous and competent officer.

"As a mark of respect to his memory, officers of the battalion, when in uniform, will wear mourning for one month from the date of this order.

By order.

(Signed) "C. ROBERTS, Captain Adjutant,
3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders."

Colonel Ross was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. DUNCAN MUNRO, present laird of Cromarty, who was born on the 29th of September 1851, and at an early age entered the Royal Navy, from which he retired on attaining the rank of Lieutenant. He is still unmarried.

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

THE CONFLICT OF DRUIMNACOUB.

THE year of God 1427, Thomas Mackay (otherwise Macneil), possessor of the lands of Creich, Spanzedell, and Polrossie, in Sutherland, had conceived some displeasure against the laird of Freswick, called Mowat, whom Thomas Macneil did eagerly pursue, and killed him near the town of Tain, in Ross, within the Chapel of St Duffus, and burnt also that chapel unto which this Mowat had retired himself as to a sanctuary. The King hearing of this cruel fact, he causes to proclaim and denounce Thomas Macneil rebel, and promised his land to any that would apprehend him. Angus Murray (the son of Alexander Murray of Cubin, above-mentioned), understanding the King's proclamation, had secret conference with Morgan and Neil Mackay, brethren to this Thomas. Angus offered unto them, if they would assist him to apprehend their brother, that he would give them his own two daughters in marriage, and also assist them to get the peaceable possession of Strathnaver, which they did claim as due to them, and (as he thought) they might then easily obtain the same, with little or no resistance at all, seeing that Neil Wasse Mackay (the son of Angus Dow) lay prisoner in the Bass, and Angus Dow himself was unable (by reason of the weakness of his body at that time) to withstand them. Morgan Mackay and Neil Mackay do condescend and yield to the bargain; and presently, thereupon, they did apprehend their brother, Thomas, at Spanzedell, in Sutherland, and delivered him to Angus Murray, who presented him to the King, at whose command Thomas Macneil was executed at Inverness; and the lands of Polrossie and Spanzedell, which he did possess, were given to Angus Murray for this service; which lands his successors do possess unto this day. Angus Murray, for performance of his promise made to Neil and Morgan Mackay, gave them his two daughters in marriage. Then Angus deals with Robert, Earl of Sutherland, that he might have his attollerance to convene some men in Sutherland, therewith to accompany his two sons-in-law to obtain the possession of Strathnaver. Earl Robert

grants him his demand; so Angus having gathered a company of resolute men, he went with these two brethren to invade Strathnaver. Angus Dow Mackay hearing of their approach, convened his countrymen, and, because he was unable himself in person to resist them, he made his bastard son (John Aberigh) leader of his men. They encountered at Druimnacoub, two miles from Tongue—Mackay's chief dwelling-place. There ensued a cruel and sharp conflict, valiantly fought a long time, with great slaughter, so that, in the end, there remained but few alive of either side. Neil Mackay, Morgan Mackay, and their father-in-law (Angus Murray), were there slain. John Aberigh, having lost all his men, was left for dead on the field, and was afterwards recovered; yet he was mutilated all the rest of his days. Angus Dow Mackay, being brought thither to view the place of the conflict, and searching for the dead corpses of his cousins, Morgan and Neil, was there killed with a shot of an arrow, by a Sutherland man, that was lurking in a bush hard by, after his fellows had been slain. This John Aberigh was afterwards so hardly pursued by the Earl of Sutherland, that he was constrained, for safety of his life, to flee into the Isles.

The Scottish historians, in describing this conflict, do mistake the place, the persons, and the fact; and do quite change the whole state of the history. For the person—Angus Dow Mackay of Strathnaver is, by some of them called Angus Duff, and by others, Angus Duff of Strathern. For the place—they make Angus Duff of Strathern to come from Strathern (some say from Strathnaver), to Moray and Caithness, as if these shires did join together. For the fact—they would have Angus Duff to come for a prey of goods out of Caithness and Moray, which two shires do not march together, having a great arm of the sea interjected betwixt them, called the Moray Firth, and having Ross and Sutherland betwixt them by land. But the truth of this conflict and the occasion thereof I have here set down.

THE CONFLICT OF RUAIG-SHANSAID.

The year of God 1437, Neil Wasse Mackay, after his release out of the Bass, entered Caithness with all hostility, and spoiled all that country. He skirmished with some of the inhabitants of that province at a place called Sanset, where he overthrew them, with slaughter on either side. This conflict was called Ruaig-

hanset, that is, the Chase at Sanset. Shortly thereafter Neil Wasse died.

THE CONFLICT OF BLAR-TANNIE.

About the year of God 1438, there fell some variance betwixt the Keiths and some others of the inhabitants of Caithness. The Keiths, mistrusting their own forces, sent to Angus Mackay of Strathnaver (the son of Neil Wasse), entreating him to come to their aid, whereunto he easily yielded; so Angus Mackay, accompanied with John Mor MacIan-Riabhaich, went into Caithness with a band of men, and invaded that country. Then did the inhabitants of Caithness assemble in all haste, and met the Strathnaver men and the Keiths at a place in Caithness called Blair-tannie. There ensued a cruel fight, with slaughter on either side. In the end the Keiths had the victory, by the means chiefly of John Mor MacIan-Riabhaich (an Assynt man), who was very famous in these countries for his manhood shown at this conflict. Two chieftains and leaders of the inhabitants of Caithness were slain, with divers others. This Angus Mackay, here mentioned, was afterwards burnt and killed in the Church of Tarbat, by a man of the surname of Ross, whom he had often molested with incursions and invasions.

THE CONFLICT OF BLAR-NA-PAIRC.

After the Lord of the Isles had resigned the Earldom of Ross into the King's hands, the year of God 1477, that province was continually vexed and molested with incursions of the Islanders. Gillespick (cousin to Macdonald), gathering a company of men, invaded the height of that country with great hostility; which, the inhabitants perceiving (and especially the Clan Mackenzie), they assembled speedily together, and met the Islanders beside the river of Conon, about two miles from Brayle, where there ensued a sharp and cruel skirmish. The Clan Mackenzie fought so hardly, and pressed the enemy so, that in the end Gillespick Macdonald was overthrown and chased, the most part of his men being either slain or drowned in the river of Conon; and this was called Blar-na-Pairc.

THE CONFLICTS OF SKIBO AND STRATHFLEET.

About the same time, Macdonald of the Isles, accompanied with some of his kinsmen and followers, to the number of five or

six hundred, came into Sutherland, and encamped hard by the Castle of Skibo, whereupon Neil Murray (son or grandchild to Angus Murray, slain at Druimnacoub) was sent by John, Earl of Sutherland, to resist them, in case they did offer any harm unto the inhabitants. Neil Murray, perceiving them going about to spoil the country, invaded them hard by Skibo, and killed one of their chieftains, called Donald Dow, with fifty others. Macdonald, with the rest of his company, escaped by flight, and so retired into their own country.

Shortly thereafter another company of Macdonald's kin and friends came to Strathfleet in Sutherland, and spoiled that part of the country, thinking thereby to repair the loss they had before received; but, Robert Sutherland (John, Earl of Sutherland's brother), assembled some men in all haste, and encountered with them upon the sands of Strathfleet. After a sharp and cruel skirmish, Macdonald's men were overthrown, and divers of them killed.

THE CROWNER SLAIN BY THE KEITHS IN THE CHAPEL OF ST TAYRE.

About the year of God 1478, there was some dissention in Caithness betwixt the Keiths and the Clan Gunn. A meeting was appointed for their reconciliation, at the Chapel of St Tayre, in Caithness, hard by Girnigo, with twelve horse on either side. The Crowner (chieftain of the Clan Gunn) with the most part of his sons and chief kinsmen came to the chapel, to the number of twelve; and, as they were within the chapel at their prayers, the Laird of Inverugie and Ackergill arrived there with twelve horse, and two men upon every horse; thinking it no breach of trust to come with twenty-four men, seeing they had but twelve horses as was appointed. So the twenty-four gentlemen rushed in at the door of the chapel, and invaded the Crowner and his company unawares; who, nevertheless, made great resistance. In the end the Clan Gunn were all slain, with the most of the Keiths. Their blood may be seen at this day upon the walls within the Chapel of St Tayre, where they were slain. Afterwards William Mackames (the Crowner's grandchild) in revenge of his grandfather, killed George Keith of Ackergill and his son, with ten of their men, at Drummuie in Sutherland, as they were travelling from Inverugie into Caithness.

THE CONFLICT OF ALDICHARRISH.

The year of God 1487, this conflict was fought; upon this occasion Angus Mackay being slain at Tarbat by the surname of Ross, as I have shown already, John Riabhach Mackay (the son of this Angus), came to the Earl of Sutherland, upon whom he then depended, and desired his aid to revenge his father's death, whereunto the Earl of Sutherland yields, and sent his uncle, Robert Sutherland, with a company of men, to assist him. Thereupon, Robert Sutherland and John Riabhach Mackay did invade Strathoyckel and Strathcarron with fire and sword; burnt, spoiled, and laid waste divers lands appertaining to the Rosses. The Laird of Balnagown (then chief of the Rosses in that shire) learning of his invasion, gathered all the forces of Ross and met Robert Sutherland and John Riabhach at a place called Aldicharrish. There ensued a cruel and furious combat, which continued a long time, with incredible obstinacy; much blood was shed on either side. In the end, the inhabitants of Ross being unable to endure or resist the enemies' forces were utterly disbanded and put to flight. Alexander Ross, Laird of Balnagown, was slain with seventeen other landed gentlemen of the province of Ross, besides a great number of common soldiers. The manuscript of Fearn (by and attour Balnagown) names these following among those that were slain. Mr William Ross, Angus Macculloch of Terrell, John Waus, William Waus, John Mitchell, Thomas Waus, Houcheon Waus.

THE SKIRMISH OF DAIL-RIABHACH.

The year of God 1576, Y Roy Mackay of Strathnaver dying, there arose civil dissension in Strathnaver betwixt John Mackay (the son of Y Roy) and Neil Nawerigh (the said Y Roy's brother). John Mackay excludes his uncle Neil (who was thought to be the righteous heir), and took possession of Strathnaver. Neil, again, alleging that his nephews John and Donald were bastards, doth claim these lands, and makes his refuge of John Earl of Caithness, of whom he did obtain a company of men, who were sent with Neil's four sons to invade Strathnaver. They take the possession of the country from John Mackay, who being unable to resist their forces, retires to the Clan Chattan to seek their support, and leaves his brother Donald Mackay to defend the country as he might. Donald, in his brother John's

absence, surprised his cousin-german under silence of the night at Dail-Riabhach, and killed two of his cousins (the sons of Neil Nawerigh) with the most part of their company. Thereafter, Neil Nawerigh came and willingly surendered himself to his nephews John and Donald, who caused apprehend their uncle Neil, and beheaded him at a place called Clash-nan-ceap in Strathnaver.

THE CONFLICT OF TORRAN DUBH.

Adam Gordon, first of that surname, Earl of Sutherland having married Elizabeth Sutherland, heiress of that country, took journey to Edinburgh, the year of God 1517, to dispatch some affairs there, which did concern the settling of his estate, leaving the commandment of the country, in his absence, to Alexander Sutherland (base brother to his wife Elizabeth) and to John Murray of Abirscors; which John Mackay of Strathnaver, understanding (having now appeased his civil discords at home, by the death of his uncle Neil) this occasion, in the very change of surnames in Sutherland, to try if he could gain anything by spoiling that country; and thereupon assembling together all the forces of Strathnaver, Assynt, and Eddrachillis, with all such as he could purchase out of the west and north-west isles of Scotland, invades the country of Sutherland with all hostility, burning and spoiling all before him. The inhabitants of Sutherland do speedily convene together with all the parts of the country; and so, under the conduct of Alexander Sutherland, John Murray, and William Mackames, they rencounter with John Mackay and his company at a place called Torran Dubh, beside Rogart, in Strathfleet, where there ensued a fierce and cruel conflict. The Sutherland men chased John Mackay's vanguard, and made them retire to himself where he stood in battle array; then did he select and chose a number of the ablest men in all his host, and, with these, he himself returned again to the conflict, leaving his brother Donald to conduct the rest, and to support him as necessity should require; whereupon they do begin a more cruel fight than before, well fought on either side. In end, after long resistance, the Sutherland men obtained the victory; few of these that came to renew the fight escaped, but only John Mackay himself, and that very hardly. Neil MacIan MacAngus of Assynt was there slain, with divers of his men. There were 216 of the Strathnaver men

left dead in the field, besides those that died in the chase. There were slain of Sutherland men 38. Not long thereafter John Mackay sent William and Donald, two brethren, with a company of men, to invade John Murray, with whom they met at a place called Loch-Sallachie, in Sutherland. After a sharp skirmish, both the chieftains of the Strathnaver men were slain, with divers of their men, and the rest put to flight; neither was the victory pleasing to John Murray, for he lost there his brother, called John Roy-Murray. Thus continued the inhabitants of these countries infesting one another with continued spoils, until the year of God 1522, that Alexander Gordon (Earl Adam's eldest son) overthrew John Mackay at Lairg, and forced him to submit himself to Earl Adam; unto whom John Mackay gave his band of manrent and service, dated the year of God 1522.

THE CONFLICT OF ALLTAN-BEATH.

Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, having succeeded his brother, John, taketh the occasion upon the death of Adam, Earl of Sutherland (who left his grandchild, John, young to succeed him) to molest and invade the inhabitants of Sutherland. He came, the year of God 1542, with a company of men to the village of Knockartoll, burnt the same, and took a great prey of goods out of Strathbrora. Sir Hugh Kennedy of Griffen Mains dwelt then in Sutherland, having married John, Earl of Sutherland's mother, after the death of his father, Alexander, Master of Sutherland. Sir Hugh Kennedy being advertised of Mackay's coming into Sutherland, he advises with Hutcheon Murray of Abirscors, and with Gilbert Gordon of Garty, what was best to be done. They resolve to fight the enemy; and so having gathered a company of men, they overtook Mackay, unawares, beside a place called Alltan-Beath, where they invaded him suddenly; having passed his spies unseen. After a little skirmish the Strathnaver men fled, the booty was rescued, and John MacIan-MacAngus, one of their chieftains, was slain, with divers of the Strathnaver men. Donald Mackay, nevertheless, played the part of a good soldier; for in his flight he killed, with his own hand, one William Sutherland, who most eagerly pursued him in the chase. The inhabitants of Sutherland and Strathnaver (in regard of Earl John's minority) did this continually vex one another, until this Donald Mackay was apprehended and im-

prisoned in the Castle of Fowlis, in Ross, by commandment of the Queen Regent and the Governor, where he continued a good while in captivity.

THE CONFLICT OF GARBHARRY.

The Queen Regent having gotten the Government of Scotland from the Earl of Arran, she made her progress into the North, and so to Inverness, the year of God 1555. Then was Y Mackay (the son of Donald) summoned to compear before the Queen at Inverness, for that he had spoiled and molested the country of Sutherland during Earl John's being in France with the Queen Regent. Mackay refused to compear, whereupon there was a commission granted to John, Earl of Sutherland, against him. Earl John invaded Strathnaver in all hostile manner, and besieged the Castle of Borve, the principal fort of that country, which he took by force, and caused hang the Captain, then demolished the fort. In end, he beset Y Mackay so, on all sides, that he forced him to render himself, and then was delivered by Earl John to Sir Hugh Kennedy, by whom he was conveyed South and committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained a long space. Whilst Y Mackay staid in captivity, his cousin-german, John Mor Mackay, took upon him the government of Strathnaver. This John Mor taking the occasion of Earl John's absence in the south of Scotland, he invaded Sutherland with a company of the most resolute men in Strathnaver; they burnt the chapel of St Ninian's in Navidell, where the inhabitants of the country, upon this sudden tumult, had conveyed some of their goods; so, having spoiled that part of the country, they retire homeward. The inhabitants of Sutherland assembled together, and followed in all haste under the conduct of MacJames, the Terrell of the Doil, and James MacWilliam. They overtook the Strathnaver men at the foot of the hill called Beinn-mhor, in Berriedale, and invaded them beside the water of Garbharry, where then ensued a cruel conflict, fought with great obstinacy. The Strathnaver men were overthrown and chased; above 120 of them were slain, and some drowned in Garbharry. This is the last conflict that hath been fought betwixt Sutherland and Strathnaver.

(To be continued.)

THE CUMMINGS OF ACHDALEW.

ACHDALEW is one of the loveliest spots on Lochielside. The sun shines upon it all day from its wearing its morning crown on Ben-Nevis until it showers its evening glory on the towering Sgurs of the west. The old house stood on the golden green terrace on which Lochiel is now building his fine, new shooting-lodge. The slopes beneath it are very fertile, and it is beautifully wooded. The low heath-clad hill that stands behind it is called the Leth-bheinn, or half mountain, and two small rivers of pure sweet water run through it and fall into Lochiel

Achdalew is not only beautiful, it is historic; for on its plains—close to the sea-shore—was fought, in 1654, that battle between Cromwell's men and Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, made famous by the latter's tearing the throat out of an Englishman with his teeth, and on that day and during the fighting of that battle the first Cumming of Achdalew appeared on the scene.

King Charles was then an exile in France, waiting anxiously for an opportunity to return to his kingdom and to the throne of his ancestors, and anxious to know what the Highlanders would do in case of his making an attempt to regain his own, he determined secretly to visit some of the chiefs. He sailed in a small ship, with a few confidential friends, and paid the first visit to one of the Macleods in Skye, and confided his mission to him. Macleod pretended to be very favourable to him, and saying that he would send a letter to one of his friends asking him to come and hold a consultation with them, he meantime offered the hospitality of his house to the king. Macleod sent a young man of the name of Cumming to one of the chieftains of the Clan Mackenzie with a letter, saying that the king was in his power, and that if he joined him immediately they would make him prisoner. Cumming proceeded immediately by boat to the mainland, and delivered the letter, and Mackenzie was greatly alarmed. His vacillation in former times had given Macleod the impression that he would readily join him in his treacherous design, but Mackenzie was then in a loyal mood, and he deter-

mined to save his sovereign. He confided the whole matter to Cumming, and won him to act with him in preserving the king's person from danger. He gave him one letter to give to Macleod saying he would proceed to his house on the following day; and he gave him another letter that he was to get conveyed privately to the king to warn him of his danger; and he gave him a third letter, addressed to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, to whom he was to flee for protection as soon as he got the letter delivered to the king, as his life would be in danger if Macleod suspected what had been done. Cumming returned to Skye, and found great difficulty in getting the letter given to the king, as Macleod was continually in his company; but he managed in some way to catch the king's eye whilst talking to his master. He then dropped the letter behind him in a bush, and from there the king picked it up. The king sailed back to France before morning, and Cumming fled to Lochaber. He arrived at Achdalew just as the battle was being fought, and he gave the letter to Sir Ewen, who had not time then to read it, but he gave the young man an axe and told him to fight bravely, and that he would be well rewarded. Cumming took the axe, and rushing to the fight, made good use of it. He slew a great number of Englishmen, and wounded many more; and in his gratitude, and also because of what he had done for the king, Sir Ewen gave him and his children Achdalew at a nominal rent, and there they remained for many generations. The last of this family born at Achdalew was Captain Cumming, late of Grishornish, Skye, and who died at Fort-William about twenty years ago, and the only one of the race now in Lochaber is his grand-daughter, Miss Cameron, matron of the Belford Hospital, Fort-William. The axe with which Cumming had fought so bravely, and which was placed in his hands by Sir Ewen, was long in the family; indeed it only passed out of their keeping at the death of the late Captain Cumming, and it is now in the hands of Professor Taylor, of the Edinburgh University, who is a true-hearted descendant of the great Cameron warrior, "Taillear dubh na Tuaighe," "The black tailor of the battle-axe." It is not like the ordinary Lochaber axe. It is a deadly looking weapon with a short handle and a rope attached to it, such as the chiefs and chieftains used in battle. With the rope fixed firmly in their hand they slung the

axe far forward to meet the advancing foe. The Cummings were always on very intimate terms with the Cameron chieftains, and they were on terms of confidential friendship with their nearest neighbours of Fassifern. When John Cameron of Fassifern, commonly known as "Iain, Mac an Tighearna," John, son of the Chief," was apprehended in 1754 for forging a false claim upon the forfeited estate of Lochiel, it was to Cumming of Achdalew he sent a private message to hide a certain box, immediately, before the emissaries of the Government would have time to search Fassifern House. Cumming scarcely had the box out into the woods when the searchers arrived, and so they did not find the sought-for papers. Long afterwards, when Colonel John's body was brought home from Quatre Bras, his stepmother being deformed and delicate, it was Mrs Cumming of Achdalew that superintended the great funeral feast of which such numbers gathered to partake. Where could such a number of Camerons with their friends and relations be gathered in Lochaber to-day? The Cummings are gone from Achdalew; the places that knew our chieftains know them no more. The horns of stranger huntsmen are heard on our hills. Lochiel, that streak of silver, gleams in the sunlight as of old, and the eternal hills raise their heads to heaven unchanged. The heather blooms in beauty as it did ages ago, and the offspring of the same bird that gladdened the woods centuries ago sing the same songs there now, and build their nests in the same old haunts, but the children of our people, where are they? Verily our land may, like Rachel, raise her voice in lamentation for her children, refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

MARY MACKELLAR.

THIS NUMBER COMPLETES OUR TENTH ANNUAL VOLUME, and perhaps the best practical proof that we can give of the high estimation in which the *Celtic Magazine* is held, is the fact that a set of the first nine volumes was sold, a few days ago, as high as £4. 15s. Hitherto we had it printed by contract; but the next number, the first of Vol. XI., will be printed by ourselves, at the *Scottish Highlander* Office, on a new fount of type, specially cast for the purpose. No effort will be spared to maintain the character which the *Magazine* has already secured, and, if possible, to improve it further and extend its influence.

'TWIXT BEN-NEVIS AND GLENCOE: The Natural History, Legends, and Folk-Lore of the West Highlands. By the Rev. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot., Author of "Nether-Lochaber."

THE introduction to this, the second volume of what may be called the Nether-Lochaber Papers, is prefaced by a very apt quotation from the Introductory Epistle to the Fortunes of Nigel. "Grant that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them" to minister to the mental wants of different sorts of people. Had the author's profession been different, he might have appropriately begun his quotation a sentence earlier with the remark of Captain Clutterbuck, which called forth from the Author of Waverley the passage quoted. For there is nothing like a plot in the present volume, nor, so far as can be judged from a book which contains hardly a date from beginning to end, is the sequence of time even observed. The want of a plot was inevitable. A work which treated of subjects varying from astronomy to the management of refractory pigs hardly admitted of one. The want of dates, however, in a work containing a considerable amount of most interesting meteorological information considerably detracts from the value of the book. One chapter for instance (37) begins, "Not for upwards of a quarter of a century has there been a winter of equal severity in the West Highlands," the frost being so intense that the wild birds had suffered terribly, hundreds having died of cold and hunger, and the survivors being in such a sorry plight that they were heedless of "prowling cat or circling hawk." The chapter soon arouses the reader's curiosity, and before he has read half through it he wants to know the year, but it is nowhere to be found. A few chapters further on he finds a dated letter quoted, but if he has read the book honestly through thus far he has learned that the chapters follow each other like unconformable strata in geology—there being between each an unrepresented lapse of time.

We have read the book carefully through and enjoyed it, and that, too, although it was the second time of reading. Whether the author has himself read the book, we should say,

from internal evidence, is doubtful. It would seem as if he had handed the printer a pile of newspaper cuttings big enough to make a book, told him to print them, and left him there. Else how is it that at one place (p. 142) we are told of a Stormy Petrel seen by the author at Corran Ferry on a certain *Tuesday* morning, and again (p. 303) that this occurred "on a *Sunday* morning many years ago;" or again, that we have at p. 192 a passage from Dame Juliana Berners' *Boke of Hawkyng and Huntyng*, quoted thus—

"The best dog that ever bitch had,
At *eight* years is full badde,"

While at p. 344 the same work is named as the authority for the couplet—

"The beste dogge that ever bitche hadde,
At *nyne* yeres is full badde."

The passage meant to be quoted on both occasions was evidently the same. Each time it was used in a newspaper article, but there was an interval of nine years—the full life of a dog according to Dame Juliana Berners—between the two articles. The first was written when the author was in high spirits expatiating on the rare intelligence of the constant companion of his rambles, his collie "Lassie," then ten years of age, and the passage from Dame Juliana was quoted from memory. But the second article was written, nine years after, over poor "Lassie's" grave—"'Lassie,' the truest, best, and wisest dog that ever erected an intelligent ear to the shout or whistle of him whose slightest behest it was her pride and pleasure willingly, and with all her heart, instantly to obey." On such an occasion, need it be wondered at, that "Lassie's" master went to Dame Juliana's pages for consolation, and consequently quoted her accurately.

But we are done with fault-finding, even of this mild kind. The book is a valuable one and pleasant to read—valuable not merely as a contribution to the natural history of the West Highlands, but also, and, perhaps, chiefly, because it collects and puts in permanent form a portion of that folk-lore which in a few years it may be impossible to collect. But the natural history sketches have an interest all their own, an interest which only "Nether-Lochaber" seems to be able to impart. Here is a curious story of a mackerel and an owl—A fish was one day noticed

coming now and again to the surface of the water as if something was wrong with it. It was captured.

"Some time after the capture of the fish, a something was seen floating past with the ebbing tide, very much at the same distance from the shore as was the mackerel when first seen. This latter waif, on being intercepted and landed, proved to be a dead owl—a specimen of the barn owl—the *Strix flammea* of ornithologists. On being made aware of all this, we knew at once what had happened. The owl is very fond of fish, even when mice and small birds, its ordinary food, are plentiful. It often dips into a lake or stream, and seizes such small fish as, swimming for the moment near the surface, it can reach with its sharp talons. The mackerel in this case was pounced upon by the owl, but the fish was too heavy and too powerful to be taken up and sailed away with in the usual manner. The fish, however, probably struck about the head and gills, was badly hurt and stupefied, so as to be captured in the way stated, while the owl, with its claws for a time inserted in its prey so firmly as not to be immediately extracted, was dragged about and drowned."

Dr Stewart becomes scientific in presence of a *dead* bird, and so he coolly speculates on the cause of the owl's death. In presence of the living bird science is half-forgotten, and it is intense love of bird-life which seems to inspire each written line. The year 1882 was remarkable for the frequency of albinoism among birds: "When these beautiful birds were first noticed, we caused it to be made known as widely as possible that anybody caught shooting or attempting to shoot them, should be held guilty of a mean and cowardly act, which we should be quite prepared to resent by gibbetting the culprit to the execration of all bird lovers." A kestrel carrying a partridge is shot by a gamekeeper: "We endeavoured to persuade the keeper that it was wrong to shoot the kestrel, who, in killing the partridge poult was only acting according to his instincts, and who in supplying his young with food was engaged in the discharge of a high and holy duty incumbent on all of us." Here is a pretty story of a captive song-thrush and its mate. A boy captured a female song-thrush in the woods, and confined it in a basket, which he hung on a nail near the open window. The capture was made in the morning, and in the afternoon, the author, at the request of the boy's mother, went to persuade the boy to liberate the little captive—

"When we had sufficiently examined the bird, the mother drew our attention to the fact that there was at that moment another bird very like it perched on an elder-tree branch right opposite the house, about eight or ten yards away. 'Yes!' eagerly exclaimed the boy, a very intelligent little fellow, 'and it followed me home all the way from the wood.' Glancing in the direction indicated, and seeing the bird, we understood the thing at once. It was the captive's mate, the cock song-thrush, that,

when he could do nothing else for her, had faithfully followed his partner to the scene of her captivity, and there he sat with speckled breast touching the branch on which he perched, disconsolate and sad, chirping querulously in little broken notes, that said as plainly as plain could be, that, cruelly deprived of the partner of his love, May, even with its sunshine, its verdure, and its flowers, had no more joys for him. Taking the basket in our hand, we took it outside, and hung it against the eave of the cottage, and retiring with the boy and his mother to a little distance, we stood quietly watching for what might happen. After a little while the captive, revived and emboldened by finding herself in the open air, ventured, in a scarcely audible whisper, to respond to her mate's chirping—it was the first time she had done so since her capture—and his joy was unbounded. First springing to the topmost spray of the elder tree, he trilled out two or three rapid notes of his usual song, and then, descending in a graceful curve, he alighted on the basket lid, through a hole in which the head and neck of the captive were now thrust forth. It was now that almost touching scene took place. After billing and cooing with the captive for a time in the most affectionate manner, preening and stroking her head and neck with his bill, all the while fluttering his wings and uttering a low, and to us scarcely audible, undersong or *crònan*, clearly of encouragement to the captive, and an assurance of his unalterable love, and, as such, understood by her, you may be sure; after indulging for a little while in these demonstrations of affectionate solicitude, the cock bird suddenly assumed a totally different attitude. Gathering up his drooping wings, and assuming his compactest and erectest position, he began vigorously to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole on the basket lid, endeavouring with all his ingenuity and strength to enlarge it, so as to facilitate the captive's escape. And if he had only been allowed plenty of time, we do not know but he might have succeeded, for the throstle cock is a strong bird, and with his horny, compressed bill he can both strike hard and home, and pull with a force and strength of purchase astonishing in a bird of his size. It was a most touching and beautiful sight, and even the boy was so impressed with it that he at once agreed to the liberation of the prisoner that he had vowed and determined only a few minutes before to have and to hold as his pet while it lived."

Of the folk-lore and superstition of the West Highlands the book contains many examples. Of the latter the author says "there is much in the popular superstition of the Highlands, even when it deals with the supernatural, that is perfectly harmless, and a great deal that is very beautiful and suggestive to the unprejudiced and thoughtful investigator; but its absurdities are endless," and he proceeds to tell of a prosperous acquaintance whose wonderful success an old woman told him was attributable to the possession of a water-horse bridle, *Srian Each Uisge*. The old lady proceeded to tell a marvellous story of the finding of the bridle by a drover travelling through the Moor of Rannoch by moonlight, who, as he sat on a stone by the side of *Lochan na Cuile*, eating his frugal supper of bread and cheese, "saw something glittering in the moonlight, which, on taking it up, he found to be a horse bridle." Next morning he found the buckles

and bit were of pure silver, still so hot from recent contact with subterranean fire as to be unbearable. A "wise woman" declared it to be a water-horse bridle, and directed it "to be hung up on a *cromag*, or crook, made of the rowan tree, which, while permitting free escape for all its beneficial influences, would yet effectually check the radiation of any evil that might be inherent in it. This was done, and from that day forward Domhnull Mòr was fortunate and successful in all his undertakings. At his death, having no family of his own, he bequeathed the magic bridle to his grand-nephew, the present owner, and this man has been prosperous just because of the possession of a water-horse 'bridle of luck.'" But even the author seems impressed by the faith of another old woman, who had not heard from her absent daughter for two years, and who was satisfied that good news—the only good news she desired—was at hand, because that morning "a bird, a pretty little bird—a Cailleachag-Ceann-Dubh—came into the kitchen by the open door, and perched on the cupboard shelf," and the triumphant "Nach d'thubhairt mi ribh" of the old woman when the same evening the minister called and found that a letter in every way satisfactory had arrived from the long-silent daughter.

We shall conclude our extracts with the following from Chapter II., which is devoted to an account of the Brae-Lochaber Bard, "Ian Lom":—

"Through the munificence and patriotism of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P., a monument, no less substantial and enduring than beautiful and every way appropriate, has been erected over the grave of the celebrated Gaelic bard 'Ian Lom,' on *Dun Aingeal* in *Kill Choirreal* of Brae-Lochaber. As a poet and satirist of a very high order, and as a steady and consistent Loyalist, in days when Loyalism was accounted a crime, 'Ian Lom,' whose proper name was John Macdonald, is from a certain point of view just as deserving of a monument as John Bunyan. Both were in extremes—the Puritan allegorist of England, and the uncompromising Catholic of Brae-Lochaber—but both were in the main honest men and true from their widely different standpoints, and equally deserve the tribute of our respect and regard in the always appropriate and fitting form of monumental commemoration.

"The monument is ten feet in height, and placed upright, like the ancient stones of Scotland, of which, in style and outline, it is intentionally an imitation. The face is richly ornamented in relief. At the foot is a raised plate, with the following inscription in Gaelic:—

"'An so 'n Dun-Aingeal a'm Braigh-Lochabar,
Tha Bard na Ceapaich gu trom na chadal;
'Se Ian Lom Mac Dhomhnuill b'ainm dha,
Ian Lom! ach theireadh cuid Ian Manntach.'

The English of the lines is—

'Here in Dun-Aingeal, in the Braes of Lochaber,
The Bard of Keppoch is very sound asleep:
His name was John Mac Donald, John the Bare—
John the *Bare* and *Biting!* but by some called John the Stammerer.'

"Of the personal life and history of 'Ian Lom' very little is known for certain. He was of the family of *Mac-ic-Raonuill*, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the College of Valladolid, in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large—a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. He first became known beyond the borders of his native Lochaber by the active part he took in the punishment of the murderers of the heir of Keppoch."

"Of 'Ian Lom's' poetry it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Rough, and rugged, and rude almost always, it yet hits the mark arrived at so unmistakeably that you cannot but applaud. The fact that his songs may be still heard from the lips of unlettered shepherds on the hillside of a summer morning, as well as from the more red and ripe and musical lips of the 'lassie' at the washing-tub by the burn side in the summer evening, go where you may, from the extreme west to east or north, where Gaelic is spoken, is perhaps the best proof of the merits of poems which it is utterly impossible to make a non-Gaelic speaking reader understand, far less appreciate. His *Battle of Inverlochy*, of which he was a delighted spectator, and his *Murder of Keppoch*, every Highlander knows by heart. His terrible satire on *William and Mary*, his allusions to the DAUGHTER particularly, who could so unnaturally aid and abet in the dethronement and expulsion from his kingdom of her own *father*, must, in parts at least, be familiar to every reader of Gaelic poetry, while nothing can be more beautiful and pathetic than his threnody on the *Execution of Montrose*, ending as it does with a satiric string of such pungency and venom as is perhaps unequalled, search for its compeer where you may, in any language, ancient or modern. Indignantly and scornfully referring to Macleod of Assynt, who so shamefully betrayed the hero to his doom, he in the concluding stanza turns round, and, in the most withering and contemptuous language, compares the *reward* with the valuable life betrayed:—

'Marbh-fhaisg ort a dhi-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu am firean,
Air son na mine Litich,
A's da thrian di goirt!"

It is impossible to give an account of the contents of the book except by giving extracts from it. Its contents are as various as the genius of its author is versatile. We hope however, we have said enough to show that the book is one which every Highlander and lover of the Highlands ought to possess. For ourselves we are thankful that Dr Stewart has at last been induced to rescue his writings from the comparative oblivion of newspaper columns, and give them in this permanent form to his many admirers.

ROUGH PRELIMINARY LIST OF BOOKS PRINTED IN THE IRISH CHARACTER AND LANGUAGE.

THE absence of any Bibliography of works printed in the Irish character and language, is a want which has long been felt, and a want which it ought not to be difficult, with a little perseverance, to supply. The following rough list is not in any way presented as accurate, complete, or scientifically put together. It is no more than it professes, a rough preliminary list of books described by various authorities as having been printed in the Irish character and language, both at home and abroad, before the year 1820. Comparatively few of the works named have been actually inspected, and respecting several of them it may be discovered that they have no claim to appear at all on the list. Still, if from this beginning a full, correct list of Irish printed works should eventually be arrived at, the attempt is worth something. It is hoped that all readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and all into whose hands this list may fall, will co-operate in making the Bibliography as full and accurate as possible, both by communicating the titles of any books here omitted, and correcting errors in the descriptions of any which here appear.

One word as to Irish types. Between 1571 and 1712, there were only two "founts" of Irish character in Great Britain and Ireland. The first, presented by Queen Elizabeth to O'Kearney, in 1571, is believed to have remained in Ireland till 1672, when it was secured by the Jesuits and transported to one of their seminaries abroad. This type is a hybrid character, being mostly the ordinary Roman and Italic letters, with some seven or eight of the special Irish letters added.

After the disappearance of this "fount," the kingdom was without any Irish type at all until 1680, when Robert Boyle had a fount cut by the London typefounder, Moxon, for the Scriptures published in 1681 and 1685. That fount is still in existence, and was used as late as 1820, for the quotations in O'Reily's account of Irish writers (Dublin, for the Iberno-Celtic Society). About that time numerous more elegant founts were produced, which have generally superseded the quaint Irish cut of Moxon.

In describing, therefore, Irish books printed either in Ire-

land or England between 1571 and 1800, we shall have to deal only with two founts of type, the former of which we know to have disappeared after 1652, and the latter not to have appeared till 1680.

Abroad there was, between 1600 and 1800, a better supply of Irish type than at home, and at Rome, Paris, Louvain, Antwerp, &c., it will be found that many books were printed.

In conclusion, if our list is to be confined (as I imagine it should be), to books printed, not only in the Irish language, but in the Irish *character*, it will be necessary to omit some of the titles in the present list, beginning with the famous "Blow" Catechism, printed in Belfast in 1722, in which the Irish is printed entirely in Roman characters. T. B. R.

September 1885.

The following is the list:—

Date.	Short Title.	Size.	Place.	Type.	Notes.—Authority.
1571	O'Kearney's Catechism —"Abidil, &c."	8vo	Dublin	Q. Elizabeth	B. M. (C. 33. a. 1.)
1602	Daniell's New Test — "Tiomna Nuadh, &c."	fo	,,	,,	Do (C. 24. b. 18.)
1608	Hussey's Catechism		Louvain		Reid's Bibl. Scot. Celt.
1608-9	Daniell's Common Prayer —"Leadbhar, &c."	fo	,,	,,	B. M. (C. 24. b. 17). (Described Lowndes 1946).
1611	Hussey's Catechism — Rep.		Antwerp		Reid's Bibl. Scoto Celt.
1618	Do. do. — "Teagasg Crios-daidhe."		,,		Do.
1618	McCawell — Sacrament of Pennance		Louvain		Do.
1626	Conry — "Scathan an Chrabhuigh"		,,		Do.
1626?	Gray—Celtic Grammar		? Dublin		Do.
1639	Stapleton — Catechism, &c., Latin and Irish		Louvain		Do.
ante 1640	Bedell's Catechism in English and Irish		? Dublin		"Irish Scriptures" (Dublin, 1818) p. 16.
	Do. Forms of Prayer		,,		Do., p. 17.
	Do. Selections from Scripture		,,		Do., p. 17.
	Do. Three Homilies of Chrysostom		,,		Do., p. 17.
	Do. Sermons by Leo				Do., p. 17.
1643	O'Clery—Lexicon Hibernicum		Louvain		(See also his other works) ? transcriptions.
1645	Gearnon's Catechism		,,		
1652	Godfrey Daniel — Catechism, "Christian Doctrine," Eng. and Irish	8vo	Dublin	?Q. Elizabeth.	Lowndes, 390. Irish Script, p. 19.
1667	Macgiolla's Essay on Miracles, Eng. and Irish		Louvain		Reid.

Date.	Short Title.	Size.	Place.	Type.	Notes.—Authority.
1676	O'Molloy's Lucerna Fidelium — "Lochran an Chreidmheach"		Rome		Reid.
	Various Irish Grammars				Do.
1677	O'Molloy's Grammatica, Lat. Hibern., compend.	12	,,		Do. Prop. Fidei.)
1680	Boyle — Church Catechism	8vo	? London	Moxon's	Lowndes, 390.
1681	Do.—New Test (Daniell's)	4to	London		T. B. R.
1685	Do.—Old Test (Bedell's)	4to	,,	,,	Irish Script, p. 28.
1690	Do.—Bible (with vocabulary?)				Do.
1706	Lhuyd—Irish-Eng. Dictionary	fo	? Rome		Do.
1707	Irish Catechism		Rome		Do.
1711	Richardson (Rev. J.)—Practical Sermons		London	Moxon's	Irish Script, p. 48.
1712	Do.—Common Prayer, Irish & Eng. (S.P.C.K.)	8vo	?	,,	See Lowndes, 1946. Irish Script, p. 44. T. B. R.
1712?	Do.—Church Catechism (S.P.C.K.)			,,	Irish Script, p. 44.
1712	Do.—Lewis Exposition of Church Catechism (S.P.C.K.)			,,	Do. p. 44. Do. p. 44.
1722	Church Catechism, Irish and Eng. — "Teasg Kreesdee"	,,	Belfast (Blow)	,,	Do. p. 46. Now in Trin. Coll. Dublin. The Irish in Roman character.
1723	Donlevey's Catechism	8vo	Paris		Bookseller's List.
1728	M'Cuirtin, Elements of Irish Language	8vo	,,		Lowndes, 1435. Reid.
1732	Do. English Irish Dictionary, 1st part only	4to	,,		Do. Do. Do.
1735	Bp. Gallagher's—17 Sermons		? Rome		Reid, in Roman character.
1735?	Common Prayer, Irish and Eng.—(Advert. by Gunpe)	8vo	Dublin		Irish Script, p. 47.
1742	Donlevey's Catechism	8vo	Paris		T. B. R. Reid.
1750?	Arch. bp. O'Reilly's Catechism				Reid.
1768	Jno. O'Brien Irish-Eng. Dictionary	4to	,,		Lowndes, 1714.
? 1771	Vallancey's Irish Grammar	4to	Dublin		Lowndes, 2750. 2nd edit., 1782, and other works.
1808	Neilson's do. do.	8vo	,,		T. B. R.
1809	O'Bryan (Paul) do. do.	8vo	,,		Lowndes, 1714.
	Halliday (Wm.) do. do.				Reid.
1817	O'Reilly, (Ed.), Irish-Eng. Dictionary	4to	Dublin		Lowndes, 1730.

Reference Books which should be consulted.

O'Reilly, Edw. Catalogue of Irish Works in verse and prose, with a chronological account of Irish writers, etc. Dublin, 1820, 4to (part I. of Trans. of Iberio Celtic Soc. of which no more was printed).

Lowndes, Bibliographer's Manual.

Reid's Bibliotheca, Scoto-Celtica.

"Irish Scriptures," 1818.

Madden's Irish Periodical Literature.

Catalogue of Sir R. Peel's Library, etc., etc.

PROVOST MACANDREW ON OLD INVERNESS.

IN the course of his neat and eloquent speech conferring the freedom of the Burgh of Inverness on the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., on Friday, the 18th of September, Provost Macandrew said—

In performing this duty it may be well that I should let you know that in becoming associated with the Burgh of Inverness you will become a citizen of no mean or modern city. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) We do not know when first a body of our remote ancestors, resolving to give up a wandering existence and to lead some sort of settled and civic life, came to take up their habitations in this neighbourhood; but the first authentic historical event in our annals is not only picturesque but important in the history of Scotland. In the year 560 when Saint Columba resolved to set out from his Western Isle on his mission to convert the inhabitants of this country to Christianity it was to Inverness that he came, and this town was then of sufficient importance to be the seat of the Court and of the government of Brude the powerful Pictish king who then ruled from the Orkneys to the line between the firths of Forth and Clyde, where the valour of our ancestors had placed a limit to the conquering arms of Rome. (Cheers.) It was thus evident that, even at a very remote time, Invern ss was a place of importance, and it is from this time that we date our right to call this town the capital of the Highlands. (Cheers.) Our first existing written records consist of charters of William the Lion, which show that even so early as his time this town had become a burgh, and had some form of civic government and constitution. From that time the burgh has existed as such. It has always been the seat of a Royal Castle; and from the earliest times of our Parliamentary history it has contributed to send a member to the Imperial Government—a title which before the union belonged to the Scottish Parliament—and we have continuously exercised the privilege of local government, and have been to some extent at all times, I hope, the recipients of its advantages and examples of its good effects. (Loud cheers.) You are, no doubt, aware that from the earliest times it has been the custom of Scottish burghs to show their respect for, and appreciation of, the careers of distinguished men of all ranks and professions who have come among them by conferring on them the freedom of the burgh. It may be no great honour to one who has sat in the Councils of the Queen to become a burgess of Inverness; it may be no great privilege to you, sir, to haunt our markets, but it is the highest honour which it is in our power to offer; and to show you that we ask your name to be enrolled among no undistinguished compeers, I may tell you that from the remotest times of which we have record we have had among our honorary burgesses men distinguished in arms, in arts, in song, great statesmen, great warriors—men whose names have become household words. . . . It is among such names as these that we now offer to enrol yours, and I trust that you will accept the offer in the spirit in which it is made—not as any mark of party or political favour—for the members of this Council are elected generally without reference to their opinions on subjects of general politics—and while in the Council as in the community there is a prevailing opinion on these subjects of which you, sir, would not greatly disapprove, I do not know that we are entitled to speak on them authoritatively for our fellow-citizens; but as a personal tribute of respect for yourself and for your career as a statesman. (Cheers.) We offer you this tribute, not because you are a great party leader, but because we believe that you look on party not as an organisation for the attainment of place and power by any particular set of men, but as an association of men united in the pursuit of some object which they hold to be great and good, and because we believe that the aim which you set before yourself is the prosperity, the greatness, and the glory of our country and the happiness of the people. Offering you this tribute in this spirit, we venture to hope that the events of this day may have some kindly place in your memory, and that what we have done will have some place among the motives which shall incite you to persevere in your career, to keep before you those high aims which alone a statesman ought to pursue, and to aid in helping forward by well-considered steps that great political tendency which, influenced and animated by something higher than party, has for centuries guided the destinies of this country.

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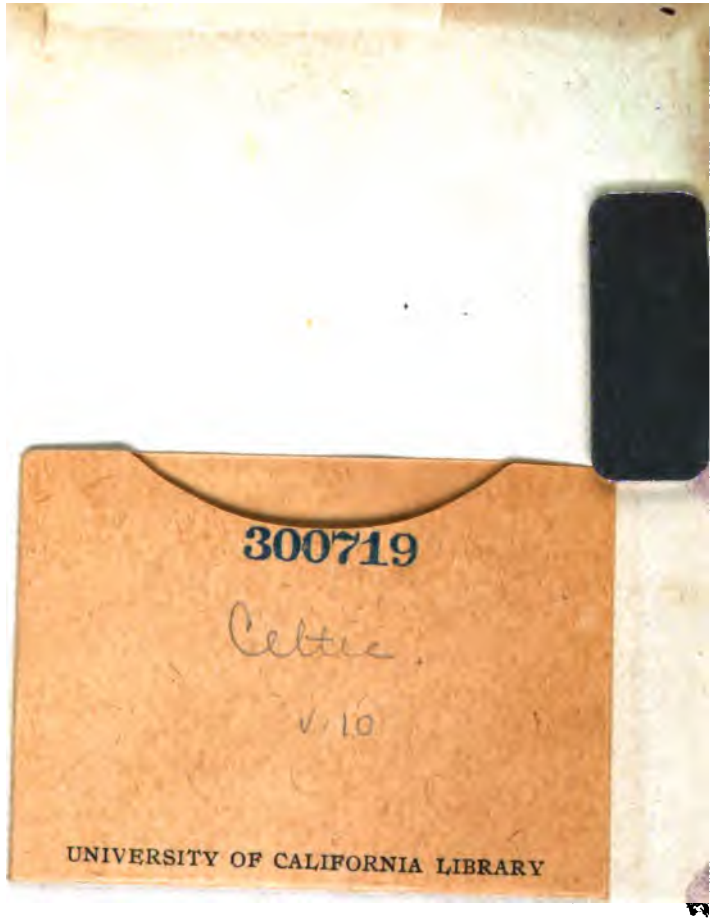
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